THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning **AS A WOMAN THINKS**—**By Corra Harris**

How many hours does **YOUR** *wife spend in the kitchen?*

She deserves all the freedom she can get these hot summer days

Right now—this scorching weather—is the time she needs her energy most. She needs to be *out*-of-doors—out in the fresh air—in cool places—not hot kitchens.

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Procter & Gamble

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AS A WOMAN THINKS

I Was Bursting With Emotion, My Lips Primped, My Eyes Fixed Upon Him Full of Tears

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THIS is not a mystical tale, nor a literary interpretation of addled-egg metaphysics. The mind I have has always been laid off sensibly according to the latitudes and longitudes of actual experiences in this present world. I never had an aura, nor the least confidence in the existence of an oversoul. This phrase is the name of a subliminal hysteria, pardonable in poets, but not in prose people with ordinary midget souls. The one I have is no part of the common spiritual vestment. On the contrary, it is an astounding fact too intimately connected with my private consciousness to be exploited in a book, or a street car or any other public conveyance. I may draw rings around it at a respectful distance before this record ends; I may speculate prudently on souls in general, as one does in futures sometimes; but I shall not risk the presumption of phonographing our immortal part. It is offensive.

The mind is different. This is something no man will deny having, although he may deny his soul. Even if he is pathetically limited mentally, he is the enthusiastic autobiographer of what he thinks. If he has no character, and no energy to achieve, he is the more likely to be the historian, the dramatist, poet and prophet of his mind. He cannot retain it. I have sometimes thought this explains how we came by that safety valve called language. If we should suffer a total aphasia of words, I suppose the human species would explode. The mind develops so much more power in thinking than we can possibly achieve in action.

And to the last, the minds of other men, their secret thoughts, the motives from which their actions spring remain the most interesting things we can find out.

What follows is such a biography; not an analysis, or a confession, but the drama I have lived in thinking and believing; how the mind I have determined my conduct, courage, cowardice and literally created the life I have lived in spite of everything.

This is no vast undertaking like following the trail of a great intellect. I am incapable of measuring the convolutions of such a brain, say, as Herbert Spencer's. In any case, the record would be scientific, not interesting. These people are born bright, but drab, humanly speaking. I am not opposed to them, you understand; they have their place somewhere over our heads, but not in the common life we lead. My justification in choosing a simpler mind to exploit is that most of us have this kind. We have actual experience in living our thoughts; and the way we do it tears mere philosophy to shreds, no matter how well and logically it has been thought out.

Besides, a wise man can record all he knows of life in one book; but the Scriptures of the common man require two books, and maybe a few gospels, as a sort of quotient in the long division of living. For us there would be the book of the heart, where we keep

memories, the hopes that failed, our loves and hates, and whatever Beatitude we needed to comfort or praise us, whether it is a friend, a woman or a bit of the Word. Your wise man takes no account of this copy. In his analysis of the phenomenon of man, the heart is a figure of speech which refers to the reflex action of the emotions. Then there is for us the other record of the mind, quite distinct. It is the place where we keep the law, or break it; the motives which stimulate and control us, and determine our relations to other men—and to God, Who we think made us.

This last notion, in my opinion, is a gross exaggeration of the functions of the Almighty. He made what we call mind and we use it to create ourselves. It works one way in this generation and another way in the next generation. Sometimes it is war; then it is religion, art, one kind of science or another; or it may be a magnificent covetousness, practiced under such terms as industrialism, commercialism, or even the League of Nations—always filled with eleemosynary impulses, for conscience's sake, according to that very shrewd mind He is developing. It is really the sand pile where the ostrich of Him hides its head. It is at last that thing in us which is as easily degraded by a false belief as by the meanest vice. It can exalt a heathen and trap a Christian saint. It is the way of life we choose, right or wrong.

If someone laid his mind on the table, so to speak, not as a confession, nor even as a defense, but as a certified human document, it might cast a flicker of light upon dark corners to be turned in the lives of other people. So if I show what a dim thing it was in the beginning, how a child divines peace and happiness without thinking, what a terror thinking became afterward, how bravely and adventurously my mind guided me, how cunningly it misguided me, what burdensome rewards it earned for me, and what dividends in peace I have lost by following the best Scriptures according to my mind—some of you who read this record may get a hint to watch the thing and control it more wisely than I have controlled mine.

What I shall write will be sown with errors from the point of view of a psychologist, which will be proof to you that it is a veracious record. There may be laws governing mind; but if so, they are like so many other laws we cannot keep and survive. A logical sentence in thinking according to the exigencies of living is bound to be a very short sentence. The longer ones that last through the days of our years contradict much wisdom and a good many Scriptures. But we do get through, and looking back we do see the Word still standing, not changed.

As near as I can make out, we cannot obey the Scriptures and be as much like the Lord as we claim to be. There is too much submission, too much bondage to sacrifice. We do not seem to have arrived yet at that almighty mental poise where we can punish as He does. Vengeance is still His. Our minds have dropped a stitch somewhere between the Ten Commandments and that Beatitude which reads: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. For great is your reward in heaven."

We are short on giving out these rewards. Maybe we are still so vicious it would not be safe to trust us with administering justice one to another according to the Lord's way. We must go to a court and get balled up with an attorney to obtain our rights, and maybe have the decision go against us. Or we must go to a church conference and get balled up with the presiding elder and get very little satisfaction there for our wrongs compared to the way we could satisfy ourselves if it were not for sitting down dutifully and being persecuted for righteousness' sake. Maybe we should go on turning the other cheek a while longer; but my experience has been that there is very little gratification of the vanity of the human soul in turning the other cheek, or giving a man your coat also because he took your cloak. It leaves you naked, cold and bruised in the face, and the other fellow strutting around bragging at your expense. Compare that with the way the Lord punishes evildoers and you get an inkling of what I mean—and the chief reason why I am writing this history. My mind has misled me frequently through the Scriptures.

In the year 1874 there was a road which crossed the state of Georgia. It has disappeared long since, changed by the will of some memory in the hearts of the people. But you may trace it still when the daisies bloom in May. These flowers are not indigenous to this section. Their first seed fell here from the provender fed to Sherman's cavalry. So, in May, that month of Decoration Days, they bloom again like a long, narrow memorial wreath laid upon the grave of a dead and glorious past. They wind and turn and tumble down many a steep hillside in North Georgia, as this road made its tortuous way among these hills. But when it slipped into the lower, smoother land, it straightened out and lay like a broad red-and-golden ribbon between the great plantations. Farther and farther it stretched until it slid into the city of Augusta and became Greene Street—so named, I suppose, because the road that made it came down into the white old town through such a fair and verdant country.

Somewhere in This Same Period I Met a Ghost in the Flower Garden

Other roads entered this highway, as smaller streams flow into a broader, swifter river. There were signposts to guide the traveler. I remember one in particular at the entrance of the old Petersburg road, because as a child it seemed to me like a very old man who had been pointing the way a long time and now leaned wearily in the direction indicated. Above a huge fist, rudely drawn, with the forefinger raised, appeared the legend:

This is the way to Mill or Ferry,
Go it, Traveler, Sad or Merry.

We had sentiment in those days with a lilt to it, and a signpost was as good a place as any to publish it. We were not seeking fame. We were famous enough already. We were surfeited with the terrible distinction of having just concluded a cruel war in glorious defeat. We were some kind of magnificently irresponsible truth but lately crushed to earth, and we were rising again after the grandiloquent manner of our kind, with a beam in our eye and a song on our lips—but not prosperous! It requires more than a century for the Phœnix of man to rise above the ashes of war in material things. We arose by a sort of rhythm of the spirit, unencumbered by wealth. The ascent is quicker and less expensive.

Gentlemen in rags traveled this road upon their old rawboned horses—Don Quixotes, every one, still tilting against the windmills of a graver, saner civilization that had been thrust upon them. They were rumpled, ruddy men who bore themselves with an air and never complained of their poverty after the manner of ignoble men when misfortune overtakes them. They held onto their leisure for a long time as the last asset of a lost fortune, and visited a great deal from one old ramshackle mansion to another. Their laughter was a joyous eruption. They were pedantic with a flourish. They could drop you a long quotation from Faust or Shakspere without seeming absurd or causing their victims the least embarrassment, such as we feel when a meaner man quotes a Promethean passage. They required these luminous vestments woven by great poets to adorn the qualities they had. Any of them would have been admired as a character in a book or as the subject of a funeral oration.

The women of this period were strangely lyrical. Never again shall we see so many fine ladies rise with such grace above the inconvenience of poverty. Dressed in a chignon, a curl and a cotton frock, they ignored all styles and remained the last word in the poetry of fashion. They had swishing silken virtues and conducted themselves after the manner of the heroine in the last chapter of Proverbs.

If you are writing the life of a prime minister, you begin by laying the scenes in the times in which he lived. You must set down the kind of king he served, discuss the people and problems that engaged his attention and made him a great man. I am recording the history of a mind as far removed as possible from the grandeur of kings and the policies of prime ministers. But like these more pretentious biographers, I am drawing my scenes in the right place, giving you a glimpse of the summer-minded slipshod gentlemen who traveled this road and mismanaged their bankrupt fortunes with such humor and courage, because these were her people. It is important to know the stock from which she sprang and the conditions under which she began to be. There is a fine rich pigment in the quality of such people which does impart that first clear color to the mind, and may account for the bright loom of her thoughts upon which she spun the days of her life with some wit, a certain dexterous sweetness and an awful strength of hope never justified by facts.

(Continued on Page 106)

THE LAUGHING LEGACY

By Rita Weiman

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

HE LOOKED about the luxurious room, a hard glare in his eyes. The eyes were so sunk in their sockets that at first glance one had the impression of peering down the sides of a well into glazed pools at a great depth. No actual expression, no sense of life, no reflection of a human soul; but a strange bitter glitter struggling to pierce through stagnant film.

The eyes settled, concentrated on a closed door. They would have penetrated that impenetrable barrier. Then the lids dropped for an instant. The mouth twitched, a cynical down curve of a line no longer lips. The twisted grimace of a satyr who laughs not at the world but with the world—at himself.

Well, they were waiting, all of them! The doctors in consultation behind that door who were pretending at effort to keep him alive; the nurses who hovered over him, pretending care when they didn't; the servants who pretended interest in his recovery; the hordes of relatives who pretended anxiety. Above all, himself, pretending that he had any hope of winning this derisive fight against an enemy that was no more than a spreading shadow.

What a laugh they were having, all of them, while they waited! He even found it within himself to mock at the absurd aspect of a man hanging onto the breaking thread of life with a grimness indicating that life amounted to anything. This grinding, snarling, tooth-displaying, jaw-gripping combat—why? Why not let go—and go? Was it the unknown that held him, the blankness of the beyond which preachers talked of? Was it vital, virile interest in the pleasures—equally elusive—which a man tried to lay hands on here? No; these incidentally perhaps; but—paramount issue—it was hatred; hatred of that throng who pretended concern for him, when all that concerned them was the collection of stocks, bonds, real estate and cash that constituted the Cowper Griswold fortune, that would constitute the George Cowper Griswold estate.

"I'm to Gather Then," Came From Him Without His Knowledge, "That You Point-Blank Refuse to Accede to My Request?"

Ravenous to get their teeth into the bone. Impatient to go at it, once it was flung into their midst. How he hated them—that sniveling herd of hungry beasts! How he had hated them all the forty-seven years of his life! And now at the door of death, how he hungered to defeat their rapacity!

Three generations had waited for the moment now approaching. The ancestors of those aunts, uncles and cousins whose tongues curled round their teeth, had curled tongues in precisely the same ardent anticipation. But in the past, each George Cowper Griswold had known a sense of humor. Each had late in life taken unto himself a wife and begot unto himself a son—just one; but that one a symbol of defiance flaunted in the face of attendant relatives.

Only he had failed, after three generations. Too lazy, perhaps, to exchange a bachelor's comfort for unwanted and unwelcome ties. Too cynical, maybe, of the avaricious grasp of slim white fingers. Too suspicious of their pointed, painted nails.

But in that course, himself had he vanquished. Those he hated would be victorious at last. He could feel their fat mouths water. A feast!

It had come upon him so suddenly—this annihilation of strength, of manhood. The humiliation of it was so hideous. For weeks they had not let him glimpse a mirror. But he knew what he looked like. He felt it. Disintegration—that was it; complete, uncompromising. And outside his door those dogs waited.

Physicians, specialists now speculating as to how long he might last, probably attributed his silence of the past few days to weakness. How little they knew, how much they guessed, those sages of skull and crossbones! Never had his mind known greater virility, never more cumulative vitality. How many schemes had he within the last forty-eight hours considered and rejected? With lids closed and line of mouth tight, how cunningly active had been the brain.

Its problem was no easy one. How to fling a bomb in their midst, how grimace at them from that indefinite beyond when it exploded.

He might leave the entire Cowper Griswold fortune to charity. But then they would contest the will, of course, and break it—or lawyers would get all there was. Endless litigation. No satisfaction in any of that.

Or he might will each a pittance and divide the residue amongst various institutions. But they'd never let him get away with such a move either. So easy for them to swear that illness had rendered him mentally unsound. Unsound! His head turned on the pillow—an impatient twist. His mind was the only sound part of him.

He had watched men fight the battle of living without a thought of or for them, with amusement only at their puny effort to grapple with a giant. A spectator he had been in the choice box of the amphitheater—never part of the show, heaven be praised. To go on being a spectator, to know the sardonic amusement of annihilating an enemy—that was what he wanted; to possess his wealth, even when beyond the need of it; to turn a grotesque trick; to wield the scepter, even when he no longer held it.

Mentally he reviewed the clan of Griswolds and near-Griswolds. They loathed him, the lot of them, for his indifference, which they called arrogance. Yet all fawned on him. To only one might he have been nonexistent—Gaye Cowper, daughter of a cousin so far removed that he had long since given up trying to trace the relationship. On the several occasions when they met, he had noticed her chiefly because her name seemed so incongruous. There was nothing gay about her. A shy, rather pathetic old maid; yet not so old, at that. She could not be much more than thirty, but looked somehow as if she had never been young. Different in every way from all the other Griswolds, even shabby in her dress, a drab schoolteacher who always appeared uncomfortable at the pseudo-festive family functions.

Gaye Cowper appeared deliberately to avoid him. Yes, as if she had no patience with that lickspittling gang of hypocrites. He rather liked her for it, because if any of the lot actually needed money ——

The thought halted; abruptly, like a pacer jerked to inaction. Snorting to go on, it held its breath. Then he laughed aloud. A nurse came quickly to his side. She had thought him asleep, but his eyes gleamed up at her and the stagnant film across them momentarily disappeared. It was uncanny, that sudden shrewd look of mental energy.

"What time is it?"

"Three o'clock."

"Is that all? Why do you keep this room so dark? I'm not dead yet." Professionally her fingers went to his wrist. "No, nothing wrong with my heart either. But there's somebody I've got to see this afternoon."

"I'll ask Doctor Hamilton."

"Can't wait until those fellows get through in there. Must phone her immediately after three. Get her here as soon as possible—understand?"

"You mustn't exert yourself, Mr. Griswold."

"You ought to be glad I can. Call her yourself—Miss Gaye Cowper. Number's in red leather book on my desk. Please"—as she hesitated—"more harm to me if you don't. Matter of life and death."

He chuckled under his breath as she left the room. It was a matter of life and death, all right. And what a joke! What a daring, stupendous, side-splitting joke! The various and varied snobs who formed his heirs, who treated her precisely like what she was—a poor relation—what a magnificent laugh on them!

He had the clock on the dresser turned toward him, and the window shades flung up so that the stretch of sun-striped green in the park across the street was visible from where he lay. That same path of the sun fell across his floor, leading deliberately to the ponderous paneled door.

An hour later, as it opened to admit Gaye Cowper, he could have chortled aloud. She was such a frail, such a pathetically ineffectual little thing, that the satire of what he was about to do was nothing short of superb. She had a peculiarly shaped small face, wide where the gray eyes were

She Got Up With a Hurried Little Gesture. Her Hand Barely Touched His Sleeve. "I Won't Keep You a Moment—Please"

set far apart and coming to an abrupt point at the chin, giving it something the form of a heart. The mouth was too large, the nose as small as a child's. She wore a dark blue coat suit like thousands of other dark blue suits, and a fur piece which might be duplicated at nominal cost in any department store. Yet in spite of the perfectly commonplace clothes and ill-assorted features, there was about the slight figure, coming out of the dark into the path of the sun, a haunting wistfulness that gave it distinction.

George Griswold motioned her to his bedside. She looked first at the nurse, and, as the latter nodded, advanced hesitantly, almost as if she would rather turn on her heel and go the way she had come.

"Will you leave us alone, please?" It was a command from one accustomed to give them. The nurse frowned. "Just half an hour."

This time it was a plea. She paused only a second. After all, it was obviously a matter of sentiment, and this poor man had such a short time. She went out, softly shutting the door.

He motioned Gaye Cowper to draw up a chair. Still with that hesitant embarrassment, she did so. A swift glow of excitement filled his veins, suddenly vitalizing.

"You wonder why I sent for you."

"Of course."

"Thank you for coming."

"There was nothing else I could do."

"Last request before final sentence is carried out, eh?"

"Please!"

He felt a tense withdrawal, a frank gesture of distaste, and reached out a hand, touching hers.

"I won't keep you long. What I have to say will convince you that coming was worth your while." He halted, took a long breath. "Tomorrow I send for my attorney and make over to you every cent I have in the world."

The expected galvanic start did not come, the sharp intake of breath, the widening of eyes. She sat perfectly motionless. One moment—two. Clock ticks counted off three before her lips opened.

"I know you are not insane or they wouldn't have left me alone with you. Why are you laughing at me?" was all she said.

He stared, so astonished that speech would not come. The hurt in that voice was absolutely genuine.

"My dear lady, nothing was further from my thoughts."

"You don't expect me to take you seriously."

"I was never more serious in my life."

She sat silent. He waited for the light of an awe too deep for gratitude to transfix her eyes. They remained, somberly, an expressionless gray, as if all emotion were blotted from them.

"Why do you think of doing such a thing?"

"Pardon me, but isn't that my concern alone?"

"No; it concerns me far more. You ——"

"Yes"—as she paused—"I am bound for other climes, no matter what I do."

"I don't admit that." The eyes turned from him. "And it was not in my thoughts."

"Well, suppose we don't discuss it. I didn't ask you to come—for sympathy. I thought I had a bit of—er—pleasant news, to say the least. I offer you luxury, freedom from the drudgery you've known so many years, and the only answer you give me is suspicion."

"What other answer can I give? You can have no possible interest in me, yet there must be some motive for such an act."

"If you benefit by it, what difference does my motive make?"

"All the difference in the world. You pauperize yourself for a—a person who is nothing to you. And you honestly expect that person to accept such a gift without knowing the reason?"

"I shall keep enough bonds to meet expenses—well, for six months; railroad bonds, say, in a road I happen to have an interest in; and I shall ask you to lease me this house for a nominal sum—say, a dollar a month"—he said it with a grimace—"until—until—let's make it for the same period."

"But you haven't given me a reason."

"Must I?"

He seemed rather to enjoy her insistence.

"Perhaps I can guess."

"Well then?" He leaned eagerly, in spite of weakness, from the pillow.

"If I eliminate the possibility of any interest in me, you must be doing it to turn a trick on someone else."

"First-rate logic."

"And that someone?"

"Not singular, plural."

"I see." The gray eyes gleamed—like steel struck by firelight, he told himself. "You want to fool those of the family who are eager to get hold of your money."

"Right! So you don't love them any more than I do," he put quickly.

"And you're using me as a means to accomplish that end."

"That's not a pleasant way to say it."

"It's the truth. You're chucking a fortune at me with the exact gesture of throwing it into the garbage pail."

"My dear child"—the sudden glaze of tears that dulled her eyes defied understanding—"that notion is absolutely absurd."

"But it's what you're doing. You want to get rid of it while you're alive and I happen to be the only one against whom you don't hold a grudge."

"You overlook the fact that I could give it all to charity, exactly as I'm offering it to you."

"But that wouldn't satisfy your sense of humor. You want to foil them beautifully by transferring your power to someone they've always patronized."

"No, not that. It was your independence, your indifference to the groveling lot of them that made me select you."

"Oh, you do admit that's why you're doing it!"

Those direct, unequivocating gray eyes did not permit his to shift.

"Yes."

"And you expect me ——"

"—— to be a party to it—most decidedly, even granted a reason not altogether flattering. I beg a favor of you that after all can only react advantageously. After you get the money, do anything you choose with it. Give it all away if you like." He said it with his grimace that in a way challenged, a bit of sardonic glee to refute any Spartan attitude on her part. "That leaves you free enough, doesn't it?" he added.

"Yes." The eyes narrowed somewhat, telling him nothing of the thought behind them. "And I always have wanted to travel. Europe, California, China—they've been in my dreams so long."

"Then you won't want to give it all away?"

Again that grimace. A measuring look went from the gray eyes into those from which the film had lifted.

"Are you giving with strings tied to it?" came swiftly.

She was disarming, as direct as a man and far more amusing in her straight drive for a goal. And he had thought her timid!

"Only one. After we have this—er—deal closed, will you visit your tenant a few times a week?"

"Why do you want me?"

"You're the only human who hasn't come in here looking like a funeral."

"I'll come to see you," she said.

She rose abruptly, and he realized of a sudden that all through their interview his hand had rested on hers.

"I'll see my lawyers in the morning and arrange the details. It may take a week or so to get things settled; but stop in tomorrow afternoon at this time, will you?"

"After school," she nodded.

"You'll be giving up teaching of course."

"Not for the rest of this term."

"But it's just the beginning of October."

"They depend on me until June."

"But you'll move out of that little uptown flat?"

"No; I share it with another woman. We've just signed a new lease and I'll have to stay there until she finds someone to shoulder half the expense."

She went to the window, and for the first time he saw the gray eyes light with a sort of yearning glow, like a reflection of the sun flaming as it sank beyond the stretch of park.

"It will be nice, eh, having this view to look at every day?" he hazarded.

"Very."

Her lack of response, of enthusiasm, irritated and at the same time piqued. He watched the light die from the gray eyes as she turned toward the door. The frail figure, yet somehow indefinably about it a look of strength. The queer little heart-shaped face telling him nothing, yet somehow intangibly expressing infinite thought.

"Look here, aren't you even going to thank me?"

He put the query in utter amazement as her small hand in its dark glove reached for the knob. She turned, faced him with an expression that was none at all.

"Why should I? You're not doing this for me. You're doing it for yourself."

George Cowper Griswold looked up at the nurse, who entered softly as the other woman disappeared without a backward glance.

"Well, I'll be damned!" was what he said.

II

IN A WHEEL CHAIR, drawn close to the window of the house no longer his own, George Griswold stared out at the sparkling day, all perked up in spring dress and bonnet, and found it in his soul to smile. This time not a grimace; rather a contemplative, wondering quirk of mind that scarcely turned his lips.

Strange that he should be sitting this way, so miraculously advanced beyond the recumbent weakness of six months ago. The doctors admitted themselves at a loss to account for it. He was not. Medically, perhaps—yes. But he could name the exact date when flabby nonresistance, when the acceptance of what he had counted the inevitable, had given place to a trenchant vitality that resolved itself into an interest in life.

Beginning with the hour Gaye Cowper had first called upon him, down through the wrangling with shocked attorneys, the computing of what he would need to live until he died, the selection of enough Northern Atlantic Railroad bonds to keep him going, the arranging of every

minute detail—there had germinated a strength which could be traced step by step to its present growth.

She had been responsible for it—indirectly, of course, without the slightest idea of what she was doing. A source of everlasting conjecture, was Gaye Cowper; a stimulant more potent than any form of hypodermic.

Through the entire proceedings she went, without the slightest sign of interest. She visited him daily. Yet only when his personal attorney was present would she discuss the subject. Once she became an heiress, that subject was closed—finally, conclusively closed. He noted no marked difference either in dress or demeanor. Toward himself there was not the least show of gratitude, awe or sympathy. He never could tell what her attitude was going to be; but on one thing he could always count—it was completely impersonal.

Occasionally, at some chance remark of his, she seemed to bristle and that sudden firelight-on-steel look gleamed behind the impenetrability of her eyes. He distinctly recalled the day he had said that he wished he might see another summer. She had wheeled round just at the door.

"What do they tell you about your illness?"

"Nothing at all—or a lot of lies," was the abrupt reply.

"If that's the case, you might try thinking out some solution for yourself. It would be amusing, anyway."

"Just at present my thoughts are not particularly jubilant company."

"Then exchange them for others."

"I say, can you control yours as readily as that?"

"I'm very particular about the company I keep. If they're not pleasant I put them out."

He tried to grasp her full meaning. It was beyond him. In the epicurean feast of his well-seasoned life, control of any kind had not been an ingredient. He had gone his careless, unheeding way, tasting of choice dishes or gormandizing at the whim of a mood; sometimes leaving the banquet disgustedly hungry; at others, beatifically satisfied. And now when he was deprived of it all, here stood this strange, elfin, elusive personality, telling him practically that he could control anything that occurred to him.

A wistful Peter Pan at times—miles away, even while she sat beside him. At others, a startlingly direct clean-clipped-of-speech Minerva, talking to him with precisely the manner she must use to a class of school children. Often he chuckled gleefully at the mere thought of her. What a contradictory puzzle! What an oddly composite bit of humanity she was!

Meanwhile the doctors held consultations in the adjoining room and congratulated themselves on the fact that the breaking thread of George Cowper Griswold's life had miraculously mended.

On that gay day of early spring when the park across the way seemed in a mood of particular festivity; when girls, like flowers prancing from the green, tripped down the avenue; when cars with glistening thoroughbred bodies reflected the sun; when song unsung thrilled through the air—George Griswold sat beside the window no longer his own, too serene in the contemplation of present hope to face the question of any possible future complication.

His attorney was calling at two; there had been a telephone message from him that morning. And at 3:30 a queer small face with a tight small hat pulled down to the brows would appear in the doorway. The rest of her would merge into the shadows—all but that blot of vivid white. It was all he wanted.

Lazily, comfortably leaning back, with eyes partly closed and the sense of freedom which only those who realize relief from pain can know to the fullest, he anticipated her visit. Perhaps she would breeze in crisply. Or there might be some problem on her mind—not hers necessarily, but the youngsters'. She liked to talk about her classes—called them her children, with a possessive, maternal gesture that was vastly amusing. What a relief to her, once she could drop this school stuff and really live! If only he could make her tell him something of what she intended, once she was out of bondage. What a grand spree she would have! He liked to think of himself as her benefactor. His one fear was that if, as everything now indicated, life were granted him, she would insist upon relinquishing in its entirety the fortune he had made over to her. That, of course, he would not permit. Enough to live on in security for the rest of his days was all he needed. The situation was awkward, to say the least. But it could be surmounted. As by his own deed he had brought her into his life and thus defeated the gaunt specter, so some means would be found in the natural course of events to make the act of living once more the easy, unproblematical pleasure it had always been. Of that, his facile mind made no question.

The spring sunshine showered over him as he lay back with a sense of complete well-being. He had a serene desire to eat, drink and drift; to do nothing for the rest of his days but bask in that sun like a lizard on the wall; to be taken care of mentally, physically; to have no responsibility, not even that of too much money. Altogether, he had done well by himself, shaped his future with a competent hand, however unknowingly.

He must have slept, for he had no consciousness of further thought until he heard his nurse announcing that Mr. O'Hara had arrived. Dennis O'Hara hustled in like the tail of a tornado. He was the hustling end of the firm of O'Hara, Cohen & O'Hara, counselors at law, every inch the prime counselor of the combine. Clients and opponents alike feared him. His force lay in the fact that he never quibbled. Nothing of the silver-tongued orator about him. Sledge-hammer methods, sick room or court room! All men, in his eyes, were equal, the Irish a little more so.

As the nurse left them alone, he pulled a chair close to Griswold's. The latter blinked cheerfully. But the attorney was frowning. As he sat down, the frown furrowed deeper under brows that protruded cliff-like above the eyes.

"Well," he announced, "you've done it."

Griswold met the announcement with a composure more or less indulgent. He was accustomed to O'Hara's ebullitions. The fellow seethed like a geyser.

"What," he answered calmly enough, "have I done now?" *(Continued on Page 60)*

"I Know You are Not Insane or They Wouldn't Have Left Me Alone With You. Why are You Laughing at Me?" Was All She Said

THE BLUE DIAMOND

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"A GOOD diamond," said Donovan to the beautiful thing on his palm—"a good diamond will find its adventures, but will not seek them."

He might as well have scolded the Great Mogul for being owned by a man who had murdered his brothers, or the Orloff because added to the Russian scepter by the slayer of Peter III, or the greatest diamond of all, the Cullinan, which is so young it has never seen a thief, for its looting by robbers unborn. Undoubtedly the Cullinan will find its adventures. At present it rests beside the bloodstained Koh-i-nur.

Donovan had expected De Graaf XX to be stolen in time, perhaps even by a murderer, like its older cousins; but he had not expected it to be stolen so soon. De Graaf XX was as yet only a recruit, so young it had not received a name. It was merely Number Twenty of the De Graaf Exhibit.

I will tell you about that. At the time of which I write certain large diamond producers had combined to form the De Graaf Syndicate, for the purpose of controlling the prices of their output through a pool. When the market was weak, the syndicate held back its diamonds; when strong, it offered them. Of late years the market had been weak. As a result its vaults were stuffed with diamonds, many of which ought to be world famous, but some of which would not be sold for half a century.

"The Man Might Have Stolen the Envelope, or Found It. We Don't Know Where He Got It"

The syndicate had combed out a double handful of these fiery souls to place on exhibition. Ten or twelve of them were of Koh-i-nur importance, or just under; others ranged closely downward from these, until the value of the whole could hardly be expressed in terms of money. I think the stones had been sent to America to advertise all diamonds. At the time of this story they lay as a loan exhibit in Marsh Museum.

De Graaf XX, almost the smallest, was a blue stone of twelve carats, uncovered by a Premier pipe Kafir in 1910. As capital diamonds are not supplied with facets before they are christened, De Graaf XX still looked out through the twelve clear windows of its nativity.

Donovan was one of its oldest acquaintances. At present Donovan was merely the mild-mannered jewels expert for the Redelos Indemnity; but locked behind the doors of his soul lay a career as stormy as that of any diamond he had ever appraised. For he had sought his adventures. Perhaps he knew diamonds the better because of that. At any rate, drama had flowed in his veins until his evenest speech took iridescent colors, as adventure's quietest phrase somehow will do.

I will tell you about Donovan. His father had been a Capetown Irishman when the world was young. One day diamonds began sifting in from the Bultfontein and Du Toits Pan farms, on the Vaal River. He joined the rush to the new fields; and there he stayed, richer, poorer, up, down, in and out, until the settlement took form. Later he became a mine foreman and married. The son, born at Kimberley, thus saw adventure in the making. Majube Hill was too early for him; but as a schoolboy he had shared the four months' siege in the Second Boer War. Later he saw the company police rip four stolen diamonds from a lump of beeswax in a sheep herder's wagon. Later still he became a helper in the compound and saw adventure there, one of the Kafirs having been caught with diamonds in his stomach, a very unhealthy place.

Young Donovan learned something at first-hand of the mining and concentrating processes, then went into the grading room to serve his apprenticeship there. The grading of diamonds is intrusted to highly specialized men trained to make subtle distinctions. First-quality diamonds are known as close goods; then come irregular goods, pure brown stones, spotted brown stones, brown stones, white cleavage, seconds cleavage, colored cleavage, brown cleavage, macles, flats, bort. Some of these consist of two grades. Close goods in turn are divided into blue-white stones, pure white, fine white, white, silver Cape, Cape, first by-water, second by-water. Of these, the two Cape qualities show a slight tinge of yellow; the two by-water, a more pronounced yellow. The expert must distinguish between these and many more.

It was during Donovan's stay in the grading room that the superintendent one day appeared with De Graaf XX cupped in his palm.

"A Pretoria district blue diamond from the Premier pipe," he said, and explained that perfect colored stones like this are not valued altogether by their size. The diamond at that time had not so much as received a number; but it was the first blue stone the boy had ever seen, and his quick eye grasped every line of it unforgettably. The Kimberley colored stones are amber, not blue.

He worked for three years in the grading room; then, backed by his father, he entered a school in Capetown, where he studied diamonds from books, including the optics of them. Every facet in a well-cut diamond slopes at a calculated angle. The facets of a diamond are really transparent mirrors, receiving light from every direction, but reflecting it back and forth within the stone until it emerges at the face as fire.

Young Donovan studied, observed, practiced, until he knew a good deal about cutting. Possibly he would have returned to the mines as an expert; but meanwhile his talent for adventure had led him to join a band of Irish patriots. There was the matter of a plot, some impudent unsigned boastings, a silly explosion, other hot-headed youthful foolishness; and one morning the student of diamonds crawled out of the coal bunkers of a Swedish tramp steamer in flight for São Paulo as a stowaway. After that came the west-coast ports, the long jump to Stockholm, six months in St. Petersburg, and when money came from home, his further jump to America. When war was declared he went with the A.E.F. to France. His present position had been given him by Colonel O'Day, the Irishman in command of his regiment at St.-Mihiel.

All that was in the past, but none of it was forgotten. He had recognized De Graaf XX the moment it met his eye.

"Why, hello!" he had cried. "I know this diamond." The whole exhibit brought up memories of Kimberley.

"I'll drop in now and then myself," he had told Broun, director of the museum. "These fellows are an adventure."

He had done just that. The friendship with De Graaf XX that followed gave him the adventure of knowing the other De Graaf diamonds, including their star actor, a blue-white diamond of two hundred and eighty-six carats from Koffyfontein listed as De Graaf XXI. It gave him likewise the adventure of knowing Frederick Gluck, a wealthy patron of the museum, whose early Greek jewelry filled the five adjoining cases. The Gluck collection was said to be the finest of its kind in existence. Gluck himself was a taciturn man of forty-five; but he would sometimes talk to Donovan.

Still another adventure became associated afterward with De Graaf XX. Six months or so earlier Donovan had noticed a new face in the elevator of his building, and a day or two later in his impulsive Irish way he had secured an introduction to its owner. Her name was Clara Bollman, and she embodied every dream of fair women he had ever dreamed. She was working as secretary for a life-insurance man.

Later still he had met her father, who proved to be a guard in Marsh Museum; not in the Jewels Room, but in the rooms adjacent. The coincidence had appealed to Donovan as striking. But then any coincidence that included Clara Bollman would have struck him that way. She was a very pretty girl, and as alert as she was beautiful. To know her was an adventure in itself.

Donovan threw on his raincoat, snatched his hat and tumbled downstairs two steps at a time. By good luck he caught a vacant taxi at the corner. Rain was still falling heavily; the pavement shone like the surface of a lake.

"Marsh Museum—fast!" he directed.

He found the building fully lighted and in the possession of the police. Broun, the officer at the door told him, was upstairs in the Jewels Room.

"Lay your wet coat and hat on the table with the others," the man said.

"What's happened?" asked Donovan.

The reply was noncommittal: "A plenty."

Donovan found the director in a group that included Detective Sergeant Minturn, from headquarters, Frederick Gluck, openly anxious about his own exhibit, Dan Bollman, a janitor named Keppert and four or five policemen in uniform. These stood not in the Jewels Room, nor even before its doorway, but before the doorway of the Coins Room, through which it was entered.

"What's happened?" he repeated.

"Robbery and murder," replied Minturn bluntly.

"We don't know yet about the robbery," Broun corrected. "We want your help in checking up the De Graaf diamonds."

"Who was killed? Becket?"

Becket was the guard in immediate charge of the Jewels Room. He also had charge of Coins.

"Becket. Not dead, but they say he can't live. They've taken him to the hospital."

"Killer get away?"

"Clean." He turned to Dan Bollman, who was visibly shaken. "Tell him what you told us."

Bollman began an account of the events that immediately preceded. He had been on duty as usual on the second floor; but shortly before the closing hour he had strolled through his rooms to the Jewels Room to speak to Joe Becket. No visitors had appeared all evening; the rain had kept them at home.

"I only went to the door, but I looked around pretty well. Everything stood as usual—the De Graaf case, the Gluck cases, everything. Nobody was in the room except Joe—nobody at all. Joe walked back with me through Coins. It was empty too. Joe stopped at that door."

"At this nearest door?"

"Yes. He only stopped half a second. I just said to Joe Becket as how the building would close early tonight, and he said as how it was raining, and he turned and walked back. Some nights it takes quite a while to get people out. I watched him a few steps, then I turned, too, and walked across this room to the entrance over there."

As the Jewels Room had no other door, and the Coins Room was little more than a corridor, no one could possibly have entered it without being seen by him, he said.

"It beats me down. I can't explain it at all."

"Go on. Tell us what happened."

"I heard a funny high chuckling laugh, way off, like out of wireless, and heard a voice say something foreign, then I heard Joe's voice calling out, 'Dan! Quick!' I turned and started for the Jewels Room fast. Joe was out of sight, inside the room, you understand; I only heard him. I hadn't gone two steps when I heard a shot and the sound of Joe falling. That sound was followed by the sound of a crash, mixed up with little sounds of shivered glass falling everywhere. That was all the sounds I heard, except the sound of Joe's heavy breathing a minute later."

"What did you see?"

"Joe lying on the floor shot, with pieces of glass sprinkled round. Somebody had smashed the De Graaf show case like by a hammer, but the diamonds were still there. Inside lay a pistol. I touched it to see if it was hot, and it was. Where it came from I don't know. The room was still empty."

"Did you look at the skylight?" asked Donovan.

"First thing I did. It was closed tight."

The janitor interrupted to say that the skylight could not be opened.

"It's made up of small panes set into a riveted steel frame."

"I'd like to see," replied Donovan.

"We'll go up," said the janitor.

"Afterward," Broun suggested. "I'd like you first to look over those stones—of course with the detective sergeant's permission—I'm not a diamond man."

"Sure, he better look things over. Him and you and me will go in, but don't touch anything. We're keeping people out until the finger-print boys get here."

Donovan walked straight to the De Graaf exhibit. He glanced at the diamonds, but instead of giving them his attention pointed to a splash of water on an unbroken corner of the glass, not yet dried away in the humid air.

"Skylight job," he said.

Broun looked at the splash.

"Must have been. But what I don't see was his object. Why did he shoot? Just devilment?"

"Every diamond in the case has been taken. Is that what you mean by devilment?"

"Aren't you overlooking a few of them? See—there and there, and over there. They're scattered a little, like chickens under a hawk, but not very far."

"Not a diamond left," repeated Donovan. "Send for a file and test one. These objects aren't diamonds. They're not even paste. Of course you wouldn't know, but these trinkets are no more like rough diamonds than dogs are like cats."

"Are you certain about that?" asked the detective sergeant.

"Oh, absolutely!"

"In that case it couldn't be skylight, could it? Why, look, brother! This room has a thirty-foot ceiling. Even if the skylight had stood open with a ladder down, the thief couldn't have climbed down and back again in that little time while the guard was running. A trained monkey couldn't. And see what he had to do! He had to pick out all the real diamonds from under the broken glass and put back all the imitations. How do you explain that?"

"I don't explain it—yet," Donovan said.

"Down a ladder and up a ladder, with fifteen seconds to spare? No, those diamonds went out through the door."

"That's what I meant," said Donovan.

Minturn turned his cold gaze upon Bollman.

"It puts it up to the guard pretty flat."

"Not Becket," said Broun.

"The other guard. Bollman here."

"Not Bollman, either. Bollman's absolutely honest. He's been with us for fifteen years."

Minturn shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Bollman was the only man with Becket, by his own admission. Becket was shot down. You say skylight. But not only was the shot fired but the diamonds were taken. That puts it up to Bollman."

But Donovan would not agree.

"The shot was fired from the skylight, and it's up to us, not Bollman. The diamonds must have been taken earlier. They were there yesterday, for I saw them."

"Oh, yes, you saw them."

"They were taken between yesterday morning at 10:30 and this evening."

"Then why shoot the guard? Why the shot?"

"I don't know," said Donovan. "Anyhow, its source can be proved easily. The direction of the bullet will tell that."

"That's right too. The direction will tell." Minturn called one of his policemen. "Tom, phone over to the hospital and see if they've probed the bullet wound. If they have, ask them about its direction. Was the shot fired from above or at the same height? Find out."

They returned to the other room to await the officer's report. Donovan in passing noted that the Gluck cases remained intact; yet they contained gold that could have been disposed of easily compared with rough diamonds. The vertical case sheltered a waxen bust loaded down with golden head ornaments that must have weighed pounds.

After a while the officer returned with his report.

"Do you wish to speak to me alone?" he asked.

"No," said Minturn. "Let's have it. Do they know?"

"It's more than that. The hospital reports that Joe Becket has just died. It reports that the course of the bullet was not downward but horizontal. Doctor Roscoe says the pistol was aimed from a height about that of a tall man's eyes."

Minturn smiled grimly.

"Search Guard Bollman and take him to headquarters for further questioning."

The silence that followed was broken by a high-pitched laughing chuckle. Donovan wheeled; but it was only Frederick Gluck imitating the sound that Bollman had said he had heard immediately before the shot.

II

DONOVAN was not only finding his adventures, like a good diamond, but he had begun seeking them, like a bad one. At the present moment he was seated in a

(Continued on Page 74)

"This Man Wrote This Note, and He is in Possession of the De Graaf Diamonds"

AN ENGLISH FARMER

By Will Payne

A Roof of Wheat Straw

Bringing In Some Hay

A Two-Family Farmer's House

THIS English farmer lives in a little house that is sure to charm a tourist. It was built probably about the time young Shakspere set out from Stratford for London to try his fortune in the theater. The time-mellowed walls and roof of thatched straw seem to have grown out of the soil as naturally as the noble tree at the back or the border of flowers in front. If I were going to farm—on the stage—this is the house I should choose; but the hedge prevents a photograph.

The house sits at a bend in the road just where it should. A little farther along the curving street stands a row of other farmhouses, almost as good as this one, with yellow walls and thatched roofs, probably built when Elizabeth was queen, or thereabouts.

The house is in the Downs of Berkshire, and there is no finer farming country anywhere. Motoring west from London two hours and a half, say, you come into a region whose natural aspects remind you very much of Indiana, Illinois or Central Iowa—broad reaches of rich, gently undulating fields. Mostly, in England, farm lands are cut up, after the manner of New England, into many comparatively small fields of irregular shape; only, in the south of Old England the dividing line will be a hedge instead of a Connecticut stone fence. The hedge, however, has the same effect of checkerboarding the prospect.

But the Berkshire Downs lie open in big unbroken tracts. Judging by the view from a motor on the road, one could drive a tractor for half a mile in a straight line in almost any direction. You can't be quite sure, because nobody, in fact, is driving a tractor.

Charming Houses—to Look At

MUCH like Ohio or Iowa in its natural aspects, but—as the ladies of the party are sure to remark—more attractive to look at than any agricultural scene in the Mississippi Valley because it is so beautifully kept. Except for here and there a clump of trees or a village, every bit of land seems to be in use, either under the plow or in thick green pasture that looks like a park. No ramshackle barns, paintless houses, lopsided sheds and ragtag and bobtail of superannuated machinery offend the eye. The whole scene looks as though it had been carefully prepared for a painting.

Some of this land has been in cultivation at least 1000 years. When William the Conqueror got through hacking up the Saxons at Hastings and took possession of the country, he prudently caused a survey to be made of it in order that the medieval equivalent of taxes might be properly assessed. Three cultivated estates in the parish where our farmhouse stands are put down in the Conqueror's Domesday Book. But undoubtedly cultivation goes back much further. There is considerable clay in the soil—"hard to work," the inhabitants say; but still, in a fair season, with good husbandry, it yields thirty-five bushels of wheat or more to the acre.

With thirty-five bushels of wheat or more to the acre, salable at a price that is usually above the American price; with a mild, equable climate, and especially with so charming a scene, the ladies of the party think this must be a farmers' paradise. But the man who occupies the genuine Elizabethan house at the bend in the road would not agree with them. As a matter of fact, his remuneration for cultivating this soil consists of a fixed wage of seven dollars a week, the use of a habitation, and—as he measures it—about twenty poles on which to raise vegetables.

In almost three cases out of four, according to the latest census returns, the man who tills the soil in England is a hired hand, receiving a wage that now runs from seven to eight dollars a week, the use of a habitation and of a plot of ground on which to raise vegetables. His father, grandfather, and so on, back for many generations were hired farm laborers, only none of them ever got as much as seven dollars a week. A survey for 1907 gave the average wage for farm labor as $3.60 a week. That is what it was brought up on. And a habitation seldom means a house to himself and his family. Our delightful cottage at the bend in the road is occupied, in fact, by two families; so are all of the picturesque straw-thatched cottages farther along the street.

They are charming to look at from the road; but as to living in them, the entire absence of plumbing and of any means of heating except fireplaces, not to mention the absence of electric light and a telephone, would be found very objectionable by many a Mississippi Valley farmer whose freckled red barn offends artistic eyes. When it comes to an automobile, the English license fee for a flivver is twenty-three pounds a year, or $115 in round figures. That alone would settle the question.

You are no longer surprised at the great proportion of miniature motor vehicles in England when you learn that the license fee is one pound, or practically five dollars, a year for each horse power. In London publications with the largest circulation you find advertisements of bicycles and motorcycles, but not of automobiles. They are not articles of popular consumption. As a rule our English farmer would as soon think of buying a flying machine. In fact it is a rare occasion when he and his wife use any other means of locomotion than the legs with which Nature thoughtfully provided them. Nor does he think of having a telephone. An automobile association places signs at intervals along the road to inform you that, by going a mile and a half or two miles in the direction indicated by the arrow, you will find a telephone over which to report engine trouble or any other difficulty.

When Rats Invade the Thatch

FOR a little pale-yellow dwelling with small mullioned windows, no top could be prettier than this roof of wheat straw, a foot or more thick at the eaves. But now and then the rats get into it. Then nothing is to be done except strip it down to the rafters and build it anew, which is a rather expensive operation. In the district where this particular cottage stands, only three men, I am told, are skilled in the old art of thatching a roof. They are a father and his sons. The father's father and grandfather, and so on, back as long as tradition runs, were thatchers. That is the usual condition, they say, in Southern England, where thatched roofs survive. Outsiders seldom learn the trade, but fathers teach it to their sons. Thus a family of thatchers may have a monopoly that extends over many square miles. They charge a monopoly price. A good thatcher will earn twelve pounds a week—when he is engaged; but he is engaged only now and then. It is a dwindling business. Old cottages fall down or are pulled down, and no new ones with thatched roofs are built.

Driving along country roads anywhere in England, you will be struck by the number of men at work in the fields with hand implements, usually hoes. Women using like implements are not an uncommon sight. Over the greater part of the country, hedges are an obvious obstacle to power machinery. But English agriculture grew up on cheap and abundant labor. A surplus of hands rather than a scarcity has been a common condition. Cheap labor is

not an incentive to improvements. Besides, old ways and old ideas are not to be got rid of by a wave of the hand.

A scholar who has given much attention to the subject recently said that if the steward of a manor in the reign of Henry III had revisited a farm village in the reign of George II he would have found little change—the same methods, the same implements, the same range of crops, the same quality of livestock. That means a stretch of five centuries. At least one outstanding thing that strikes an American as odd he would find unchanged today.

Time was when all this land was comprised in manors, and every manor had its village—a cluster of cottages that housed what our farm bloc calls the dirt farmers. In that time of raid and pillage there was excellent reason for clustering, just as American frontiersmen clustered in or near the stockade for common protection against the Indians. The village street—and the town street, too—was purposely made narrow and crooked, not because it looked so much prettier that way on a picture post card but because a narrow and crooked way with which you were familiar had obvious strategical advantages if a cheerful party of Danish pirates came down the hill.

Methuselahs at Saxmundham

BUT in nearly all England the dirt farmers still live in villages, walking quite a distance to and from the fields. All the older habitations were built that way. Since the war there has been a problem of rural housing as well as of urban housing. Now and then you will pass some brand-new and very good dirt farmers' habitations, usually two stories high, and as modern looking as a Chicago factory. But as far as I have observed or can learn, these new dwellings are always built in a cluster, usually in the old village, and resemble our city tenements much more than our farmhouses, each structure housing three or more families. Presumably there is no defensive reason for living in a village and walking to and from the farm; but that is what they are used to.

One might suppose that with a dwindling farm population there should not have been a problem of rural housing; but it seems that the old cottages fell down even faster than the occupants dwindled. Generally only those who were born and bred to the trade took up with agricultural labor. There is the flavor of age and long duration not only in these cottages but in the occupation of their inhabitants.

In June, the yearly Suffolk Agricultural Show was held at Saxmundham. One pleasing traditional feature of this county fair consists in calling up and rewarding with a certificate those inhabitants who have distinguished themselves by the length of their service on the land. This year the blue ribbon went to John Marsh, who had labored on the same farm for sixty-eight years. Thomas Vincent, William Starling and Joseph Spall received appropriate certificates in virtue of having tilled the soil of that district on the same farms for more than sixty years. For fifty-eight years on the same farm Benjamin Chilvers received honorable mention. But Elijah Fisk, who had been fifty-two years on one farm, could not be persuaded to travel from his home in order to receive an award. He had been on a train only once in his life, and apparently found nothing in the experience that tempted him to repeat it. Still less would he intrust himself to that novel and dubious contraption, an automobile. I hope they sent him his medal by mail, but was not able to learn. Every year fresh claimants for long-service awards turn up. I suppose nobody would be much surprised if Methuselah should bob up some year and ask for a medal.

Abundance of cheap labor has been the rule. Before Shakspere's day enterprising Britons discovered that much profit might be made in the wool trade, thereby laying the foundation of England's commercial supremacy. As a natural corollary, many landlords found more money in sheep than in crops. Thus began a long and remorseless process of sowing plowland to grass. This involved parceling out in severalty and inclosing the fields which had formerly been tilled in a sort of partnership by all the inhabitants of the farm village. It involved also parceling out and inclosing the land which the villagers had used in common for rough grazing. The shift from crops to grass has been going on—but not, of course, at an even rate of progress—for generations.

One result was mathematically stated in a recent government report as follows: A hundred acres of land in crops will employ 7.6 men; a hundred acres of land in grass will employ 1.6 men. Hence decline in rural population. They knew the general fact a long while ago. Near Shakspere's time a rural poet expressed it less mathematically by writing of sheep:

They have eate up our meadows and our downs,
Our corn, our wood, whole villages and towns;
Yea, they have eate up many wealthy men
Besides widows and orphane children.

Still, England was practically self-feeding up to about 1835; and not until about 1870 did statesmen take decidedly to viewing the situation with alarm. How much practical good has come of their viewing is indicated by the simple fact that since 1870 the area sown to wheat in England and Wales has fallen 50 per cent and the area in all crops in Great Britain—which includes Scotland—by 30 per cent. Also the agricultural population of England and Wales has declined from 38 per cent of the total in 1871 to 20 per cent. The positive decline—for total population has increased largely in the meanwhile—amounts to some 200,000 hands.

England and Wales now produce about one-third of their food supply. Years ago agriculture fell from the first place among national industries.

So far we have been speaking of the tiller of the soil as a hired hand, which he is in nearly three cases out of four. But the land yields abundantly. In a good year the average for the whole United Kingdom was thirty-three bushels of wheat to the acre, thirty-four bushels of barley and forty-four bushels of oats. By and large, the price is higher than the American price, for it is governed by imports, and the freight on a bushel of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool will run around twenty-five cents.

Woes of the British Farmers

GIVEN those conditions, along with a sufficient supply of competent labor at about seven dollars a week, and the farm proprietor must be in clover! But he isn't. We have not only his own eloquent testimony to the contrary but the testimony of trustworthy independent witnesses. Undoubtedly grain raising in Great Britain yields very little or no profit at present. There is an extensive literature on the subject, and a good deal of it reads like an echo from home. In the background there is the same price inflation and collapse.

War, of course, sent prices skyward. Just as with us, prices kept up during the postwar boom. In September, 1920, the price of all agricultural products taken together showed an increase of 202 per cent over the prewar level. Then came the world-wide slump. Two years later the per cent of increase over the prewar level had shrunk from 202 to 57. Afflicted English farmers did not even have the consolation of blaming it on Wall Street.

But a great fall in the price of farm products was by no means the whole of their trouble. Just as with us, very high prices in the last years of the war and in the postwar boom brought a large rise in the price of farm lands and a scramble to buy. In the last years of the war the British Government guaranteed the price of wheat, as our Government did, in order to stimulate production. Agricultural prosperity seemed a certainty. Farmers who had long held their land as tenants were inspired to become owners. Many landlords, pinched by income and inheritance taxes, were willing to sell.

In that rosy period credit was as easy in England as in the United States. Even the commercial banks lent

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The Post Office, a Barn and a House in a Berkshire Village—All Charming to Look At From the Road

POST-MORTEM

By Alexander Betts

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN

WHILE I stood waiting for Jane Coggeshall to finish greeting some crêpe-draped cousins who'd come on, I rehearsed my speech, meeting the curious difficulty I always encounter in framing similar pronouncements.

"If there's anything I can do, Jane, I'd be only too glad ——"

That wouldn't do at all.

Glad? How utterly out of the spirit of such an occasion!

"If there's anything I can do, Jane, it will make me very happy ——"

The same fault. Of course, it wouldn't make me happy. So far as Jane was supposed to know, I should be definitely saddened for some time to come; and being a person who prefers no word to one not eminently correct, I had almost decided on an elliptical, "If there's anything I can do, Jane ——" filled out with a facial expression denoting a wealth of very beautiful sympathy, when Jane turned, and I found, as I so often do, the perfect phrase on the tip of my tongue.

"If there's anything I can do, Jane, you'll call on me, won't you? I'll feel it's a privilege."

I have rarely been more surprised than I was with Jane's answer.

"There is something, Henry. Come back when I can see you alone, will you?"

The idea of Jane's needing help was fantastic. She'd known what she wanted, and exactly how to get it alone and unaided, since the days when what she wanted was to take my miniature motor car apart instead of letting me ride in it, and her method was tying my hands and feet and gagging me in an empty box stall on the pretext of playing robbers.

"After the funeral?" I asked.

"Yes. About six tonight, if that isn't too inconvenient for you."

It pleases Jane to regard my life as a series of very silly formalities to which I attach great importance.

"Entirely convenient," I felt myself justified in retorting. "I dine at a civilized hour."

"Didn't know how long it took you to do your hair," Jane answered with a grin, which I couldn't help considering very much out of place, under the circumstances.

"Don't look shocked," she added. "You see, mamma and I loved each other so much I don't have to pretend. I'm honestly glad. She suffered like sixty."

But Jane's honest, square face contradicted those words by breaking, for an instant, into a tortured look like a man's when he chokes back tears distasteful to him.

"About six then," I said hastily; and I so hated the spectacle of Jane almost beaten by her grief that I failed myself at that penultimate moment by adding, "I'll be delighted."

Not that Jane noticed it.

"Thanks," she answered. "See you then."

I went through the gigantic hall and down the long flight of steps from the front door, wondering what would become of the house. Jane wouldn't want it, of course. She hated being bothered with possessions. Probably her mother had disposed of it in some appropriate, businesslike way.

It occurred to me that very few women of seventy-odd could arrange in their wills for the home of a lifetime to be sold or turned into an institution with as few qualms.

Female creatures of pure reason, both Jane and her mother! What monsters they were, in a way!

With that thought, I dismissed the Coggeshalls from my mind in favor of a very pleasant morning's cribbage at the club. I took up cribbage my last birthday, which was my twenty-eighth. I find that it and "the good old-gentlemanly vice of avarice" with which I was born are quite enough of a career for the declining years of a person with as many social duties as I have.

The funeral, which was perfectly public, was very small; but I will say that if Jane had prepared with a magnifying glass a list of those to be admitted, it couldn't have been more distinguished. I always say there's nothing like a funeral of one of the real people to bring out the old families. Mrs. Horace Lauterback was the only *nouvelle* who'd been clever enough to come, and she looked so pleased with herself I thought she might break into song at any moment.

At six o'clock I re-presented myself at the Coggeshall door. Everything was in order again and looked as homelike as ever, which is to say exactly as homelike as the reception room of a prosperous hospital.

"Oh, I Didn't Mean That, Henry!" She Cried; But I Was Furious

Jane came in, in the clothes she'd worn all day: square-toed boots, and a *tailleur* which I haven't a doubt was from some excellent place, but which she might have pulled from a pile in a bargain basement for all the style it had.

"Well, my dear ——" I greeted her.

"Henry," she said abruptly, "toward the end mamma must have been crazy."

Of course, anyone would have been pleased with such an opening. "Nonsense!" I told her. "There never was a saner woman on earth."

I could see Mrs. Coggeshall as I'd seen her last, shrewd and literal and alert. An invalid and in considerable pain, she yet had a tip on the market for me which she'd worked out from her reading, and which developed as she said it would to the very quarter of a point.

"Mrs. Coggeshall," I asked her, amused by her canniness into impertinence, "have you ever had a loss?"

"Never!" she answered, and her eyes shone with triumph; then she amended, for the sake of strict accuracy—"never with an investment. I was once fooled into trusting a rogue."

She elaborated on the incident, which had galled her, and about which I could, for certain reasons, be peculiarly sympathetic.

"She was just about as insane as you are, Jane," I said. "In fact I must admit that her interests seem a good deal more explicable to me."

The passion for experimental science which has proved the great one in Jane's life has always irritated me intensely.

That an heiress—really one can say without inflation, a great heiress, and my lifelong neighbor and friend—should react to test tubes and cultures of bacilli as a normal girl does to orchids and yachting parties does seem a little gratuitous of fate.

The thought of Jane now, settling down with her five millions or so to build laboratories and endow chairs in universities and undoubtedly do nothing but good with her money, had actually kept me awake last night. That sort of thing is so useless.

"That's what I would have said," Jane replied, "but I would have been wrong. I've read mamma's will."

She'd been disinherited! Jane wasn't going to have her laboratories. In spite of all my rather habitual affection for her, I felt a real swell of satisfaction in my heart. There was a chance that that money was going to buy a little beauty or joy or something else important at last. That was what popped into my mind.

"How did she leave it?" I asked.

From her expression I knew that, probably for the first and only time in her life, Jane was actually looking forward to the dramatic effect of a statement she was about to make.

"She left one hundred thousand dollars to Albert Fleming."

"Jane," I cried, "you're out of your mind! You read it wrong!"

"I wanted to know how you'd take it, because you're so correct. You'll think just what everyone will."

"Take it! I don't take it at all. I don't believe it."

"Don't be silly. I had Mr. Tashman construe the will. That's just what it says."

"Are you going to break it?"

"Of course I'm not. It was mamma's money."

In justice to Jane's integrity, I will say that had the amount been the whole five million, and had the decision meant that she'd have to live practically without intimate contact with the more fascinating germs for the rest of her days, Jane's answer would have been the same.

"But you see I'm right," she pursued. "Your astonishment proves it. She must have been crazy, Henry. You know how she felt about Albert Fleming."

"I thought I did," I said.

It was Albert Fleming who had cheated Mrs. Coggeshall that unforgivable once, and I should have said she felt just as tenderly toward him as an injured elephant does to his transgressor. Except I imagine that an elephant always hopes that some day he will be able to stretch out his trunk and end his grudge with a scrunch, whereas Mrs. Coggeshall had no such illusions.

Albert Fleming had been a newcomer to the city then, with an interesting pallor and sad pale-blue eyes and a slightly clerical air. He'd wanted a start, a fresh start, for he must have been forty. He'd been a little tremulous in his anxiety to make good, to prove himself.

Mrs. Coggeshall had gone on his notes. Everybody went on Albert Fleming's notes sooner or later, and she had really been fortunate in that her turn came before he fully realized the selling power of his personality to a person of her means.

He had hinted at persecutions in his past, in the town from which he came; but with the magic of which he was master he had so maneuvered Mrs. Coggeshall that she didn't make inquiries till her signature was given. How she resented it! Or, at least, how I thought she had. The fact that the city's hardest-headed business men shared the misery of that identical irritation had seemed to be of no comfort to her whatever.

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XPECTING TO BE ARESTED

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

She Told My Fortune for 5.05 Cents and She Sed I Wood be Very Ritch if I Dident Get Hanged

SUNDAY April 10, 186— my granmother lerned me to say how plesant is Saterday nite when i have tride all the weak to be good. well if ennyone thinks last nite was pleasant when me and Pewt had wirked our heads off piling up boans to put into a cart and then have sumbody elce come along and taik them and then be scat to deth becaus he expects a poliseman to arest him and drag him off by the gnap of the neck becaus he has bought a lot of things whitch he aint got and cant pay for but he has got to ennyway whether he can or not, then i gess he had better try it.

i thought i shood never get to sleap last nite becaus i xpected to hear the doorbell ring and have old Mizery Dirgin come in and snaik me out. twict the doorbell rung and i coodent breeth and my hart beat like a snair drum but it was only old Nat Shute the first time and sumbody elce the 2th time whitch wanted to sell sumthing so when the nine oh clock bell rung it was my tirn to taik my bath in a tub in the kichen and i done it. i most always hates to taik a bath but this time i was glad to because i gnew that a poliseman woodent snaik me throug town without enny close on for he wood be jest as mutch to blaim as if he went out in the street without enny close on himself. i lerned that this way. once when me and Pewt and Beany was having fun in my barn one hot day without enny close on squerting water on eech other with a big pop-squert we pushed Beany out and locked the door and old Beany had to go home acrost the street without ennything on but some burdock leeves he had pulled up by the side of the barn. well Beanys mother come over and told my mother about it and that nite when father come home i got a licking and after father had licked me he told me i was lucky not to get arested and sent to jail for indesent xposure. i sed i dident do it, it was Beany and he sed no it was me and not Beany. so i demded i was safe for this nite. and i am safe today becaus it is sunday. so i am going to have as mutch fun as enny feller can have sunday whitch aint mutch.

April 11, 186— school today. fellers asted me if i was sick. they sed i dident ack like myself. i gess they woodent ack like myself eether if they xpected a poliseman to grab him enny minit. Pewt pertended he was all rite but i know he was as scat as me. i aint been arested yet. evry time the bell rung tonite i gumped about a yard.

April 12, 186— i aint arested yet but i gumped so tonite evrytime the doorbell rung that mother and aunt Sarah think i am going to have the saint Vitus dance.

April 13, 186— today was the 13nd, i thougt sure i'd be arested. but i wasnt. mother sent me down town for a new wash boiler and told me i cood go eether to old Getchells or Kelley and Gardners. gosh that dident maik enny differance becaus i dident dass to go to eether place so i got Bat Toomy to go down with me and when i got round the corner i give him the money and told him to by the wash boiler and bring it to me. so he done it and then i give him .05 cents of my own. tonite i gumped wirse than ever. mother says i augt to have a tonick, so she give me sum wirmwood. gosh it was wirse than when you get a peace of salaratus from a biskit way up in the corner of your mouth under your ear, a hundred times wirse.

April 14, 186— i aint been arested yet. this morning mother sent me down to Lane and Rollins store for sum paper. so i got Bat Toomy and gave him the money and he got it for me. while i was waiting for Bat i see old Swane the poliseman coming. i run in behine docter Perrys house and wached him until he went up Front street and then i come out. i dident have enny money to pay Bat but he took a slingshot for his pay. it was the best one i had. i gumped sum more tonite.

April 15, 186— i am wondering whitch poliseman will get me. i hoap it will be old Kize for he is the best natured. i aint been arested yet neether has Pewt.

April 16, 186— mother says they is a grate change in me for the better. she says i am willing to stay to home and wirk and this is the ferst time she ever gnew me to be that. father he sed whenever i was good i was eether sick or triing to play sum tric on sumbody. today i had to go down to old Getchells for a sad ion. Huh i wood like to know what a old ion has to be sad about. if it was in my place xpecting to be arested evry minit it wood have sum reeson to be sad. ennyway that was what mother sent me for. so i got Bat again and give him the money and he got the ion for me. this time i dident have enny money and i give him a dozen sweet firn segars. i aint been arested yet, neether has Pewt.

April 17, 186— it is bully to have it sunday and to know that you wont be arested for at leest one day. even church seemed good. the minister read the wicked flea where no man persuith. i thougt i gess if old mister minister was in my place he wood know better. then afterwerds he read wo to him from whom the offense comith. so i gess he had it rite. ennyway it wont come befoar tomorrow. it has been a hel of a weak for me.

Apr. 18, 186— this morning befoar school i had a verry narow escaip. i was going down Scenter street when i tirned the corner i run rite agenst old Swane coming the other way. i run rite agenst his stomack and before i cood gump out of the way he grabed me and sed why dont you look where you are going and he give me a shake that neerly ratled my teeth out. i gess if i hadent had so mutch xperiance with old Francis in school my head wood have snaped off. i coodent say a word but holler ow ow as loud as i cood and he gave me a sling and i went most acroes the road and i tell you i hipered for home. as i tirned the corner i looked back to see if he was coming. he had his foot up in both hands and was hoping round on the other swaring offally, i gess i must have steped on his corns. that was the ferst time i ever steped on a polisemans corns. i shall not do it again if i can help it.

April 19, 186— one moar weak like the last and i shall be a manioc. i sumtimes think it will be better to be arested and have it over. i wonder if they wood put me in a sell. Whacker Chadwick droped a book in school today and i gumped neerly over my desk and got licked for it. old Francis sed i done it purpose.

April 20, 186— Tonite there was a minstril show in the town hall and a band plaid befoar the show. i staid to home and father and mother desided it was time to call the docter. father sed there was sumthing serius rong with me and it had got to be looked into. so he sed he wood go down to the post office and wood bring the docter back with him. so when he come back he had forgot the docter because old Getchell and old Lane and Rollins had sent him bills for the paper and the sad ion and the washboiler that i had give the money to Bat Toomy to pay for.

well mother had told father they was pade for and when he got them bills he come home roaring. mother told him

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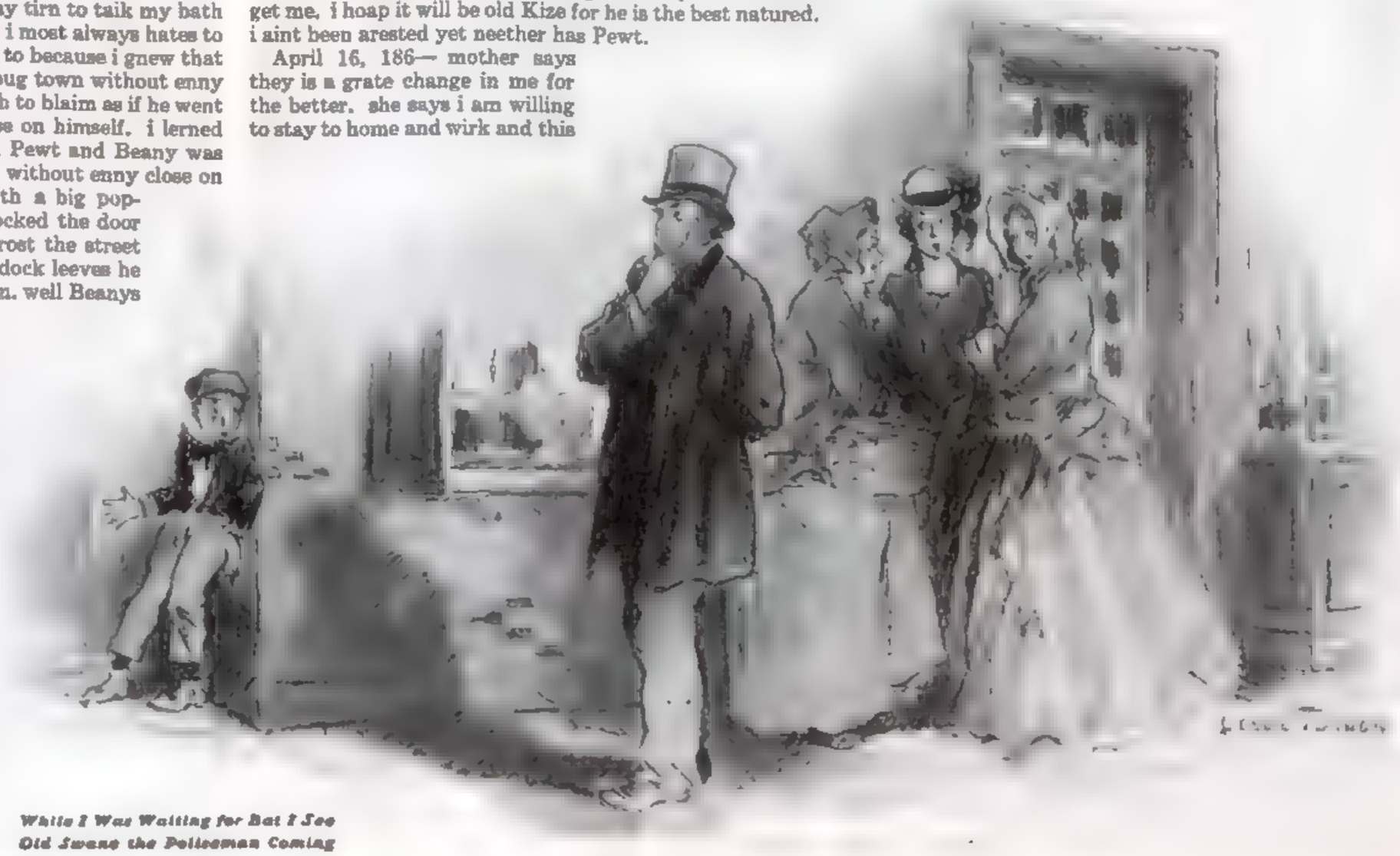

While I Was Waiting for Bat I See Old Swane the Poliseman Coming

PINELAND

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Once When the Rains Were Bad I Waded in From Goulds With Water Up to My Waist and a Jack of Irish Potatoes on My Shoulder"

LARRY GIBBS was thankful that the roughness of the road took all his attention, because he had no idea what to say to a woman whose son has just been hanged. She sat like a stone beside him in the front seat of the car. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her cheap black skirt covering her bony knees and the worn toes of her shoes to which still clung some particles of sand from around Joe McDevitt's grave. The heavy black veil which muffled her hat and her face gave off the acid smell of black dye. Her hands in black cotton gloves with flabby tips that were too long for her fumbled with a clean folded handkerchief in her lap.

All around them the white brilliance of the Florida noon poured down upon the uneven road from the burial place, caught on the bright spear points of palmettos and struck into nakedness the shabby houses among stumps of pine trees of this outskirt of Miami. The light and the hot wind seemed whiter and hotter for the figure of Sarah McDevitt in her mourning.

It was Jack Kelley, the man who had turned state's evidence on the Pardee gang case, who had told Larry he would loan him an automobile if he would take Sarah McDevitt home. It was the same Jack Kelley who had started the fund to provide Joe McDevitt's body with decent burial. He had seen to it that his own figure had a prominent place in the newspaper photographs of the grave, which next morning would assure all Dade County that the Pardee gang, including the McDevitts, was at last broken up, either by being driven from Florida or doing endless terms in prison camps, like George McDevitt; or like Joe here, made safe for Southern progress with a stretch of rope, a pine coffin and a few feet of Florida marl.

"Go on now," Jack Kelley had said, pushing at Larry with large, firm pushes. "There's a story in Sarah McDevitt yet. The last of her boys gone and she going home to sit and listen to her pine trees, see? A nice little front-page story, see? And you might just mention the canned goods I've put in the back of the car for her. Enough to last her a month. Here you are, Sarah McDevitt. Larry Gibbs will take you home, see?"

Larry wondered miserably if she were crying in behind that stuffy veil. He had not seen her face yet. He had never seen her before.

She had not come to the trial, although he wondered a little why Joe McDevitt's lawyer had not brought her in for her effect on the jury. He thought of Joe McDevitt as he had been then, lounging, copper-haired, a sleek reddish animal, his veins crammed with healthy life. He had not shown much interest even when the facts about the bank robbery and the cashier's death were made damningly evident.

Now Joe McDevitt was dead. It had made a tremendous impression on Larry. It was his first big court case since he had been on the paper. He had written home to his mother that he was seeing the real bedrock of life at last. He pictured his mother reading it in her breakfast room in Brookline, turning the pages of his letter with that little look of amused horror on her distinguished face. She would hope he would not be obliged to come in close contact with miserable creatures in jails.

He had written with affected carelessness about interviewing McDevitt the man-killer, but secretly he was thankful that he had not had to cover the hanging this morning. The other court reporter had done that. But this business of taking home the mother was almost as bad. It made him feel perfectly rotten. She was so quiet.

"That road," she said to him suddenly, and he flushed and jerked the car around on the way she had pointed. He was taken completely by surprise that her voice could be so clear and firm.

"This is—this is the Larkins Road, isn't it?" he asked hastily to prevent the silence from forming again. "I didn't know it was surfaced yet."

But she said nothing, and he continued to stare forward at the road paralleling the shine of tracks, the shine and glitter of palmettos on the other side. The sky ahead was steely and remote, and it made his eyes ache. A corner of her veil snapped outside the car. Every once in so often her hat joggled forward over her forehead and she pushed it back and wiped her face with the wad of her handkerchief. He was somehow sure that it was not tears she wiped.

He turned to ask her if she would not like to have him stop somewhere and get her a glass of water, and saw for the first time that her skin was pale and clammy with heat. Her mouth, with the deep soft wrinkles on it of an old woman, was half open and panting. But as he spoke she closed her lips in a tight line and looked at him straight out of faded gray eyes within faded lashes. There was nothing feeble in her glance. She pulled off her hat abruptly and her thin gray hair blew against the brown skin of her forehead.

When they had passed by the stores and railway station of Larkins she began slowly to take off her black gloves. She rolled them into hard balls, working and working at them sightlessly until he thought she would never let them alone. Her hands were curiously like the look in her eyes, vigorous in spite of the blotched brown skin stretched over the large-boned knuckles.

"What did Jack Kelley think he was going to get out of sending me home with a lot of canned goods?" she asked suddenly.

"Why—I don't know," Larry said. "He—I think he was just—I mean I imagine he wanted to show you he was sorry that you—that your ——"

"Huh!" she said, and her voice was dryly deliberate. "Any time Jack Kelley spends money you can bet he knows right well where he's going to get something for it. I guess maybe he figured you'd put something in the paper about it."

Larry was always sharply conscious when his fair skin reddened. "But, Mrs. McDevitt, I wouldn't write anything you wouldn't want me to write. I ——"

"I could tell you to write something Jack Kelley wouldn't want you to write, about the time he tried to do me out of my homestead. I guess he wouldn't relish that much."

"When was that?" Larry leaped eagerly to the question. He felt easier, now that she was talking. The only sense of strain of which he was aware was the slow dry way she talked, as if her tongue were swollen and sticky. "Tell me about that, won't you?"

"Oh—it wasn't much. Nothing to put in the paper. He just wasn't so smart's he thought he was. It was one time about two years after I come down on my land here. McDevitt's mother up in Vermont wrote me that George was awful sick. I'd been working in Miami, waiting on table like I did in the six months they let you live off your homestead, and it was time I went back on it, but I got permission from the land agent to leave long enough to go north and look after my children.

"In Jacksonville I met this Jack Kelley between trains, that I'd seen coming into the restaurant time and again, and the minute he saw me he knew I was supposed to be on my land. 'Well, Sarah McDevitt,' he says to me. 'So the pineland was too much for you, was it?'

"'When you see me giving up my pineland you can have it yourself, Jack Kelley,' I says to him, and thought no more of it. But don't you believe it but that man turned right around and come back to Miami and started to file a counterclaim against my property. And now he thinks he can fool me with canned goods. Jack Kelley. Huh!"

"But he didn't get your land, did he?"

"Of course he didn't, the big fool. He didn't have a chance. I had my permission right enough, and the day after he'd filed the claim he come down to look at my house, and a good neighbor of mine that see him coming fired off a six-shooter in the air, and he said Jack Kelley ran like a whitehead. And up in Miami Mr. Barnes that owned the restaurant told me he'd go to court himself to see I kept my place. He said Jack Kelley'd ought to be run out of the county for trying to take a woman's land from her. I don't mean you should put that in the paper, though."

Larry pondered regretfully the news value of that story. But she was quite right that he couldn't print it. The paper wouldn't stand for it, and besides it was libel.

They were running past pineland now, and he turned and stared at the passing ranks. They were like no pine trees he had ever seen in his life, these Caribbean pine. Their high bare trunks, set among palmetto fans that softened all the ground beneath them, rose up so near the road that he could see the soft flakes of color of their scaly bark, red and brown and cream, as if patted on with a thick brush. Their high tops mingled gray-green branches, twisted and distorted as if by great winds or

something stern and implacable in their own natures. Their long green needles were scant, letting the sky through. They were strange trees, strange but beautiful. The brilliance of the sun penetrated through their endless ranks in a swimming mist of light. They were endlessly alike, endlessly monotonous, and yet with an endless charm and variety.

Every tree held its own twist and pattern; every tree, even to the distant intermingled brown of trunks too far away to distinguish, was infinitely itself. Sometimes the pine woods came so near the road he could smell their sunny resinous breath. Sometimes they retreated like a long, smoky, green-frothed wall beyond house lots and grapefruit groves or open swales of saw grass or beyond cleared fields where raw stumps of those already destroyed stood amid the blackness of a recent burning. Against the horizon their ranks rushed cometlike and immobile into the untouched west. He felt the comprehension of them growing upon him—the silence of their trunks, the loveliness of their tossed branches, the virginity of their hushed places, in retreat before the surfaced roads and filling stations, the barbecue stands and signboards of the new Florida.

"They're wonderful, aren't they, the pines?" he said abruptly. "There's something beautiful and fresh about them, different from any trees I've ever seen."

The woman beside him took a great deep breath, as if what he said had released something in her.

"I remember the first time I went to see my place," she said. "Twenty years ago. In those days the nearest road was six miles away. You could take a horse and carriage from Miami to a place near Goulds where the road branched. Then you'd have to walk across country to where my land began. It wasn't my land then, though. The land agent had it surveyed and told me where the boundary stob was. The palmetto was deeper than it is now, but I was younger and nothing was too much for me. When I'd walked a ways through the palmetto under those pines and come to the place where they said would be good for a clearing, I just stood still and listened, I don't know how long. It was so still you could hear little noises a long ways off, like a bird rustling up on a branch or an insect buzzing.

"The tops of the trees were higher up than these here, and they didn't move any. The light was all soft and kind of bright, and yet green and dim too. Those trees were the quietest things I ever see. It did you good just to feel them so quiet, as if you'd come to the place where everything began. I couldn't hardly believe there was places outside where people were afraid and worried. I just—I tell you I just started crying, but not to hurt. I never was one for crying, but this was just good easy tears, the way you cry when you're so happy you don't believe it's true."

Larry hardly dared to speak, keeping his hands tight on the wheel and his eyes on the road. Yet when she continued to maintain the silence into which she had fallen he ventured, "What made you come down here homesteading in the first place, Mrs. McDevitt?"

"I was in the freeze years ago, up in Orange County." Her reply came with a little effort, as if she had lost her present self in a sturdy dark-haired woman, wiping her eyes all alone among silent acres of pineland. "Eh, law!" she sighed. "That was a long time. McDevitt bought an orange grove and we were froze out."

"Tell me about that," Larry insisted. Presently she went on speaking, with her chin on her breast and her eyes staring forward at the road racing and racing toward them, between the straight gleaming rails and the dusty palmettos, the few pines, half dying, with patent-medicine signs tacked to them, that followed this part of the road. She talked as if it were as easy as thinking—easier.

"McDevitt would have it that we mustn't sell the oranges until the season was later and the prices better, although I told him to sell. The fruit was coloring wonderful that winter. 'Ninety-four and five. In those days in Orange County the orange trees were tall and dark and glossy, on strong thick trunks. When you walked in an orange grove the dark leaves met overhead and you walked on bare brown earth in a kind of solid shadow, not like the pines that strain the light through clear and airy. Up in the dark branches you could see the oranges in clusters, growing gold color like there was sun on them. I never saw fruit like ours that winter. It seemed like the branches would break with it. Then came the big freeze. There never was one like it before and there never has been since.

"That was about the last difference McDevitt and I had." Larry felt a pricking in the back of his neck at the even depth of hatred in her voice, the first naked emotion she had shown. "He was a smooth one, a smooth, smiling, hateful man, with easy ways and eyes boring in for the weak place in you. It was what made him furious, not finding mine. 'I'll be stronger than you are,' I'd say to myself often and often. 'And stiller and more of a man. You see if I won't.' That was even as soon as after George was born. I'd grit my teeth and bear that look in his eyes until he'd fling off and leave me a week or two for spite. We come down to Orange County from Vermont state, where his mother was. He got this orange grove with money my own mother left me, but I knew he'd never be one for holding it. So I held it."

The car dipped and rose on the swinging levels of the road. The sun was beginning to crawl down from its zenith and the burning white of the sky was turning a faint flower-petal blue. The wind from the inviaible sea to eastward came to them in steady, freshening gusts.

"Turn here," she said. "That winter he had a great beard that was the color of the oranges, and he'd sit around barefooted on the porch of the shack we had and comb it. Joe was—Joe was a year old then." Her tongue thickened as she spoke the name for the first time. Larry heard the sticky parting of her lips. The car was running almost silently on a dirt road in the shadow of pines that seemed stronger and more dense than those by the main highway.

"I was a thick stumpy woman then, and the heat behind all those trees there in the middle of Florida was like a tight hand over your lungs. But I'd leave the baby and little George on a mattress in the breeze-way between the two rooms of the house and go out to see that the nigras were working. McDevitt wouldn't ever. He'd sit there smiling, with those eyes over his beard and never sweated. The heat was terrible. That's what made the fruit ripen early. I was wild with nerves at it, but I wouldn't let McDevitt know. Only when he come home from Orlando and said he'd got an offer to sell the crop on the trees for ten thousand, only he'd decided not to, that night I had to go out and walk up and down the road that had a place where there wasn't any orange trees. That night I thought I'd choke with orange trees.

"Up around the house the shadow of them was black and thick, and the smell of the new bloom that was coming here and there up among the yellowing fruit sickened you. There was a starlight that fell wet and glittery like knives on the leaf edges. The next day McDevitt went off somewhere to spite me because I wanted him to sell, and left me alone. I'd never let him guess how afraid I was to be alone. I guess that's why I married him when he come along when ma died. Or maybe he guessed and thought I'd beg him to take me away.

"He would have liked me to beg him to. But I never let on that my knees were like string to see him go. He turned at the gate and smiled at me over that orange-colored beard with his stone-white teeth and his eyes that were like wires boring into you, and I shut my mouth tight and let him look. So he stopped smiling and went, and I was there with the two children and four nigras living down a ways in a shack in the grove, and the days got hotter. I would of sold the crop, only I couldn't find the man that made the offer. But everybody in Orlando, at the bank and everywhere, said to hold on, because prices were going up. Then one day it begun to get cold.

"It came on in the morning, and by afternoon it was so cold the children shivered, and I had to put two-three extra shirts on them. In all the groves up and down the road they began to light fire pots and start bonfires to keep the oranges from feeling it. You could smell the smoke and the blossoms in the chilly air. The sky was heavy and gray-looking and there wasn't any wind, and the smoke drifted and hung between the long dark rows of trees. But still it kept getting colder. Late that afternoon I went out and stopped the nigras from lighting any more fire pots. I could see it wasn't going to do any good. I told them to cut down a couple of old trees to keep themselves warm in their houses that night and had them bring me some of the wood too.

"Then it got dark sudden and I gave the children some bread and milk and put them to bed with all the bedclothes over them, and I put a shawl around my knees and one over my shoulders and sat close to the stove and fed it with orange wood. All night long I sat there and it kept getting colder. About midnight I could tell it was freezing outside, because the trees begun to crack and snap. Then pretty soon you could hear

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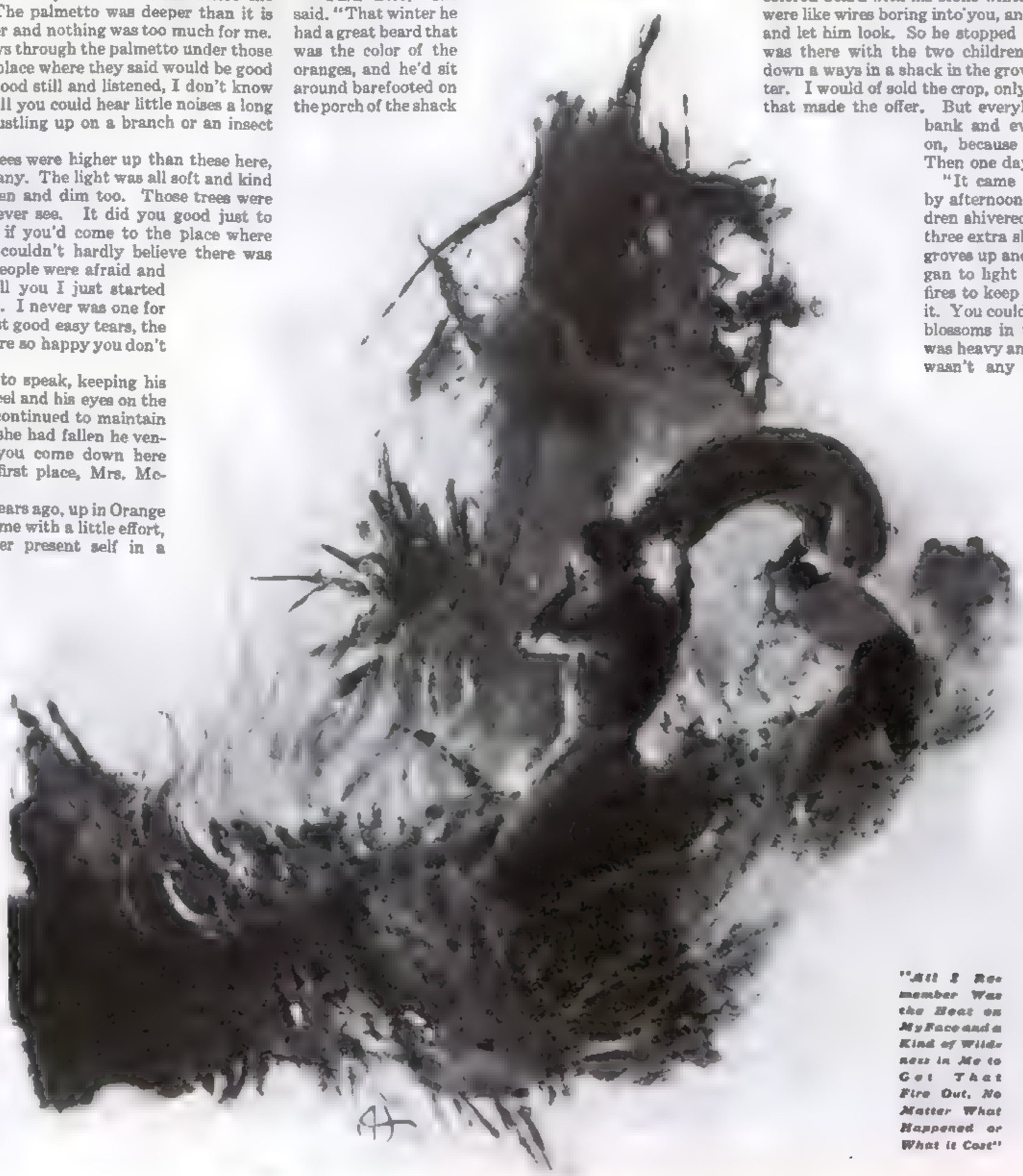

"All I Remember Was the Heat on My Face and a Kind of Wildness in Me to Get That Fire Out, No Matter What Happened or What it Cost"

Rusty Gives 'Em What They Want

This Rumor About Who They Was Related to Must Have Spread All Over the Place

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT'S a gift, I expect—this trick of stagin' a comeback when they've got you listed as down and all but out. Uh-huh. I was down all right. Can you picture Rusty Gilian drivin' a yeast cart? And if it wasn't for puttin' a strain on the projector I could whisper that this wasn't the bottom of the chute either. I was climbin' up when I got put on the yeast route. But before that I sure had hit some rough spots.

How come? Well, suppose we don't go over all the details. But it all started from what was meant to be a quiet little joy ride—just two couples, includin' Mr. Rickey Welsh and the pair of janes from the Kelvin House—which develops into a wild night, endin' in a big crash. Say, you wouldn't think you could dig up such speedy parties in one of them Middle West curfew burgs, would you? Honest, when I first found myself stuck there, drivin' for this horse-faced old guy who was president of the First National Bank and deacon in the church, I got a close-up of myself, after a few years of that, wearin' three-cornered patches of ginger-tinted whiskers in front of my ears. Anyway, for the first few weeks my most reckless act was when I lured the Swede second maid to a picture show and tried to fill her up on nut sundaes afterward. Then I meets up with this Rickey bird, who distributes for a towel-supply firm all day and shoots Kelly pool every night.

He's one of these funny-faced fatties, Rickey is, with a nose that looks like he'd tried to stop a trolley car with it, and no more neck than an egg; but for all that, he's a hot sport after dark and a reg'lar sheik with the girls. It was him who arranged the excursion to Pleasure Park and dated up these frisky dames from the dinin' room. All I supplied was the deacon's limousine and the cash to finance the party. Oh, yes, it was Rickey who brought along the so-called Scotch. Say, they don't care what they put a label on nowadays, do they? I had two nips of the stuff and I felt like I'd swallowed the business end of a high-voltage wire. The others finished the quart, so it's no wonder there was trouble on the dance floor or that I couldn't get 'em started for home until two A.M.

Even at that, we'd come out of it with no more'n a few headaches if this Gladys girl hadn't got so blamed affectionate just as I was swingin' around a road roller parked at one side of the highway. I wasn't hittin' it up at the time, either, not over thirty-five, and I'd seen the red lantern as we rounded the curve. But with a fuzzy bobbed female givin' me the tackle just then, how was I to do any expert steerin'? I didn't. And them asphalt smoothers are built some substantial.

Well, after I'd come to and plucked a piece of windshield out of my face and found that the others was all right except for a bone here and there, I took one look at what was left of the limousine, tore up my license card and limped away from the scene without sayin' any farewells or leavin' a forwardin' address. A few miles up the road I picked a cozy spot under a bridge, slept until sunrise, washed up, got a hitch on a gas truck, caught a local bound north, and finally landed in the capital city of a different state. Nice, pleasant, busy little burg it was too. Fine park about the capitol. But them iron benches was hard to sleep on and them jay cops was too fond of playin' alarm clocks.

'Course, I rustled a job before the week was out. They always need a night washer at any garage. You don't have to show references or a letter from your pastor to get taken on, either. But how they pile the work on you and what a slim wad you're handed on Saturdays! I was rapidly gettin' into the feather-bantam class when I copped this place as pilot of the yeast cart out of the want ads. And maybe it didn't seem good to get into the traffic again, even if the little red bus they gave me wasn't much bigger'n a roller skate and wouldn't hit on four unless you had her wide open. After I got the hang of handlin' this antique lizzie, though, no customer ever missed gettin' his box of yeast cakes on time. But I discovered that my pay wasn't self-raisin' or otherwise, and I begun scoutin' around for a private snap.

I might not have landed one so quick if it hadn't been for Heinie Lunn misjudgin' the worth of a full on aces. He'd strayed into our reg'lar week-end poker session in the back room of Tony's smoke shop and for a while there he was simply shot with luck. A big bony hulk he was, with little pig eyes and a face that might have been hand-hewed in the dark. Also he'd called me a couple of times when I was tryin' to steal a pot on bobtails or ace high and he was feelin' rich and rabbit's-footy. Anyway, he still had a stack of velvet when we started the last round.

We was playin' dealer's choice and the ante had been urged up from a quarter limit to anything you could shove toward the middle, the pikers havin' dropped out. It was Heinie's deal and he named turney-turney with the one-eyed jacks wild, a favorite of his. Well, he gets one of 'em first crack out of the box and keeps it down, helpin' with two tens. But the third card he slips me is the other slab-sided gent, which goes simply elegant with the pair of queens I has faced. 'Course, he backs his three tens heavy and I trails along. Between us we raised out the third man, so on the fourth deal there was only him and me to take cards. I gets another queen, while Heinie pulls an ace.

This time I did the boostin', but even with my three ladies showin', Heinie keeps right with me, hoping to better his thirty miles. The pot gets good and fat. Then came the last throw and I calls for it face up. It's the trey of clubs. Heinie slips his off nervous, but drops it with a satisfied grunt. It's the ace of spades.

I expect he figures I'm runnin' another bluff on my blind card, for he sure does come back at me stiff, pushin' up a stack of blues to say that his ace full is elegant. I stalls around a minute, and then bumps the bid with all the chips I had left, which gets Heinie scratchin' his ear. His final decision, though, is that I'm tryin' my old game and that three skirts is the best I can show. He bets his last stack to raise.

"Covered and then a sawbuck," says I, diggin' up my only twenty and tossin' it on the pile.

That's more'n Heinie has in his jeans, but he starts unbucklin' his wrist watch and asks if that'll do for a call.

"Not with me," says I. "No clocks is worth a peek at what I'm holdin'."

"How about my job then?" asks Heinie. "I call with my job."

Well, I'd seen the sporty closed bus he'd been drivin' around town and I'd been itchin' to get my hands on the wheel of something like that.

"Can you deliver the place?" I asks.

"Sure!" says he. "But I don't say you can make good."

"That's my gamble," says I. "And you've bought your right to a private view. Four typewriters, Heinie, countin' this johnny in the hole. Well, well! So I've won me new shoes and a new boss. Thanks, Heinie. I hope you ain't been any fam'ly pet."

"Huh!" says he. "You're welcome to all the pettin' you get from the Ickses. I'll take you round in the mornin'. I was gonna quit 'em anyway."

And when I'm towed up to the side door of this classy lake-front residence and into the old English breakfast room, where Mr. Alvin Icks is allowin' the butler to pour him a second cup of coffee, I gets to wonderin' whether Heinie is a good loser or a clever dodger; for it ain't any cheap joint he's severin' his connection with. No; everything looks new and expensive, from the marble lawn fountain to the silver flower holder on the side of the finger bowl, as if the Icks motto was Money No Object.

And yet this Mr. Icks himself ain't such an imposin' party. Kind of a peaked-nosed, round-shouldered, pasty-faced gent, with a close-trimmed grayish mustache, thin hair and a nervous way of massagin' his chin with his long fingers while he talks. He listens quiet enough while Heinie explains how he's resignin' on account of his brother-in-law's offerin' to take him into the delicatessen business and that he's brought me around as a substitute.

"You mean that wife of yours wouldn't let you drive us on another tour, don't you?" asks Mr. Icks.

Heinie admits there might be something in that, too, but suggests I might be just as good at that sort of work.

"Anyway," says Mr. Icks, "he couldn't be much worse. You had a positive gift, Lunn, for landing us at the wrong hotel at the wrong time." Then he turns and looks me over casual, like he meant to make the best of a poor bargain. "Oh, well, I suppose I might as well give you a tryout, Gillan. But not in that costume. Mrs. Icks would have a fit if she saw you driving her new limousine in such a rig. Here, take this order down to the Emporium and tell 'em to give you something in a dark-gray whipcord, with cap to match."

"And black leather leggins, and a few wing collars and some white madras ties, eh?" I hints.

"Get anything," says he, sort of weary, "that will help you to look less like a poor relation."

Which is just as soothin' to me as a bee bite. Yet I holds in the quick comeback.

"Yes, sir," says I. "When I'm drivin' private I always aim to do a smart turn-out. That's what you want in a shuffer, ain't it?"

"It's what we've never had," says he. "I don't know why, for other people seem to find drivers who don't look as though they'd just been let out of jail or taken off garbage trucks. Perhaps you can fix yourself up neat, but I'll have to see it to believe it. That's all, Gillan. Be back here by 2:30." And the next thing I know we're shooed out haughty by the butler.

"Huh!" says I to Heinie. "I knew there was some catch in this. An old crab, eh?"

Heinie grins.

"You ain't heard nothin' yet," says he. "Wait until you get up against the missus. She's got a tongue, that old dame has. Then there's the young lady, Miss Mildred. She don't say much, but she can make you feel like you was dirt under her feet all right. They're a sour bunch, the Ickses, and mighty rough on the help."

"New rich, ain't they?" I asks.

"Sure!" says Heinie. "Why, only six or eight years back they was livin' in a two-fam'ly house on the other side of the railroad tracks and this Icks bird was mortgaged to the ears, tryin' to keep his little two-by-four fact'ry runnin'. My old man used to work there. Then all of a sudden he began to get his stuff on the market—composition-tile floorin' of some kind—and things have been goin' his way ever since. Cleaned up a million this last year, I hear, and I expect it's gone to their heads; that and his bein' put on the governor's staff as a colonel. Say, you shoulda seen him when he was swellin' round in his uniform! Oh, boy! And how sore he got at me because I'd never call him Colonel Icks! The old stiff! I wouldn't humor him that much."

"Thanks for the tip, Heinie," says I.

Not that I meant to follow his line, for I don't believe in swappin' grouches with my boss. If you can't stand 'em you can always quit; but the man who's payin' out his good money has a right to buy something better'n surly looks. And I'd been too near the scrap heap to get chooey just then. My idea was to give the Ickses what they wanted, or as close as I could come to it.

As a starter, I almost stood the Emporium's alteration department on its head tryin' to satisfy me with a shuffer's outfit, and I spent the lunch hour showin' two tailors how to get the right hip flare in the breeches and where to take in the side seams of the coat.

"Iss it py a movie play you wear it yet?" asks one of 'em.

"No, Dutchy," says I. "But the order's signed by one of your best customers, who's also about the biggest plute in this town and the world's worst crabber. So get it right."

He did. Anyhow, when I reports exactly at half-past two, and springs my snappy salute on Colonel Icks, I'm wearin' a uniform that fits me like I'd been poured into it. 'Course, my legs ain't anything that would make the front row, but what there is of 'em is straight; and with the coat buttoned, I had a waistline like a flapper; and the low-visored cap covers most of my cinnamon-tinted thatch. I could see the whole effect was registerin' with him, but he tries to hide it.

"Best I could do in a few hours, colonel," says I.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't give you a week," says he. "You look enough like something out of a musical-comedy chorus now. Hey, Myrtle, here's the new chauffeur. Come see if he'll do."

And what waddles in from the next room is a three-chinned old girl who's built like the Rock of Gibraltar and owns the sleepiest pair of eyes I ever saw in a fat face. She's got about as much expression as a squash pie, and if I hadn't seen her movin' I might have guessed she was takin' her afternoon nap standin' up. But for all the droopy lids, she's doing no sleepwalkin' act; not her. She squints at me while you could count twenty before she starts her slow drawl:

"Of all the spidery persons, Alvin! What if something should drop on those pipestems of his? And who's going to change a tire if we have a blow-out?"

"Maybe you'd like to time me on a shift, ma'am," says I. "If I'm over five minutes after I get the jack out, I'll let you dock me a dollar a minute."

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I Tow Him to the Veranda Outside the Ballroom, Where the Ickses are Watchin' the Dancin'

SOMETHING GOOD

By Sophie Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

A Man Stood There, a Strange Man, Small and Dark, With Silver in His Hair and a White Scar Over His Left Eye

MRS. Minnie Ilyane sat by the phonograph in an attitude of thought, tinctured, she imagined, with a subtle impressiveness that would cause the gathering faithful to get the atmosphere of her greatness without making her point it out to them in her address. Of course, she would point it out to them, too, for the benefit of the dumb-bells; but Mrs. Ilyane knew very well that if she looked as though she was far away, communing with the spirits, some of those present would inevitably believe that she was doing just that thing. So she clasped her hands and bent her head and made her eyes glassy and remote. Meanwhile the phonograph blared away with a loud needle so that it could be heard on the street. Often people out for an evening stroll were thus attracted to Mrs. Ilyane's little meetings, and no one got inside the door but Bub Ilyane, her husky, square-shouldered, belligerent stepson, stuck a basket under his nose, with a card on the side saying, Fifty Cents. Bub's gaze was so compelling the stranger usually paid and stayed, though now and then a cheap skate or a fluffy or a boob would back out and disappear into the night.

The room was the front basement of an old brownstone house, with two windows and a door only a step down from the street level. There were long lace curtains of the Chester A. Arthur period of interior decoration, a framed text, Feed My Lambs, pictures of T. R. and Lincoln, some twenty-five cheap wooden folding chairs arranged in rows facing a small platform, whereon stood the phonograph, and a desk and chair for Mrs. Ilyane. There were two lights, very bright and staring and high, one over the desk, one over the chairs. And down behind the desk there was a telephone.

While Mrs. Ilyane meditated so solemnly, various people came to the meeting. Most of them were regulars—old Mr. Carlson, Mrs. Till and her sister, who boarded across the street; Mr. and Mrs. Wessell, who dropped in once a week or so to find out if Mr. Wessell's invention was going to make him a millionaire; Miss Veronica Sears, who had quarreled with all her living relatives, so had turned to the society of her dead—all of them Mrs. Ilyane knew, and also knew exactly what message to give to each. But in cash they represented a discouraging total of three dollars. Business was not good. Time was when the little room was packed every evening and every afternoon, for Mrs. Ilyane also held matinée meetings. Bub scowled. Sometimes he almost determined to leave ma flat and go get a real job; only that entailed real work. And besides, something nearly always turned up. Besides again, ma was a good cook and he'd get no more of her superb boiled pork spareribs with greens and dumplings, or her pink rhubarb pie, if he cut away. Of course, if the old girl was really losing her grip, he'd have to go. Until then—Bub seized the basket. Someone was coming in.

Newcomers. Bub eyed them narrowly; but they paid—they paid—so he relaxed and let them pass. A boob with his fluffy. Two fluffies together. A lady and her daughter, shabby and not young. So Bub classified them with expert knowledge of fluffies, boobs and ladies. They doubled the collection—it was now six dollars. Why didn't the telephone ring? He gave little Skinny Hines five cents twice a day to ring up just when the phonograph hymn would be over and the meeting was due to begin.

Bub tiptoed forward, stopping the phonograph, which was beginning to rasp on the disk; and then the telephone did ring, right on the minute. He reached behind the desk and answered it in a whisper audible to everyone in the room.

"Yes, ma'am, this's Mrs. Ilyane's. No, ma'am, you can't speak to her; she's just openin' an important meetin'. No, ma'am, you can't come for a private séance this evenin' no differna how important it is. You could come tomorra mornin'—about eleven. Mrs. Ilyane's got two people comin' before eleven; you'll hafta wait till after. They're big business genelmen who never make a move without consultin' Mrs. Ilyane. You'll be along about eleven then? Awri. Yes, ma'am, the fee f'r private's five dollars. G'-by."

Practical-minded people will observe that Bub had defined his stepmother's abilities and mentioned her price list in this brief conversation. Bub had a series of little speeches to various supposed clients which were the idea of Mr. Fridlman, an imaginative and resourceful friend of ma's.

Mrs. Ilyane was rising. The meeting was about to be opened.

Majestically, Mrs. Ilyane came forward, her loose flowing gray gown, shabby and soiled though it was, trailed about her with an effect—undoubtedly with an effect. This gown, a mixture of *jibbah*, priest's robe and lady's negligee, was of its wearer's own making, evolved when her increasing weight made it difficult for her to find anything suitable for professional wear, even amongst the stoutest stylish stouts. Its wide sleeves fell back from her massive arms as she raised her right hand—with a cabalistic ring on the forefinger—for attention.

"Leave us go into the silence for a few minutes, dear friends," she said. "Leave us go into the silence and induce our minds to wander free from the mundane and the physical body, that we may be nearer to our loved ones on the spirit plane."

There seemed no reason why they should not go into the silence, so they did—a silence broken only by the entrance of a late-comer, a regular, Miss Rosy Greet, who found these meetings more agreeable than the movies, on account of weak eyes.

The silence having lasted long enough, Mrs. Ilyane opened her eyes, sighed deeply, cleared her throat and began to speak. Her voice was deep and unctuous, soothing to the ear, full of mellifluous hollownesses and slurrings and swoopings after the manner of an old-time revivalist. This musical quality caused her hearers to disregard the speaker's occasional lapses of grammar and pronunciation.

"My friends—for I feel you are truly my friends, united to me in the search of truth," began Mrs. Ilyane, "I have a revelation to make to you about myself this evening, a confession, before we begin our reg'lar meeting. There have been times, I own it, when I have fought the spirits in their complete possession of my will, when I have resented their making of me and my body a mere insterment for their own use. I have even gone so far as to wish that I didn't have this great power of communication; yes, actually, I have dared to wish that. But this morning—this morning—well, it was this way: One genelman of my acquaintance, a great big Wall Street man whose name is a household word with all of you, who never, never makes a move in business without coming to me to find out if he is working with or against the desires of his loved ones who

have gone before—well, he comes in town this morning from his palatial residence on Long Island, and he left his auto and his chauffeur in front of my door whilst he paid a call on me, and I want to tell you there were tears in his eyes, tears of the purest gratitude. He says, 'Mrs. Ilyane, how can I ever thank you?' he says. And I says, 'What for?' and he says, 'You know how for weeks and months I been coming to you for guidance'; and I says, 'Not to me, but to them that speak through me.' And he says, 'Yes, of course, but you were the insterment, and I wanta tell you that you have guided me to the greatest success of my life. I been working and working and working on a great big, big deal, and I been worried about the attitude of some of my associates, and I've not made a single move without consulting those who have gone before; and the upshot of it is everything has worked out perfectly to my advantage, and my big deal has gone through, and I have won a success such as I never even dreamed of in my wildest moments. I owe it all to you.'

"Now, I ask you, my friends, after an occurrence such as that, was I not just a little ashamed of myself for ever having harbored a thought of resentment against my power? I felt downright ashamed of myself, I do assure you; yes, downright ashamed. And I said, after the big business man had left in his auto, I bowed my head and I held out my arms—so—and I said to the spirits, 'I will never rebel again, do with me what you will.'"

Mrs. Ilyane completed the incident in fine dramatic style, her voice sinking to profound depths of humility and credence. The little audience stirred and sighed and exchanged glances and wise headshakes to signify their belief, their confirmation. Even the boobs and the fluffies gasped with interest. The new lady and her daughter looked at each other, and the mother's elbow nudged the daughter's arm slightly, and she whispered, "I wish Cousin Drina had heard that."

They were sweet little people, this mother and daughter, wistful and round-eyed, unmistakably marked by hard knocks and deprivation. Their dresses were obviously remade, their hats three seasons old, their hand bags worn bare at the corners. But hope and faith, and even charity, were in their round blue eyes and the tilt of their engaging little noses. They were almost pretty, especially daughter, and unquestionably appealing. They were very alike save for the matter of age, and the mother's eyes were younger than the daughter's, for daughter had the look of a woman who works and is afraid of losing her job.

It was customary for Mrs. Ilyane to give a short address before proceeding to the messages. She twitched out the light above her head, thus leaving her in semi-obscurity, but in a position to study the faces of her audience. She half closed her eyes and clasped her hands theatrically over her majestic bust.

"There is so much curiosity and so many questions are asked me about the astral plane that I am going to devote a few minutes this evening to telling you about it, dear friends, if the spirits are willing to speak through me on that elevating subject." She waited a moment, and went on grandly: "The astral plane is heaven and heaven is the astral plane. It is nothing more nor less than a continuation of the mundane heaven, or earth, in a gradual gradation of ethereality in all manifestations of the elements of the earth and its numerous varieties of multitudinous manifestations of life."

Mrs. Ilyane rolled out the long words sonorously, even though her pronunciation of them was, here and there, somewhat odd. She had learned the whole paragraph out of a last year's copy of Immortality, and she had learned it well.

"Spirit man, on leaving his incarnated mask, possesses a more ethereal, incarnated body, compatible with the plane or zone of the world it has entered. So, too, a spirit incarnating in a replica called man finds the mundane zone of the earth adaptable for its manifestation. In a similar manner, all living things that exist in either zone constantly interchange embodiments."

"I don't get that stuff at all," whispered one of the fluffies to another. "I wish she'd begin the messages."

But Mrs. Ilyane had learned much more and had every intention of reciting it.

"Every living thing in the astral zone possesses a design organism or form, and they are really the creators of the denser phenomenal world, that the animalistic senses of spirit man and all other living things may reconnize each other on a common mental plane. The spirit-design organism can be seen while in the astral plane, or heaven, and tells the story of what its incarnated life will be if conditions on the mundane plane are normal for its manifestation."

Increasing small movements of restlessness throughout the audience warned her that she had better get on to the end.

She brightened her voice and hurried her speech:

"Beyond the earth's zones, or heavens, that partake slightly of the mind phenom'na of the earth's mundane plane, is a more ethereal luminous zone, or heaven, where the inhabitants express their God self and know no error. Think of that, my dear friends—they know no error! Their ethereal luminous graceful forms are a joy to behold as they float so gracefully about; beings who have paid the price in normal creative thought from the mundane plane of the earth up through the intervening heavens and are now numbered with the holy ones. And oh, my dear friends, I hope and expect to meet you all there some day, some blessed, blessed day."

Mrs. Ilyane passed her hands across her eyes, snapped her fingers lightly and smiled an alert, waking smile.

"I know from your expressions that the spirits sent you a wonderful message about heaven," she said in sprightly tones. "I never know what the spirits will say through me, you know. I am but an insterment for them."

Bub had been nearly asleep while his stepmother recited her piece about heaven, but now he came forward gently from his place beside the door and started the phonograph on Abide With Me. Mrs. Ilyane sank back into her chair, and Bub tiptoed about, collecting various sealed envelopes from the audience—the regulars. Some of them also added trinkets—a pencil, a ring, lucky piece, a flower. The mother looked at the daughter, and with a little hesitation pulled a sealed envelope out of her bag and handed it to Bub, and both women quivered with excitement as he took it and laid it on the desk with the others. He explained in a hoarse whisper to one of the questioning fluffies that you were privileged to ask Mrs. Ilyane a question, write it out and seal up the envelope, and the spirits

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"There Has Been a Lot of Bad Influences by People Who Ought'ue Done the Right Thing by You." Mother and Daughter Exchanged Awed Glances

The Great American Scandal

Why We Have Crime—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE shocking crime tide rises steadily in the United States.

It is fashionable among our intellectuals to say that this is the result of the war. The professional minds like to think that the men who went away tasted blood and violence, and also the pain of discipline, from which they were inclined to escape when the war was over. They say that the men at home who were restrained from blood and violence wanted their turn at it. But a sensible citizen wants facts and not theories to explain why we have crime. The end of the war did bring a certain let-down of morale and a good deal of unemployment. It probably had the same degree of effect to bring about a crime wave as a hard winter during an industrial depression. The statistics and my investigation in the United States, however, do not reveal any important crime wave. What we find is a crime tide. It has been rising more or less steadily since 1900.

The menace of the breakdown of law, order and enforcement of law has menaces as yet unweighed by the average citizen. The lawlessness in the same America which preaches to Europe, compared with the more law-abiding spirit in other civilized countries, creates or ought to create a feeling of shame. In a nation filled with conduct crusaders, and with passion for lawmaking and for trying the impossible task of extending the functions of government to the meddling of the busybody, we at least need an equal zeal for the effective enforcement of normal laws. If we have made an impossible task by trying to revise human nature on the statute books, surely that is no reason why we should neglect to put into effect even that degree of law enforcement which protects a civilized people against murder, robbery, disorder, fraud and looting.

The growth of murder in America to some 11,000 in 1924, the doubling and tripling of burglary and robbery insurance rates, the absurd sentimental protection and pardon of violent and impudent wrongdoers, and our failure to stop crime because we fail to punish it lead directly to an investigation of these, and, indeed, all the causes of our crime tide.

Why is America the criminal's paradise?

Why are we becoming the breeding ground for lawbreakers?

Before it is possible to treat the disease, it is necessary to apply the methods of diagnosis.

A Carnival of Sentimentalism

WE HAVE had a carnival of sentimentalism about the criminal and the lawbreaker. Some of our zealots have prescribed more laws of restraint and interference and merely added unnecessary personal prohibitions, certain to be broken, so that they make lawbreaking even more widespread. Some of our doctors have deluded us into the idea that all crime is caused by adenoids or gland abnormality, so that any criminal can regard himself merely as a very sick man. Some of our alienists and psychopathic screamers have made it possible for every highwayman's lawyer and every murderer's old mother to talk about the "unfortunate abnormality of my client" or "the complex which has seized my poor boy's mind."

The amusing side of all this is that this kind of "scientific treatment" of the causes of our crime, though it gives to our criminals endless comfort, also gives them endless amusement. I have seen enough of that professional class with some degree of human intimacy to know that there is no class so skilled in the gentle amusement of giving a listener an earful. It takes all the grains of salt that one can collect to offset the wily and whimsical adeptness with which the holdup man, the pay-roll robber or the automobile thief will fill the respectable members of society with goose stuffing. The zeal with which an unsoftened offender can be found reading the Bible, the earnestness of reformed letter writing, the variety of imagination in painting a life story to slow music, especially before a parole board, cannot be equaled on any stage. Only when an investigator is believed to be "regular" is the cover taken off. On such an occasion a St. Louis confidence man told me with a great bitterness about the injustice in the world; that if he could only afford to hire experts if he got into trouble nothing could convict him.

It is Fashionable Among Our Intellectuals to Say That This is the Result of the War

"But there's one thing a man can count on if he knows how to work it—there will always be somebody to say his head was dropped on the floor when he was a baby; he can hire a poor old mother if he needs her, and half the time the newspapers will show him up as a fiend the first week and the next week as a poor feller battling for life and freedom."

I do not wish to be understood as decrying the attempts made by science, medicine, the psychiatrists and the churches to diagnose and cure whatever psychical, mental or spiritual ailment is suffered by individuals. The work is an important one, and over long periods will yield useful insight and methods of treatment. But let no citizen of the United States who sees lawlessness as it is, the menace to our institutions and our youth, as lawlessness promises to be, stop just now to fool around with adenoids, glands, complexes and the other misfortunes which have afflicted in their mysterious ways the life of the man who has just shot the cashier and beaten the face of the stenographer with the butt of his pistol.

My attempt to find the answer to the question of why we have crime has been confined to finding causes which we can deal with, if we want, today.

Lacking any sufficient statistical analysis of criminality in the United States, nevertheless it can be shown easily enough that one of the first causes for our crime is immigration. This is the plain statement of a truth often expressed by the more cautious and intellectual phraseology that "while the population of England is homogeneous and law-abiding, our population is heterogeneous and is not law-abiding." These learned phrases mean nothing more than that we have had drained in upon us in an unselected stream of immigration a vast number of ignorant and vicious newcomers who either do not understand our life and laws or do not want to understand them, and succeed in transmitting that unwillingness even to the children for whom we provide free schools.

This fact, unwelcome as it may be to respectable and useful immigrants, is borne out not only by figures but by the testimony of the hundreds of police officials, judges, wardens, newspaper reporters specializing on crime, and even the criminals themselves with whom I have conversed. It is a fact that goes without argument wherever crime is dealt with intimately. Whenever an analysis is made, there comes confirmation of it. A little after the first three months of 1925 had passed Chicago had had 100 gun killings—more than one a day. Without going into a racial analysis of half these killers, it is sufficient to say that 50 per cent of all were committed by two non-American groups, although these two groups are not 7 per cent of the total population.

Imported Trouble Makers

I HAVE collected from five American cities the data on 125 persons charged with murder or manslaughter—twenty-five random cases from each city in a specified period. The total of white persons so charged not foreign born or children of foreign born is only twenty. Italian born and the children of Italian immigrants scored twenty-six. Russia furnished nineteen. Various countries of Central and Southern Europe, Greece, Austria, Rumania, Bulgaria, and so on, furnished thirty-five; negroes, thirteen; Ireland, England, Scandinavia, Germany and France and one Oriental country, twelve. If anyone cares to figure out the comparative strength of each element in our population, these figures are immediately convincing.

A study of the total arrests for felonies—serious crimes in American cities of the character of New York, St. Louis, Detroit, Baltimore, and the like—will show that the native white population, being about 75 per cent of the total, is chargeable with only about 50 per cent of the arrests, although this 75 per cent includes the children of foreign born. Russia, Poland, Italy and Greece are conspicuous examples in which their contribution to the total population is much less than their contribution to crime. While the German, Scandinavian and English record is excellent, a country like Lithuania will contribute less than 1 per cent of the population and 2.3 per cent of the felonies.

It must become a recognized fact that we have taken in a stream of criminal material from nations where the climate, the racial background or centuries of oppression has provided explosive, passionate or sneaky natures. The individuals come to America with exaggerated ideas of the liberty which awaits them. A total misconception of their escape from old restraints in their native land obsesses them. The only thing the lowest understand is punishment for lawlessness.

I stood behind a detective who had entered an all-night lunch room. The place was filled with a riffraff which happened to be of a certain foreign blood—criminals, sneaks, heroin users and painted girls. Because the detective insisted on taking a concealed automatic from a cadaverous young man, the young man's companion arose in indignation.

She was not more than sixteen, half clad and cerised of lips. Her little lean arms were bare, her neck beneath the shock of bobbed hair was thin and descended to a white flat chest. She was suggestive of tuberculosis, but also of childhood—a little ailing girl. She thrust forth her manicured, enamel-nailed hands like talons. Her brown eyes filled with vicious lights and her voice cracked in her piping soprano of anger. It was a voice speaking for thousands and thousands of others and expressing the essence of foreign misconception of America.

"Leave him alone!" she snarled. "He's a 100 per cent Americun now. Ain't this a free country? Can't we do what we like? My father's got his citizenship. If I had the gun I'd blow yer eyes out, officer or no officer! Liberty? Liberty, my foot!"

In a number of the larger cities I found a frank recognition by police chiefs, detectives and uniformed men that certain of the foreign groups were incorrigible trouble makers. Detectives who have themselves descended from some of these races near or on the Mediterranean will be outspoken about the difficulty produced by their own kind.

"Bad stuff is bad stuff," said one. "It's all right to feel sorry for them. It's too bad they didn't have a chance since some centuries. But I'm sorry for them the way I'm sorry for a mad dog. You can be sorry for him and yet be sorry he lives next door. You don't arbitrate with him; you give him his. You can be sorry for a rat, but the trap is the only place he will behave. That's all there is to it."

Of course, that is not all there is. There is the consideration that immigration even from the bad-stock races is not exclusively bad stuff. There is the consideration that education and the advantages, physical and spiritual, of the New World often will reestablish the better side of degenerated individuals and even produce admirable contributions to our civilization. There is the consideration that failure to understand our best American conception of liberty, failure to know our customs, even those of sanitation, cleanliness and personal or social customs, leads foreigners and sometimes their children, brought up in foreign colonies in our cities, to misunderstanding, and at least minor breaches of the law. The voice of the little painted girl was not wholly vicious; it expressed a sincere protest against interference with what she and others conceived as the rights of citizenship. When language differences separate the foreigner from the authorities, all the misunderstandings of one by the other are multiplied.

Some of Our Doctors Have Deluded Us Into the Idea That All Crime Is Caused by Adenoids or Gland Abnormality, So That Any Criminal Can Regard Himself Merely as a Very Sick Man

The First Lesson for Immigrants

BUT none the less the Southern European who huddles in colonies in our cities, whether to blame for it or not, becomes a recognized menace to law enforcement; and in his isolation from our national life breeds a second generation with its full quota of gunmen, killers, holdups, bootleggers, blackmailers and robbers.

A municipal judge was held up in a city parkway. I asked him about the nationality of the "hoists."

He said, "I couldn't see, but they were boys—either Poles, Letts or Italians."

I have visited too many pool rooms, gambling places, dance halls, garages and restaurants where the bandit type, the heroin user, the automobile thief and the other crooks idle away their time not to know exactly what the judge meant or not to know exactly what the detective meant when he said the question was not one of the community hating the rat but of confining or exterminating him by force of self-protective necessity.

The parents of the fifteen-year-old children who are given samples of "snow" by the foreign dope peddlers to create new addicts will agree with me. In fact, all those who have seen corruptions of various morals injected from the foreign or negro crime groups into native or white youth in our cities may be willing to maintain good will toward the decent immigrant, but will wish those we take in to be carefully selected from now on and will insist on making the bad actors walk a straight line by a discipline far more inexorable than our blithering sentimentalists would apply.

We need to do a whole lot more for our immigrants. We probably should teach them the philosophy of ethics and of American institutions; but the first thing to teach them is that lawbreaking brings a swift and heavy hand and then be sure that the hand is swift and heavy.

In considering the difference between the problem of law enforcement in the United States and the problem in England, France or Germany, it is necessary, as the police commissioners so often state, to face the fact that we are not a solidified people. London has less than 4 per cent of foreign born and the immigrant who gets into England gets in through a fine sieve. Berlin has about 3 per cent. Paris has about 7 per cent. I have been told that Rome has less than 2 per cent. But in many of the large cities in America more than half the population are foreign or the children of foreigners. New York has more than two-fifths actually born abroad, and almost all were unable to speak English on arrival. The situation is one in which swift, sure law enforcement is more needed in the United States than any other country in the world. And we have less of it!

Next to this source of crime, the cause which I find impresses more of the police, judges, criminals and observers is one which has just begun to enter their reckoning. Most of those who did not express themselves responded the moment I stated it.

I said, "One reason for the crime tide is that we have become an Arab state."

A Nation of Nomads

WE HAVE lost much of the responsibility which comes from being settled for life in one place. Often one can go out to dine in New York among distinguished New York residents and not find a man or woman who was born in New York. Our swiftly growing and exhausting cities draw leadership from the "provinces." Life itself in America has become a nomad adventure. Two generations ago a large proportion of men and women stayed in the place they were reared. Movement was more difficult. Persons became hitched to a community. Misbehavior was known and the record of an individual, good or bad, dogged his life. It was not easy to turn one's back upon responsibility; meeting responsibility brought trust and honor, and failing to meet it brought disgrace. The neighbors knew a person; it was difficult to fool them.

Today the seethe of movement is prodigious. The town and city are mere breeding nests from which the young fly at will. And though a few years ago the adults who went from place to place for employment were the hobos, today a chemist, a superintendent, a skilled foreman, a sales manager may be promoted by merit in our vast industrial mesh, from Akron, Ohio, to Birmingham, Alabama, and thence to Seattle, Washington, in no time. He and his family go about like Bedouins, and the folding of his tent and his stealing away is no longer a cause to inquire as to his failure but rather as to his success. When the meritorious are on the move, there is no reflection upon anyone who moves. The family who would hide a disgrace and turn their backs upon any locality can turn up in Los Angeles or Boston without any comment. People who wish to chuck the past call for the moving van and buy a railroad ticket or roll away forever in a touring car, sticking their tongues out at the old home and neighbors. When they turn up in a new place and take a lease from the real-estate agent, the new community is so used to transients that no inspection of newcomers is considered worth while.

"All this movement has increased the general irresponsibility of the age," said one police chief. "Movement used to mean emergency. It often meant escape. It certainly did not spell 'home' or 'stability' in the old days. But now the respectable people of the country go about and the fugitives are lost among them."

He showed me a list of the wanted. Among them were a mail robber and a girl who had held up a train. They were said to be touring in a car. Another was a blackmailer whose habit is to assume the conversation of an insurance solicitor and to engage first-class apartments in various cities. A long list of men and women were shown to be moving about in luxury from place to place. When I returned from diplomatic service in Italy I occupied an

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The Wailing About Young Men Who are Serving Time and the Tears for Those Who Pay the Death Penalty are Not a Useful Contribution to Crime Prevention

RIVERS TO CROSS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XIII

I SHALL not readily forget my first sight of Ponta Rico when, after three weeks in Spanish and Portuguese trains and a variety of evil-smelling fruit and wine boats, I eventually arrived. Nothing could have exceeded the wretchedness and disappointments of that journey. For days we hung about in the main archipelago while officers and crews abandoned themselves to the delights of the shore. I began to despair of reaching my destination in time to be of any use. But for a stroke of luck and a liberal bribe to the skipper of a little sailing vessel of Horta harbor in the island of Fayal, I might well have been stuck for months. Ponta Rico, since the British occupation, was out of the track of the Dago trader and it needed a most generous inducement to persuade the skipper of the vessel to hoist sail and carry me across the hundred miles of intervening ocean. If Boas himself had organized the trip it could hardly have been more prolonged.

The high volcanic peaks pierced the opal mists which rose from the Atlantic. Seen in early dawn, Ponta Rico looked like a jewel shining through gossamer. As we came nearer, the mists melted away and the white buildings of the town peeped at us, flashing from their windows golden reflections of the rising sun. A delicious feel in the air harmonized with the natural beauty of the scene. Beneath great barren cliffs skimmed a fleet of fishing boats with lateen sails. Above the cliffs were green terraces of cultivated land, rising like steps toward a slant of purple-gray scoria, drifts of pumice and dog-toothed peaks the color of ash.

We sailed in under shortened sail and I was put ashore in a dinghy. The authorities, although no doubt surprised at the landing of a single passenger, stamped my papers and gave me a shore pass to hand in at the dock gates. I set off, accompanied by a mulatto boy who hung my various belongings about his person like toys on a Christmas tree.

At the gates was a Dago in the uniform of an English policeman. Indeed, he might have passed for one, except that he smoked a cigar on duty and wore brown canvas shoes instead of official boots. He took my pass without looking at it, pulled out his whistle and blew a shrill blast. A one-horse fly with a striped awning came rattling toward me over the cobbles. It was clear that the police were in partnership with the transport companies, a state of affairs not uncommon in even more enlightened countries.

The driver of the fly was a genial and bacchanalian-looking person, who took possession of me and my belongings, had a row with the mulatto boy in three languages and announced to which hotel he proposed to take me, all in a single breath.

"The señor go to the Espada—very good, very nice. Afterward I drive him to the Atlantic point. Then make some game at the tables. Oh, yes, I arrange all this. Very nice for the señor to find me. Oh, good man I am, you shall see."

He spat profusely to emphasize what a capital fellow he was and straightened the copper-wire tip of his whiplash.

"Drive me first to the old town," I said, "and then to the Hotel São Jorge."

"Old town very empty; people all go; São Jorge not good. We go to the Espada."

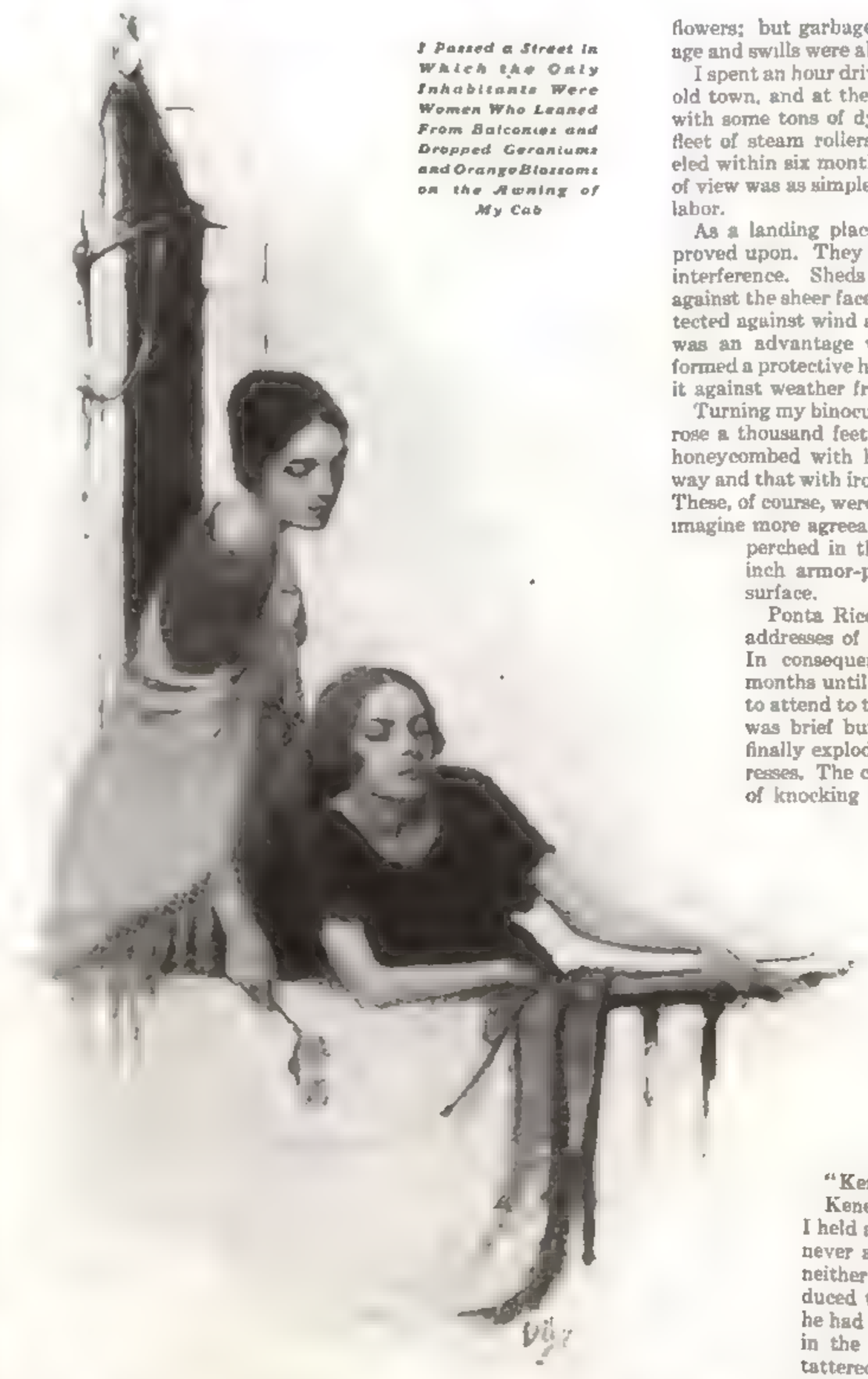
"Take off that luggage," I said.

He looked at me closely to measure my determination, shrugged his shoulders and mounted to the box.

"Very good, we go old town."

With that he lashed the horse and we shot forward like a stone from a catapult.

The old town, as I was aware from studying the maps, occupied the only flat part of the island, sprawling in great confusion over a square half mile on the sea level. A more vile place would be hard to imagine. The smell, if possible, was worse than that of a Neapolitan slum. The streets, which were littered with garbage and indescribable filth, were as intricate as a maze. Not one in a dozen was wide enough for the passage of a vehicle. The houses lolled against one another like drunken men. More forlorn houses I have never seen—broken windows, swinging shutters, rifted plaster and everywhere the tale of dirt, squalor and desolation. For the most part, they were deserted, although some must still have been tenanted, to judge from the army of urchins who pattered along after my cab crying out for ha'pence. Square-headed youngsters, these, with pale-blue eyes. They provided an unpleasant reminder of the efficiency of German occupation.



I Passed a Street in Which the Only Inhabitants Were Women Who Leaned From Balconies and Dropped Geraniums and Orange Blossoms on the Awning of My Cab

A few drinking saloons still had open doors, through which I had glimpses of men leaning against walls, sitting on barrels or sprawling on floors, engaged in some kind of drafts game. Some streets were more populous than others. Here were congregated men of several nationalities from both sides of the Mediterranean. Arabs in white burnooses, Moors in black jibbahs, Italians, Greeks, negroes and a profusion of Spaniards picturesquely idle. Among them moved small patrols of British soldiers, very full of spit and polish.

I passed a street in which the only inhabitants were women who leaned from balconies and dropped geraniums and orange blossoms on the awning of my cab. In an open square were the ruins of an amphitheater where, in the old days, *corridas* had been held. A section of heavy artillery was engaged at gun drill in the bull ring. Behind the amphitheater, on a slight rise in the ground, was a palace built in the Moorish style—beautiful, but sadly out of repair. It boasted a high-walled garden, above which rioted a tangle of orange trees and clambering roses. This palace was situated in about the middle of the old town. It was the only dwelling which would not have been the better for pulling down.

Not far from the palace stood the casino, also much dilapidated. Here, however, some effort had been made to camouflage the ravages of time. Bright-colored awnings and posters representing couples dancing with more abandon than propriety were plastered over the broken walls. The streets approaching the casino were by comparison moderately clean. They were, of course, littered with throw-away hand bills, rotten oranges and dead flowers; but garbage, gizzards, heads of dead birds, sewage and swills were absent.

I spent an hour driving in and out of the intricacies of the old town, and at the end of that time had estimated that with some tons of dynamite, an army of workmen and a fleet of steam rollers the ground could be razed and leveled within six months. The job from a mechanical point of view was as simple as A B C. It was merely a matter of labor.

As a landing place for planes, it could hardly be improved upon. They could approach from the sea without interference. Sheds and hangars could be constructed against the sheer face of the cliff, where they would be protected against wind and storm. The formation of the cliff was an advantage which could not be overlooked. It formed a protective half circle round the old town, guarding it against weather from three quarters of the compass.

Turning my binoculars on that great natural wall, which rose a thousand feet from the ground, I saw that it was honeycombed with holes and galleries and bisected this way and that with iron footways riveted to the naked rock. These, of course, were the old German defenses. One could imagine more agreeable duties than the lot of the gunner perched in those little aeries while naval fifteen-inch armor-piercing shells were crashing over the surface.

Ponta Rico had held out valiantly against the addresses of some of the lesser units of our fleet. In consequence she was left alone for several months until a superdreadnought could be spared to attend to the business. They say the argument was brief but heated. Tacticians declare that it finally exploded the reputation of lonely sea fortresses. The cost of keeping an enemy out of range of knocking them to pieces is too great for any value that may offset it. Ponta Rico as a base for aerial ocean bombers would be able to take care of itself, but as a kind of glorified battery position it wasn't worth a bundle of army forms.

I was aroused from these reflections by a voice speaking the purest cockney in tones of rapturous delight.

"It's you right enough! 'Oo the 'ell 'ud believe it, sir? But it's you, major!"

I looked round and saw a man almost as out of repair as the neighborhood.

"Kenedy!" I exclaimed.

Kenedy had been my batman in '14, when I held a commission in the R. E.'s. I would never ask for a better. A man upon whom neither danger, discomfort nor disaster produced the slightest effect. In the old days he had been one of the best-turned-out men in the company, but now his clothes were tattered and threadbare and the boots he wore were a tragedy. We shook hands heartily and I asked him what he had been doing since last we met.

"What 'aven't I, major! Oh, dear, you may ask! Everythink and then a bit. D'you know I even tried m'and at marryin'. Straight, I did! Mind you, I don't say a word against the girl, but from the minute I took 'er out of the register's I 'ad my suspicions. The way she 'andled me, sir, argued that she'd been there before. She seemed to fasten on and have all my weakness exposed—expert-like. Oh, dear! I'm not going to tell you I was surprised when 'er real 'usband showed up. Missin', 'e'd been. You should 'ave 'eard what he called me. It was picturesque! Funny thing was he wanted 'er back. Poor beggar, 'e must 'ave 'ad a wipe over the 'ead and forgotten what it was like. 'Course, I 'ad meself to consider, but I was sorry for 'im.

"After that I got a job with the unemployed. Oh, dear, the marchin' we did—like being back in the P. B. I. Sometimes I'd get a day's gardenin'—gardenin', pickin' up weeds and such. D'you know, major, I don't reckon it was ever intended a man should carry 'is behindside above the level of is 'ead. Took me abroad, gardenin' did, lookin' for somethin' I could straighten my back at. I've done some funny things; but if you was to ast me 'ow I came to fetch up at this island—and what an island!—I couldn't tell you. Got pushed off, I reckon—marooned-like. But what's brought you 'ere, sir?"

"A job, Kenedy."

"Then you're luckier than I am."

I looked at him. There was not a vestige of pleading in his eyes, but it was clear enough he was down in the very roots of his luck.

"How'd you like to come and look after me?" I asked. "I'll probably be here some while and I could use you."

"You mean that, sir?"

I nodded.

"Yes, but look at me!"

I felt in my pocket for a note case, but with a gesture he stopped me.

"If you give me any money, major, I'll eat it," he warned me.

I handed him a tenner.

"Eat as much of that as you can and get some clothes with the rest. Roll up to the St. George this afternoon."

Frederick Kenedy took the note, kissed it solemnly, tucked it away in his shirt and executed a piece of unexpected shadow boxing, which done, he turned to me with the remark:

"Anyone what says a word against you, sir, can 'ave any of them on the point and won't 'ave to ask twice for a second 'elping. I'm going to shake 'ands with yur, major, and after that I'm goin' into your service as it was in the old days and, thank 'eaven, is now."

He saluted gravely, burst into a shout of laughter and darted off up a side turning. I had found a friend in Ponta Rico.

"Hotel São Jorge," I called to the driver.

The rickety vehicle lurched and rattled over the uneven cobbles toward the residential part of the town, which tier upon tier dotted the steep mountain slopes, like plates upon a dresser.

XIV

I ARRIVED at the hotel a little after midday, and after hiring a suite composed of two bedrooms, a bathroom and a sitting room, I went down for lunch. The waiter who attended to my needs told me that the hotel was exceptionally empty, but on the arrival of the next mail boat, which was due in three days' time, there would be company. Already he said people were discovering the healthful virtues of Ponta Rico, although, he added, it was nothing to what would be the case in another three years' time.

"How's that?" I asked.

"It must be so, monsieur, when the old town is demolished and a new one arises in its place. *Hélas*, then, for the Riviera!"

I affected ignorance, saying I knew nothing of these plans, being a stranger to Ponta Rico and its intention of future development.

"But, monsieur, it is generally known. We speak of nothing else but the prosperity that shall be ours."

"Is this a government scheme?" I asked.

"But surely it will receive the willing consent of the government. How could it be otherwise, since before the old Palazzo there will be a great square, where the soldiers of the garrison will parade and have their drills?"

The martial spirit of Sir Francis Prothero was to receive a sop from the syndicate.

"Where, then," I asked, "is the money coming from?"

The waiter shrugged his shoulders

"The arrangements are in the hands of Monsieur Leland Boas, *un homme très bien connu en Angleterre*."

"I have heard of him," I said; "but is there no difficulty in doing away with this old town—no legal difficulty?"

"But *non*, monsieur. Practically everyone has left either for the mountains or other islands. When Germans are here they sweep out everyone. Some others come back, but they have no rights. Except for the Palazzo, there is nothing that belongs to any man."

"To whom does the Palazzo belong?"

"A Spanish monsieur. Tomorrow it will be sold."

I pricked up my ears.

"To this syndicate?"

He shook his head.

"By what you call auction, monsieur."

"But I suppose they'll buy it."

The waiter looked infinitely wise.

"It is possible, monsieur, but there are rumors."

"Oh, rumors!" said I.

My lack of interest stimulated his confidence. He dropped his voice.

"It is said that someone very big here may buy the Palazzo as a present for a friend."

And with a sly wag of the head he carried off my plate.

I have always had a theory that what a waiter does not know you can find out from a barber. This particular waiter seemed to know a great deal. If what he had said was true it had an important bearing on my affairs. If the old palace was the only place whose title deeds were worthy of respect, it would be to the disadvantage of my firm for a private owner to obtain them. It was clearly evident one could not construct a flying ground with a private dwelling slap in the middle of it.

I had intended to seek an interview with the governor that afternoon; but in the light of what I had heard it seemed advisable to employ the immediate present in ferreting out as much information as possible about the proposed sale. When he came back with the wine I asked the waiter in whose hands the sale of the property had been placed. He gave the address of a firm of auctioneers and surveyors in King George's Way. Determined to call upon them forthwith, I hurried through my lunch and went upstairs to change into something cooler.

Kenedy had already arrived and was unpacking my belongings. The man was transformed, and I marveled how he could have fitted himself out—and in—had his hair cut and his chin shaved in the time at his disposal. He greeted me with a beatific smile, but offered no remark.

"Had some grub?" I asked.

"I 'ave, sir. It 'ud be a falsehood to deny that I wanted it."

I sat on the bed and kicked off my shoes.

"How long have you been at Ponta Rico, Kenedy?"

"Five months, sir. It's the only place a man can live without paying rent, and there's always pigeons to be 'ad by a man who can use a catapult."

"Then you know something of the island."

"Oh, dear!" was the expressive rejoinder.

"When we met this morning did you notice that old Moorish palace close by?"

"I've slept there, and fed off its oranges free gratis, and Gawd preserve me from bein' a vegetarian!"

"I hear it's for sale."

"That's right."

"Any idea who's going to buy it?"

Kenedy looked at me shrewdly.

"I know 'oo they say is going to buy it; but mind you, this is a shockin' scandalous place."

"Out with it!"

"'Is Nibs."

"His Nibs?"

"The guv'nor."

I sat up.

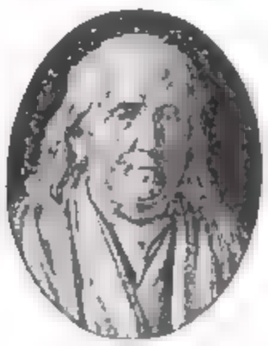
"That's what they say. Mind you, I've nothing against 'Is Nibs, though he 'as got a face like a bit of plate glass with a red light behind it. I met plenty of 'is sort in the war, nibbling their mustaches at a man and putting 'im wrong, 'owever right 'e might be."

"Never mind that. What does the governor want with an old palace when he has the Residency to live in?"

(Continued on Page 69)

But for a Stroke of Luck and a Liberal Bribe to the Skipper of a Little Sailing Vessel of Horta Harbor in the Island of Fayal, I Might Well Have Been Stuck for Months

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 15, 1925

Main Street, England

OUR United States, it seems, have no monopoly of Main Streets. The industrial centers of England are perhaps no grimier, no more sordid, unkempt and depressing today than they have been in the past; but of late the press of that country has been up in arms over the unnecessary ugliness and gloom which are characteristic of them. Just as civic beauty is an asset, urban unsightliness is a liability. When skilled workmen who are asked why they get drunk so often reply with philosophic candor "Because it is the quickest way to get out of town," their sinister surroundings have assumed an economic as well as a social significance. Neither here nor in England is it good business, in any sense of the phrase, to permit manufacturing towns, or indeed any centers of population, to be so perniciously depressing as to make men welcome stupor and headache simply to blot out the sight, sound and odor of an intolerable environment.

Mr. Norman Angell, an English journalist who has spent much time in this country, contributes to a recent number of the London Spectator an interesting article in which he compares two typical English and American towns; first, as he knew them thirty years ago; then as he found them on the occasion of recent visits. Main Street, U. S. A., as Mr. Angell knew it in the middle 90's, was not an agreeable place to dwell in. The muddy thoroughfares of this town of thirty thousand were unpaved. The principal shops were narrow boxes with false fronts; the sidewalks were of rough planks; the wooden hotel was unclean, insanitary and uninviting. Local politics was corrupt, social conditions were deplorable, and the manners of the townsmen reflected their unlovely surroundings. No wonder that our over-sea guest sighed for a certain Main Street in England. It may not have been the seat of beauty, but at least it was tidy, orderly and respectable in its stiff Victorian way.

A few months ago Mr. Angell revisited this Middle-Western town which, thirty years before, he had found so dispiriting. In population it had not much changed, but in everything else it was a new and strange city, transformed as if by magic. The local chamber of commerce could not find more things to praise than did this impressionable pilgrim. A taxi conveyed him over perfectly asphalted streets to the new hotel. A uniformed bell hop relieved him of his valise and conducted him to the desk. A quiet-mannered room clerk called him by name and assigned him to a pleasant room. His sharp eyes discovered pleasant surprises at every turn; the design of the room with bath was perfect; there was a desk with a telephone on it. There were new pens and fresh blotting paper. A printed card told him that he could have his meals in his room, informed him as to the valet service, the special laundry service and divers other forms of hotel pampering which Americans expect.

The new hotel was a fair index of the new life of the town. Socially, intellectually and commercially, every change was proportionably for the better. Main Street, U. S. A., had seemingly become an earthly paradise. How strikingly it recalled a recent visit made to Main Street, England! The latter is a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants. Our pilgrim had put up at the best hotel in it and had paid as much as he did at the house of his praises. There was no bath connected with his bedroom. There were no running water, no heat to take the chill off the winter weather. The only facilities for writing letters were in a public room reeking with stale smoke. A whole morning was wasted in getting a writing table moved into the bedroom and having a fire built in the grate. The only telephone in the hotel, a wheezy affair, was located in an open hall. One Sunday evening Mr. Angell found it impossible to get a bite to eat in his hotel. Scouring the town, he found an abundance of beer and whisky, which he did not desire, but no food more sustaining than fried potatoes of the variety known in this country as Saratoga chips. He continues:

"It will be said that all these things are external and trivial; that bathrooms and running water, telephones, habitable hotel rooms, decent restaurants and elaborate mechanical conveniences do not make up civilization or 'the good life.' I am not urging that they do. I am merely calling attention to the fact that the good life for a country in the position of Great Britain, dependent to the extent of half its population on a highly organized industry and commerce, cannot be achieved without them. They are not all-sufficient, but they are indispensable. For good or ill, the prompt and efficient management of life in the Western world of today demands an infinite number of adjustments for which an apparatus of post and telegraphs and railways, telephones, typewriters, labour-saving devices are necessary. The country's daily business—its industry, commerce, government, instruction—is made up of that multitude of arrangements and adjustments to which all this apparatus is necessary.

"In this short period of thirty years the English city, from being much in advance of the American, has fallen much behind. The ease and efficiency of English life is hampered by the absence of those things in which we were the pioneers and about which we used to boast, so that today the English worker who lives by industry uses less than two-thirds of the mechanical power which the American worker manages to direct. In an age of machinery, that difference is fatal."

It is a curious fact that though the English prize personal comfort and convenience more highly than any other people, they are singularly slow to adopt new means of securing them. A change of attitude is inevitable; for smoothness of living in England was largely accomplished through an abundance of cheap and highly skilled personal service. During the past ten years such service has increased in price and declined in volume. Electricity and a thousand labor-saving, comfort-giving devices must step into the breach if old standards of convenience are to be revived.

Wanted—An Issue

WHAT we need right now is a burning issue or two, something to stir the souls of voters; something, in short, to put a kick in politics. Only half of the qualified voters of the United States are going to the polls. This may be due to a weakening of moral and mental fiber on the part of the rank and file, as some critics charge; but it may be due to other causes. The average American reacts quickly to anything that offers a chance for a real contest. The Federal playhouse has been half-filled because politics has become, comparatively speaking, a dull play.

Until about forty years ago the vote polled in America ran up to eighty per cent. We led the world in our absorption in things political. But there was always some big issue to stir the interest of the voter. The slavery question and the problems of reconstruction following the Civil War made men's blood run high for a quarter of a century. The tariff, which today is the prize chestnut of politics, was a new and highly controversial problem then.

The heavy polling of votes in European countries today is due to the fact that they have issues in which to sink their teeth. It is no wonder that seventy-six per cent of the British voters went to the polls at the last election, with Soviet domination threatening the nation in the event of the return of the Labor government. It is equally easy to understand why the recent voting in Germany brought out the high total of eighty-two per cent. The issue was clear cut between the old order and the new. France, torn by social problems and facing grim decisions on reparation and national security, shows over seventy per cent. Italy, effervescing with the new wine of Fascismo, polls sixty-four. We, on the other hand, face no problems to try the souls of men. The country is prosperous, we are wisely refusing to become entangled in foreign quarrels, we have no internal readjustments of vital moment to accomplish. We are getting, in the main, a good brand of national government. Although only fifty per cent of American voters turned out at the last election, there is nothing to warrant the fear there is something seriously wrong with the American voter. He cannot be expected to develop a quickened circulation in a campaign where the issue is not in doubt.

If every voter went to the polls, the day of the political quack would be over. It is the satisfied citizen who stays at home. The voter with a grievance or an itch for change always comes out on election day. Organized minorities thrive because of this, and uninformed opportunists gain a purely factitious prominence. Because it would squeeze the water out of inflated personal stocks and reduce political quackery we must continue to strive for a more general exercise of the ballot. We must educate voters to the fact that the vote is a duty as well as a privilege. But there is no need to feel alarm over recent election statistics. Let a spectacular issue develop and the political clubs will be marching again.

National Saving, Local Wasting

THE extent and vehemence of popular agitation for the early reduction of Federal income taxes have, in one respect, been unfortunate. While our attention has been focused on Washington and the expenditures of the national Government, we have allowed a tremendous volume of foolish and wasteful local spending to go on under our very noses, almost unnoticed and unchecked.

Local pride is a good thing. The desire to beautify and enrich home surroundings, to make them pleasant to look upon and healthful and convenient to live in is wholly admirable. The costly pity is that so many live and enterprising towns which wish to do themselves proud in the eyes of the world and of rival municipalities get off on the wrong foot. They not only spend too much money, but they spend it in such wrong-headed ways that they do not get half the benefit from it that they might. Counties, towns and individuals afflicted with the spending complex nearly always favor the tangible and the showy at the expense of benefits which are neither. There is no sadder sight than a palatial and overcostly schoolhouse manned by ill-equipped and underpaid teachers. Roads smooth enough to play billiards on reflect small credit upon a town with an impure water supply. A municipal stadium, no matter how splendid, has no power to disinfect a demoralized police force controlled by crooked politicians.

If Congress is half as good as its unofficial word, we shall very soon be feeling the benefits of materially reduced Federal taxation. The direct advantages will be obvious. Many of those which are indirect have been too frequently touched upon to require fresh recital. One that has not been sufficiently stressed lies in the fact that if we will take our eyes off Washington, we can see what our local taxing authorities have been doing to us while our backs have been turned. In most cases it will prove to be plenty.

THE NEW IMMIGRANT

By Henry H. Curran

WHERE have the immigrants gone? Have they disappeared like the buffalo, or are they still pouring into the United States as they used to do? A little while ago a party of half a dozen Americans came over here to Ellis Island to see for themselves. Their question was answered before they left, in a way that even the oldest employe on the island had not anticipated.

The first thing to strike the eye of the casual visitor to Ellis Island is a miniature gallery of old, strange types of immigrants who came here in years gone by. There is a Rumanian piper, in his gaudy cloak and leather jerkin, with shepherd's reed to his lips. Hard by, an old-time Greek soldier looks down at you, proudly conscious of the short, sharp skirt that makes him look more like a lamp shade than a soldier. From the other wall grins a stalwart Algerian, in robe and turban of Oriental magnificence, his teeth shining like ivory against his dark skin. Alongside of him a whole family of wild Serbian gypsies peer out suspiciously. And there are other and sundry apparitions that whet the appetite of the visitor in search of strange costumes and strange faces.

The Americans studied these pictures before they started out with the guide to see if there are immigrants still here, in the life. They were primed for strange adventures in anthropology.

"Are there many of those gypsies coming?" asked one of the women, with memories of hobos at country doorsteps.

"Very few, madam, very few," replied the guide reassuringly.

"I thought Algerians stayed at home," remarked the leading man.

"Yes, I believe they do," hazarded the guide, as he opened the door to the great hall where the immigrants are inspected.

Czechs of Today—a Few Still Come in Native Costume

As the visitors entered the hall they saw long rows of immigrants sitting quietly on benches awaiting their turn for examination. At the head of each row an immigrant stood before a desk, while the inspector standing on the other side examined papers, asked questions and used his eyes—kindly, but with the keenness that comes only with long experience of human nature as it turns up daily at Ellis Island from every corner of a queer world. The big hall was quiet, save for the orderly hum of examining conversation, punctuated by an occasional shout from a child letting loose its ship-bound energy in playing about the benches. There were 500 immigrants in the room.

No Stories for the Sob Sisters

"AND who are all these people? Are they immigrants?" asked one of the party incredulously.

"Yes, all immigrants." The guide was smiling his satisfaction.

"But—but ——"

And that is the "but" that puzzles every American visitor to Ellis Island. For today there is not one immigrant in a thousand who does not dress, walk and generally look so much like an American that you will believe, when you first see a shipload *en masse* in the big hall, they are all really Americans.

Of course, a second glance will tell the truth. There is many a little distinction of face, of clothes and what not that will mark them as foreigners, just as your own distinctive ways mark you as an American when you go a-visiting abroad. When they speak, there is with some the difference of language, and with all the difference of accent. When they come ashore, all the differences are more apparent. But at first glance you would take the most of these assemblages to be shiploads of Americans back from a long visit abroad, just as likely as not—and pretty good Americans at that. And as you go to and fro in your home town you will pass the immigrant of today without ever knowing him to be an immigrant at all, unless perchance you stop and talk with him.

It was some time before this particular party of visitors could get used to such a startling novelty in immigration. Not only were the colorful costumes and the strange faces of the old days absent, but there was no sign of the weeping and wailing that are so carefully coupled up with Ellis Island—in the sob stories of those who would break down our nation's new policy of control of immigration. In fact there had been no weeping at all. A few immigrants had been detained as doubtful cases, and had quietly gone upstairs to the board of three inspectors that would promptly give them a further and fuller hearing. The rest had gone through to the ferryboat for New York, or to the very comfortable waiting room whence they would later leave the island for the West, by the boat that carries them to the railroad stations along the Jersey shore. Whatever the next chapter, they had all seemed to walk into it with confidence, in the trust of receiving protection and kindness, and above all a square deal.

And that is what they do receive. There is little left for the sob sisters to feed upon at Ellis Island these days. Have you noticed many of those tearful stories in the newspaper headlines lately?

But to get this party of visiting Americans safely off the island. The crowning shock that came to them is still to be recorded. They had wandered through the waiting rooms, dormitories, dining room and all over the recreation lawn outdoors. They had seen the kindergarten, the nursery, the hospital, laundry, bakery and mechanics' shops; the rest rooms for the women and the library for both men and women. They had listened to the radio music. And everywhere they had found spotless cleanliness, fresh air untainted by odors, light, room; and above all, a spirit of kindness to immigrants actuating the 500 American men and women who do our Government's work here that must be set down as a settled and satisfying fact. You have only to come and see for yourself!

And yet until the very last the visitors had seen no immigrants since that first glimpse of the assemblage awaiting inspection.

We do that a-purpose. We believe that the 700-odd foreigners who have not gone through, but are in detention here, are wards of our Government and very much at our mercy; that they are human beings just like ourselves; and that they do not like being inspected by countless visitors while they wait here, any more than you or I would relish such curious visitation during similar helplessness. The immigrants who have been examined, but are detained, are in poorer case than those who are on their way through. Travelers care little who may look upon them. But when you are held, deprived of your liberty for days on end, and know not whether you will come in or get out—then it is different.

Tagged by Mistake

IN SHORT, we believe that Ellis Island should not be turned into a zoo. When it is remembered that most of the detained immigrants will shortly be admitted, will become part of our American family, and will eventually vote—with a vote as valuable as yours and mine, when counted—then it seems more clear that they should not be subjected to the stares of sight-seers while they are held here in suspense. A sweet start that would be toward love of America by the newcomer from afar!

So we are careful about visitors. We are glad, indeed, to have those who come for good reasons. There are many such. And they are the quickest to approve our respect for the privacy of the men, women and children from abroad here detained.

The momentary exception to the rule, in the case of the six who had found no gypsies or turbans, arose from their short cut to a dormitory by way of a room devoted to detained immigrants awaiting their hearings. A matron sits at the door to this room. As each immigrant enters, she pins upon his or her coat a small slip of pink paper that identifies the immigrant as one awaiting a hearing.

And so when the six Americans came into the room—with the guide ahead, back turned—the matron dutifully pinned upon each of them the usual pink slip of paper. Ten feet farther on, when they began to wonder what it was all about, they hailed the guide from behind and asked him. That individual turned around.

"Why, I guess—you see—well?"

The guide was blushing and stammering. He was lost, hopelessly.

The matron came hurrying up.

"Oh, I say—you see ——" She was blushing more than the guide. Finally she brought out the confession. "I thought you were immigrants, and so I tagged you! I'm so sorry."

But the leading man was pitiless.

"And do I understand that we are detained?" he sternly demanded.

"Oh, what a mistake!" gasped his wife, with visions of a night on the island.

(Continued on Page 83)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

My Lover Lad

OH, I'D love to have
a Lover who
would lilt to me
a lay;
A Lover with a feather
in his hat,
Who would play upon
a hautboy—or
whatever came his
way
Oh, I'd love to have a
Lover Lad like that!

This Lover Lad I'd have
me all impatiently
would fare
In haste to me across
a shining sand;
And to his golden piping
we would wander,
God knows where—
But we'd find our way
to Lover Lover
Land.

The Lover Lad I'd have
me would be of
merry eye,
And gentle voice,
a-laughing low in
glee;
With his silken collar loosened and his silken sleeves rolled
high
Oh, that's the kind of Lover Lad for me!

My laughing, chaffing Lover Lad, with feathered hat so smart,
Would vow him constant through eternity;
And then—my truant Lover Lad would break my aching
heart—
Oh, that's the kind of Lover Lad for me!

—Carolyn Wells.

Enthusiast—"Well, Folks, it Seems Mighty Good to Get Away From the Crowds of People, Doesn't It?"

What's Wrong With the Movies

"IT'S not that I mind them keeping movie theayters so dark, Mamie, but why do I always got to sit down in the lap of an imperfect stranger?"

"And I sez to him, dearie, 'Ain't you got no manners, fellah, coughin' so loud folks can't hear 'emselves read the captions?'"

"I told Bill where he got off, I did. It's not that I want to get took to the pitchers ev'ry night, I sez to him. But a girl does like a little attention oncet in a while, and they change the show a coupla times a week."

"'Can't yuh wait a while, kid?' he sez to me. 'That fillum'll be up to the neighborhood theayter soon, and we can see practic'ly the same show for a fourth the money.' I jest gives the piker one look and sez, 'Tryin' to do me out of a prologue, ain't you?'"

"I told my boy friend I don't mind sittin' down front, Marie. On the level I don't. I only gotta give that drummer the eye a few more times and I betcha I nail a season's pass."

"You can have him, Anne. I don't want that bird. No discretion. No romance. He never waits for the big love pitcher, but starts holdin' your hand right in the middle of the comedy."

"Ain't it the same with all you girls too? Me now, I don't get no kick outa these real kings and princes and things in the news reels. Give me the phony ones in the feature pitchers ev'ry time." *—Fairfax Downey.*

Correct Sports Wear for Juniors

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
In outing kit with brogues of tan,
In double-breasted coat of gray,
Tailored in the proper
way,
Pinched a trifle at the
waist
With distinction, yet
with taste.
How my admiration
flickers
As I note thy linen
knickers;
Their design has just
been seen
In a recent magazine.
"What the Well-
Dressed Boy will
Wear—
Pants of Taste for
Boys Who Care."
Ah! What symphony
is better
Than thy matching
socks and sweater!
Thy cravat so sweetly
blends
With the coyly
peeping ends
Of thy futuristic
hankie!
Little man, I'll say
you're swanky!

Blessings on thee,
little brat,
Soil not thy imported hat,
Do not stain thy outing shirt,
Touch not worms nor dogs nor dirt,
Dig no caves and climb no tree,
And don't associate with me.

—Morris Bishop.

The Adventures of Alice

THE Mad Hatter kept repeating "Napoleon Bonaparte, Napoleon Bonaparte," as he tried vainly to extract a Rabbit from the tall silk hat he was holding in his hand, but nothing happened.

"What's up?" said Alice.

"They told me it was a name to conjure with," said the Mad Hatter disconsolately, "but I can't make a thing come out of this hat."

"Try George Washington," suggested the March Hare. "He once threw a dollar across the Potomac, you know."

"I know that joke," said the Hatter. "A dollar had a greater purchasing power in those days."

"That doesn't sound right," Alice said.

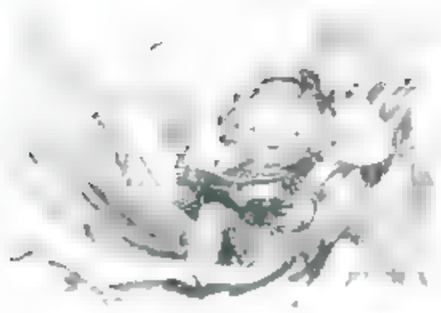
"He's a bit mad," whispered the March Hare. "He's—he's mad as a hatter."

(Continued on Page 161)

"Get Back Home, Rover! Do You Hear Me? Go Back, Sir"

"For the Love o' Mike, Ma, be a Little More Careful! You've Splashed Water on My Book!"

It's so healthful to have a hot dish with the summer meal!



I gently rock while taking stock
Of all the things I treasure
I surely feel a Campbell's meal
Brings me the greatest pleasure!

Cold meats, salads, iced dishes of various sorts are so apt to predominate in the summer diet. Then, even more than ever, good soup is healthful and invigorating and should be added to many a meal as the one hot dish. Its bracing and tonic effect is noticed immediately.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its fifteen different vegetables, its substantial cereals, its invigorating beef broth—thirty-two ingredients in all—is the ideal hot dish for the summer meals. It's so hearty people often make a luncheon or supper on it. It's so tempting in flavor that it is one of the most popular soups in the world. And think of its convenience!

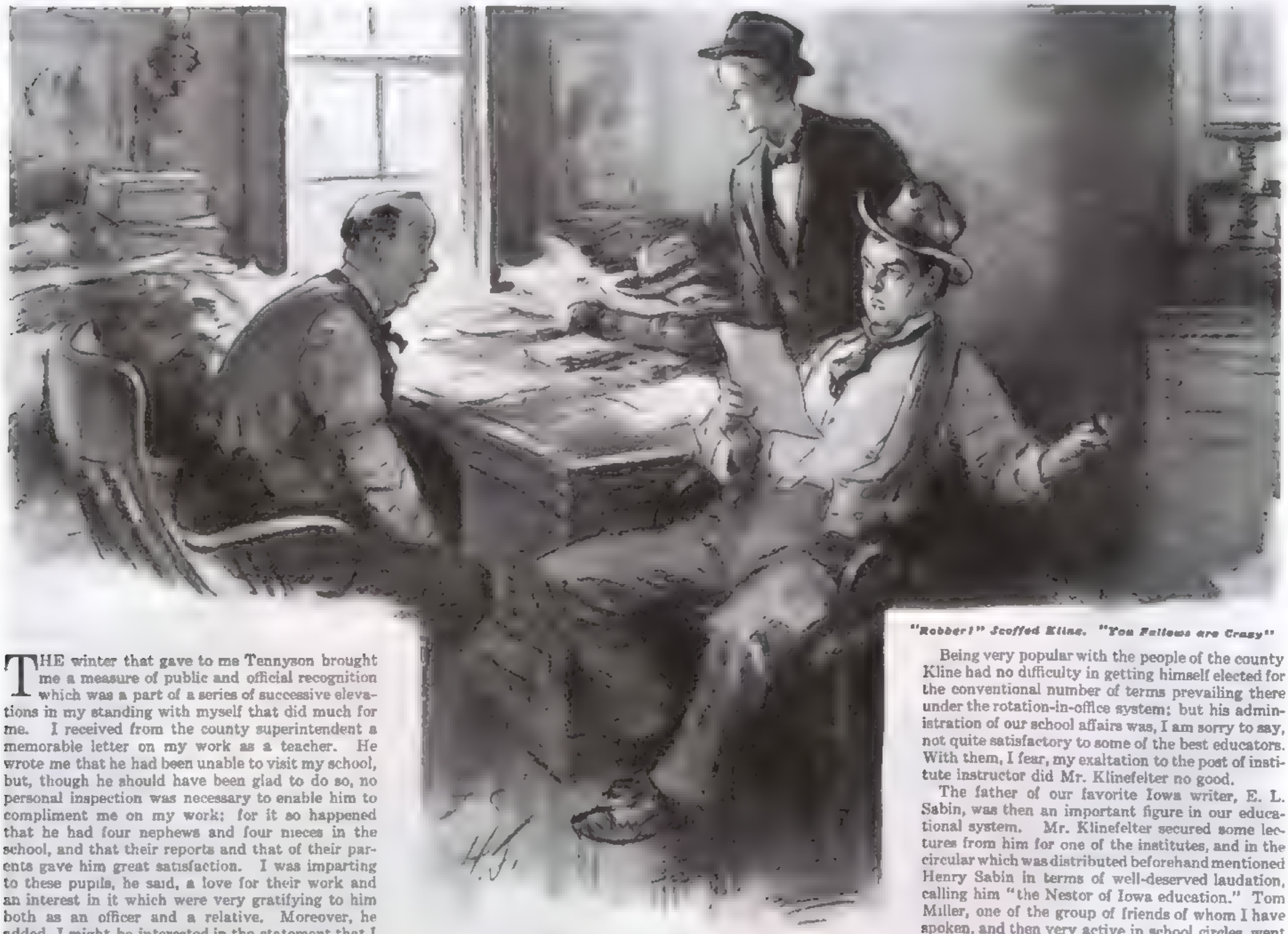
To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to a boil, and allow to summer. Serve piping hot!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



"Robber!" Scoffed Kline. "You Fellows are Crazy"

THE winter that gave to me Tennyson brought me a measure of public and official recognition which was a part of a series of successive elevations in my standing with myself that did much for me. I received from the county superintendent a memorable letter on my work as a teacher. He wrote me that he had been unable to visit my school, but, though he should have been glad to do so, no personal inspection was necessary to enable him to compliment me on my work; for it so happened that he had four nephews and four nieces in the school, and that their reports and that of their parents gave him great satisfaction. I was imparting to these pupils, he said, a love for their work and an interest in it which were very gratifying to him both as an officer and a relative. Moreover, he added, I might be interested in the statement that I was teaching the largest rural school in the county.

Not much to this letter, you think; but there was a great deal to it. I was winning recognition. No one had ever taken the pains to say such a thing to me before. If I escaped criticism I had been satisfied. Here was a man who had never seen me since I had appeared before him one day for my examination, but who had taken the pains to sit down and write a two-page letter of praise. Isn't there a lesson in this for employers and supervising officers everywhere? County Superintendent Klinefelter had done more by yielding to the generous impulse which prompted him to write that letter than a dozen visits could have accomplished.

I was a little proud, and somewhat touched, and a good deal inspired by it.

"Good work" is a short phrase. If it were used a thousand times oftener it would add immeasurably to our human output of good things of the spirit and the body.

My Friend and Discoverer

IN MY case it was the beginning of a friendship which lasted until it was dissolved by death. Levi L. Klinefelter was then a youngish, plump, humorous person who had happened to be elected county superintendent of schools of Cerro Gordo County, Iowa. He was possessed of the strangest complex of qualities—none of them worse than weaknesses. Not highly educated, he was devoted to books and reading. He was a humorist; but was not above puns and conundrums which were funny because they were so bad. When the heel of his shoe came loose, he drew a distinction between that and Owen Meredith's Looseheel [Lucile].

I am not fair, however, to Klinefelter in telling at the outset of this weakness. He was then in a place of vast superiority as compared with mine. I was a stranger whose father had just bought a run-down eighty acres out in Lime Creek Township, away off the road. He had two or three farms, a small allotment of lots and a residence in Mason City, and was from my viewpoint a rich man, while I was penniless. He was one of the rising young men of the county. I had no friends in the community. He and his wife were members of a charming circle of acquaintances, into which I was introduced. It was a new world to me. They welcomed me to their house, he gave me the run of his excellent library; and he even invited me to mark passages in his books, because such marks would make them more valuable to him. What greater pledge of friendship could a book lover offer?

He was very fond of good literature; and this, I believe, was the first of the ties which came to bind us. For in spite of the gulf which seemed to yawn between us, "Kline" almost at once actually attached himself to me. He pushed me forward in my educational work. To me, a mere country teacher, he gave the position of instructor in his teachers' institutes.

He had me put on the programs of meetings of educators outside the county. To none of these distinctions was I, by any of the rules of the game, entitled. He did it because he loved me; and I, who profited immensely by it, owe him more gratitude than I can express. He was a living proof that we are advertised by our loving friends, for he praised me to all and sundry.

Mr. A. H. Cummings, whose gift for good-natured ridicule had since long before my time there added to the sum total of human happiness in Mason City, made a joke of this proneness of Klinefelter to sing my praises. He called me Klinefelter's Discovery, and drew a vivid picture of how Kline had found me "plowin' corn in Lime Creek Township." Klinefelter ranked first as a discoverer, with Columbus second. There is a sense in which Kline should be given some credit, so far as I am entitled to assume the rôle of a Santo Domingo.

Being very popular with the people of the county Kline had no difficulty in getting himself elected for the conventional number of terms prevailing there under the rotation-in-office system; but his administration of our school affairs was, I am sorry to say, not quite satisfactory to some of the best educators. With them, I fear, my exaltation to the post of institute instructor did Mr. Klinefelter no good.

The father of our favorite Iowa writer, E. L. Sabin, was then an important figure in our educational system. Mr. Klinefelter secured some lectures from him for one of the institutes, and in the circular which was distributed beforehand mentioned Henry Sabin in terms of well-deserved laudation, calling him "the Nestor of Iowa education." Tom Miller, one of the group of friends of whom I have spoken, and then very active in school circles, went with me one day to Kline's office. Tom was an irreverent and irrepressible scamp, and when Kline handed us each a copy of his circular, Tom winked at me and looked solemnly at the county superintendent.

"This is a good circular," said he, "but what do you mean by calling Henry Sabin a Nestor?"

"Well," said Kline, "isn't he entitled to that distinction?"

"It doesn't seem so to me," said Tom, shaking his head. "What do you think, Quick?"

"I'm afraid, Kline," said I, "that you've made a bad blunder here. Nestor was a robber somewhere in the backwoods of ancient Greece. Now Henry Sabin ——"

"Robber!" scoffed Kline. "You fellows are crazy. Nestor was the old wise fellow, strong in council ——"

"You're thinking of Procrustes," I urged, looking away from Tom. "Nestor was the robber who tortured his victims by cutting them to fit the bed. Why, Kline, you're familiar, when you come to consider, with the expression 'the Nestorian bed of criticism,' aren't you?"

Too Democratic to be Dignified

KLINE, trying to conceal his panic, jumped to his feet, rushed out into another room and referred to his list of Noted Names in the old Webster's Unabridged. Presently he came back, grinning sheepishly at having been hoaxed.

"Well," said he, "we'll let the 'Nestor' stand for a while anyhow. Some of those schoolma'ams won't be harmed by having some of their feet cut off."

He was too good-natured and too completely imbued with a sense of the equality of all human beings to take on any dignity. Our relations with him and with one another were much like those of a group of college students about a fraternity house; and this was as near as I ever came to those advantages of a college training, to secure which so

(Continued on Page 30)

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Premium Ham may be served in endless, tempting ways. But many people like it *best* baked whole, right in the parchment wrapper. For Premium, always so sweet and mild, needs no parboiling; and baked this way, the ham keeps every bit of its fine, delicate flavor.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 28)

many of our young people spend their four years and their fathers' funds.

Kline's sense of the comic sometimes carried him too far. For instance, there was that case of the lady elocutionist who was entertaining us in the old stone schoolhouse in Mason City one evening. She was rendering and rending a passage from Shakspere—King John, I think—in which King John and the Bastard on one side and King Philip and Austria on the other, with the negligible aid of some sixty thousand men, were litigating with bloody weapons the title of the city of Angiers. In order that she might have full scope for her scream, she began with a line which she gave as "Oh, ye men of Angiers!" This is a good line for screaming—try it—and her voice rang out through the audience piercingly. And just as it fell in a beautiful circumflex on the last syllable of "Angiers," a switch engine a mile away over in the Milwaukee yards answered with its "Hoot-te-toot-te-toot-too-oo-oo!" with the same number of syllables, on the exact key of the elocutionist's voice, and with the identical circumflex at the end.

A Dash With a Switch Engine

THE engine's mimic line came back as the poor girl was standing poised, with her ear cocked for the answer from the walls of the besieged town. It was one of those things which, appealing to an assemblage all at once, are almost sure to result in disaster to the performer. One universal burst of laughter ended the recitation. It was, as she afterward said, something terrible. And he who should have stilled the tumult and stopped the response to the locomotive's mimicry of the reader, the county superintendent of schools, was actually leading the riot, if one may be said to be leading anything who is crimson with laughter and apparently looking for a soft place on which to lie down and roll.

Most people insisted that Kline was lazy; but he was not exactly that. He could ride a hobby to a lather. If he had been actually lazy he could have loafed and been supported by the returns from his farms; but he was ever devising some plan for great accomplishments, which always called for the sacrifice of a part of his patrimony, and each of which ended in defeat. He had a characteristic which many possess of making a start with apparent ease. He was agreeable and had the faculty of winning confidence. But he always came soon to the place where the work was more than his abilities could handle. He had a fatal proneness to become disgusted with his undertakings. There always came a time when it all seemed futile to him.

At the time of his death he was living in a New Mexico hamlet and editing a paper. One of his nephews, a former pupil of mine, went down to his funeral. He wrote me that all that scattered, drought-ridden population were stricken with grief at the death of their friend Klinefelter. There was a choir made up of these settlers which undertook to sing the hymns. They choked up with grief; and breaking down as singers paid, as mourners for poor old Kline, a tribute to which I should not presume to add. If when you and I, dear reader, pass from this earth, the strangers who live about us are so loath to part from us, we may well look back, if that be vouchsafed us, and feel that we have succeeded in a life wherein the test of success and failure is not the winning of the envious plaudits of the world.

After his death there came to me a book which may have been all he had retained of that old library. It is a volume for which I had never cared, full as it is of bad verse; but Kline was fond of it, and thought, of course, that I was. It has, however, some historical value, since it was published in Cincinnati in 1860, and is called Poets and Poetry of the West. In eleven pages of the table of contents, I find the names of Sarah K. Bolton, Alice and Phœbe Cary, George W. Cutter, William D. Howells and George D. Prentice, whom we now remember as writers. They then belonged to what was called the West, beginning at the Ohio River. Salmon P. Chase is listed as a poet, and so are others who later found something better to do than to make the bad rimes of which they here are shown to have been guilty.

Kline must have prized the book highly, or he would not have carried it with him in all his later wanderings. Finding it among his few effects, his friends discovered on the flyleaf the penciled inscription in his old flowing handwriting, dated at Mason City, September 16, 1901:

"When I am through with this book, I trust some kind friend may see that it is delivered to my old-time friend J. H. Quick of Sioux City."

A dozen years after this there were added on December 13, 1913, in a handwriting which shows that the vital fires were burning low, the words:

"Same request in force, only that Mr. Quick is now editor of Farm and Fireside at Springfield, Ohio, residing at Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, and is better known as Herbert Quick and is a noted author."

Poor old Kline! Dear old Kline! Even at the last he did not forget Kline's Discovery. Peace to his ashes!

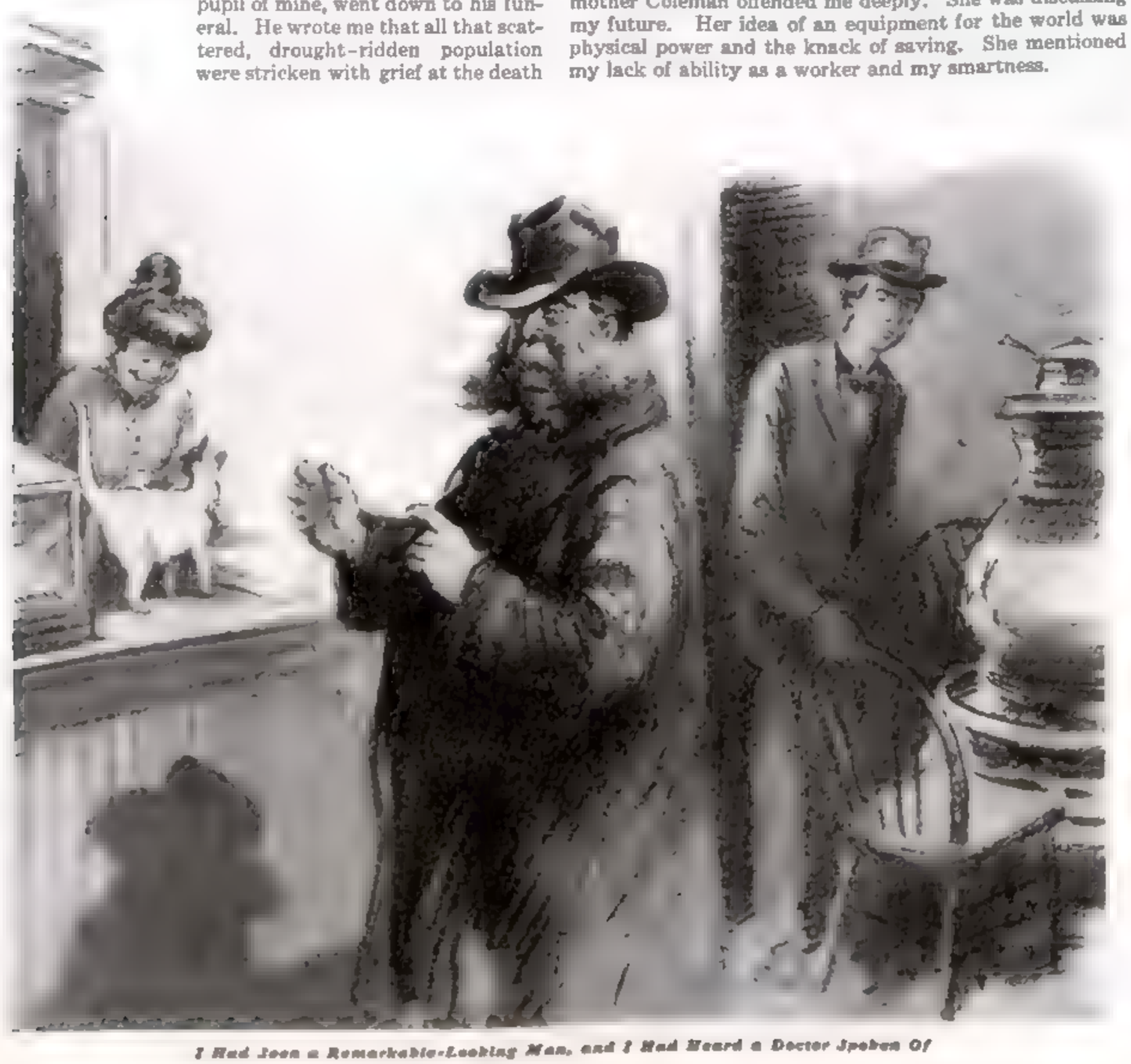
Kline Sat There in Agony as His Discovery Halted, Boggled, Turned All Colors

Once when I was a dozen years old or so my Grandmother Coleman offended me deeply. She was discussing my future. Her idea of an equipment for the world was physical power and the knack of saving. She mentioned my lack of ability as a worker and my smartness.

"I s'pose," said she, "that Herbie'll have to be some kind of a patent-right man."

I believe it was the elder Mr. Weller who once remarked that lit'rachoor's low. Some of it is. But though my view of the career of a patent-right man was that it was distinctly low, I wanted to flare out in my grandmother's good old wrinkled face with a claim for that greatness which I had already staked out for myself in the domain of lit'rachoor; but how could grandma be expected to understand? What should I receive if I told my dream but ridicule? Nothing! I was, I felt, above that world by which I was surrounded. So I suppressed my indignation and went out and slopped the hogs.

Not even my success as a teacher satisfied me. I always visualized before me a stage in teaching beyond which I could not go. I could never command a position as high as that of Professor Wier, or even Tom Miller or Art Sale. Therefore, now that I could not go to West Point and had given up the idea of going to college, I was always feeling about for some way around teaching. I liked it, but I must not be satisfied with it. I was too ignorant for this profession. I had about the proper equipment for a patent-right man. Already I was nearing the barrier. I drew a step nearer to it when F. M. Butts, of the village of Wesley, in Kossuth County, some forty miles west of Mason City, took so much of a fancy to me as to induce the school board of which he was a member to make me the principal of their town school. This was a step upward, and every such step brought the barrier so much the nearer.



I Had Seen a Remarkable-Looking Man, and I Had Heard a Doctor Spoken Of

Two Views of Main Street

WESLEY was then a mere hamlet along the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. To leave my circle of friends in Cerro Gordo County and assume a place in this village was a distinct lowering of my environmental standard. Wesley was in the midst of what we had always called the pond-hole country. Its trade territory was mostly below the margin of cultivation. Its most important industry was the baling and selling of the prairie hay, which the country dwellers made in quantities.

In wet weather the one street was a mire hole a quarter of a mile long. Sometimes it was impassable. Along this bog were a few stores, a saloon and some dwellings which breathed depression; one street back was a blacksmith shop or so; along the railway were one or two grain warehouses and the station, and several huge shells of buildings where hay was baled. Two or three streets away from the track was the one-room schoolhouse, and not far from it a building which had been converted into a schoolroom for the primary grades. On the corner of Main Street nearest the station stood the Sherman House—it seems to me that half the declassed hotels of such places as Wesley were then named after Chicago's great hostelry—kept by a man named Dinger, who as a player of old sledge was a wonderful hotel man. I went to the Sherman House to board

There are two points of view from which our average American life may be regarded by writing people like myself. The one is the viewpoint of contempt, of which we

Continued on Page 137.

$2195
Five-Passenger Sedan
F. O. B. Detroit
Tax to be added

Schedule your run at any speed you like —all day long if you like—and *make your schedule* with an ease and comfort you've never known before. Be off, free and clean, at the traffic signal while the crowd mills and fusses along behind. This magnificent Eight brings so much that is new and finer in driving that within its first six months it became the *largest-selling eight* of its type in the world.

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Andrew G. Nystrom, of Hartford, Conn., was a bit skeptical about the Hupmobile Eight, so he drove one for 200 miles or more over mountains, country roads and in heavy traffic. That sold him. He owns one now.

Mrs. Maurice Gardner, of Cleveland, was so captivated by the Hupmobile Eight her husband bought for use in his brokerage business that she now drives a Hupmobile Eight of her own. Both their cars are sedans.

Mrs. B. J. Hall, of Baltimore, Md., calls the Hupmobile Eight the easiest driving car for women that she has ever known, and wonderful in performance and riding qualities.

Since David R. Hicks, of Toledo, Ohio, became owner of a Hupmobile Eight Sedan, he considers his week-end motor trips to visit his mother in Gallipolis, Ohio, a finer treat than ever. The 200-mile runs across the state, from Toledo to Gallipolis, to use Mr. Hicks' own words, are done with no more preparation or fuss than for an afternoon's jog around Toledo.

Sedan, Now $2195; Coupe, Two or Four-Passenger, Now $2095; Touring Car, Now $1795; Roadster, Now $1795; Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now $1895. F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH
YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER
HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

THE ZIGZAG OF LUCK

By W. A. FRASER

THERE'S a delightful superstition in the thesis of gambling about the potency of beginner's luck. It is more than thirty years since I took my first flutter in horse racing, and I won. That was in Calcutta a one-eyed Arab named Euphrates won at 6 to 1. I knew so little about betting that I thought the bookmaker had overpaid me when he handed me the winnings plus my stake.

Euphrates had a droll way of racing; he ran with his head cocked to one side, with his good eye looking out in front.

At that same meeting I saw just how nimble luck can be. In the big American circus that was camped on the Maidan there was what was called the Bounding Jockey, Archie O'Brien. His act was to take off from a springboard in a flying leap over twelve horses. But what he did with three horses on the race course is still more marvelous, especially as it was his maiden effort, the first time he had ever bet on the ponies. Beginner's luck, likely.

A Thrilling Race at Gatwick, England

Archie's knowledge of horse racing was not at all in keeping with the excellence of his legs, which accounts for the course he followed. There was a race with three horses in—I think it was the Durbhanga Cup; but one of them, Nellie Bly, had been added to fulfill the conditions of three starters or no race. And Nellie Bly was simply a Galloway, the size in between a pony and a horse; she was known as the Dhoby's Donkey. Acting on advice, O'Brien bet 500 rupees on Shabaz, who was 6 to 5; and he had no more than got the ticket tucked away in his pocket than he was advised by a racing friend to back The Khan, who was 4 to 5; the friend assured O'Brien that his 500 rupees on Shabaz was lost; better save it by backing The Khan.

Backing All Three

BELIEVING that he was on a loser in Shabaz, O'Brien backed The Khan for another 500 rupees, saying, "Not so bad at all; I've got to come out about even—pretty good!" He would get the thrill of a stiffish bet and not have to pay the piper.

Then he told a couple of the racing boys of this clever thing. They jeered at him, declaring that he would now lose 1000 rupees, for Nellie Bly would win, which assertion was only in the way of a draw.

Archie was always fair game, and the two friends didn't let up on him until they saw him with a 500-rupee ticket on the Dhoby's Donkey at 20 to 1. That touch of business completed, they heralded the good news all about the paddock—that O'Brien had backed the three horses in the race

In those days there was no starting gate, the drop of the flag was all; and the jockeys on Shabaz and The Khan had each received the same riding orders—to wait on the other fellow and come home with a rush at the finish. At the start there was a boggle over the drop of the second flag; the rider of Shabaz, who had shot out in front, thinking it was a false start, took a pull; and the jockey on The Khan, his waiting orders in mind, took a pull also. Meantime Nellie Bly was scuttling away like a scared jack rabbit.

The two horses were practically brought to a canter before the yells of the second-flag man caused the jocks to look around and see the starting flag still on the ground, which told that it was a go.

Mr. J. B. Leigh's Creolian Winning the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park

A Winner

THEN they went to it—but too late; the Dhoby's Donkey was 100 lengths to the good. She won; and Archie had cleaned up 9,000 rupees net.

It is a far cry from Calcutta to Saratoga in a matter of leagues, but in gambling they are neighbors. And one night in Canfield's club I saw beginner's luck as steadily successful as the turning out of tin automobiles. A young man stood at the end of a roulette table playing *rouge et noir*—red and black; his chips never sought out the numbers—just on the red or black. If he left his winning on the red, it doubled up; if he still left it, red turned up again; then he would rake the chips down and begin with a low stake on black. The pile of chips in front of him grew; they jostled one another till sometimes they spilled over on the floor. But he didn't cash in any; he'd caress the buttresses of dollar symbols with his slim fingers, and on his face was nothing but a placid intense look, as if the thing had to be, and when his job o' gambling was over he would take the money and go away.

The thing was so deadly persistent that first one and then another stopped to watch this that was like a hopper grinding out something. And after a time the young man had finished his chore; there had been no change in the luck. He was still winning when he said, "Will you cash these chips, please?"

I don't know how much he had won; quite a sum, though it had been gleaned by attrition on the bank, no large winnings at 35 to 1—just backing the even-money chance.

Someone asked him about his system. He didn't know what a system meant; it was

Continued on Page 34)

-now 75 Horse Power

Buick Performance steps further ahead in World Leadership

The Valve-in-Head engine in the Better Buick Master models delivers more than 75 horsepower! Extra power has been added to the extra power always a feature of Buick's famous engine.

Even drivers of previous Buicks will be amazed at the performance the *Better* Buick now places at their command. You never saw a hill climbed like this Buick will take it. You never saw such get-away in traffic. And speed! A Buick owner can say "they shall not pass" to any one in the world.

The higher efficiency of the engine in the *Better* Buick includes the same economical consumption of gasoline and oil that has distinguished all past Buicks. More power, more miles, per gallon!

And the *Better* Buick now leads the world in protection for engine and driving units. Three new seals have been added to Buick's famous Sealed Chassis. Three possible points of entry for dirt and wear have been closed. An air cleaner, a gasoline filter, and an oil filter, now insure clean air, oil and gasoline for the engine.

Drive one of the *Better* Buicks. Know how much the new 75 horsepower Standard of Performance adds to the pleasure of Buick ownership.

You never again will be satisfied with the power and performance of the ordinary motor car!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Branches in all principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere *Division of General Motors Corporation* Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

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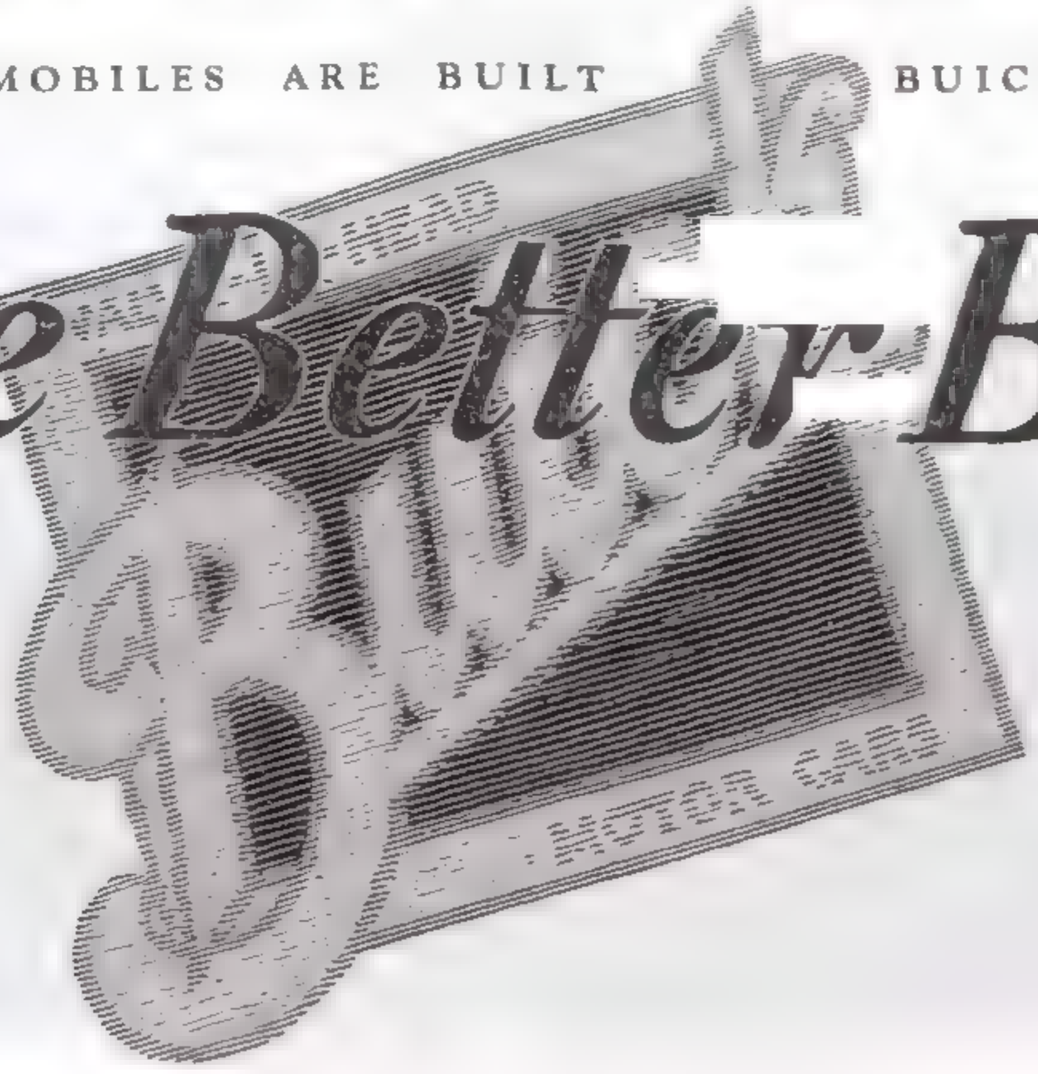
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

in the Better Buick



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the first time he had played roulette; and it would be the last, he added.

Someone laughed. Droll, that—the idea that anyone who had won in a gambling room would never play again.

But the young man said, "It's just beginners' luck; almost anybody can win the first time. Some years ago I went to a race meet, my first time, and I won a lot of money; I couldn't lose. But I've never bet on a horse since." Then he passed out from the brilliantly lighted room and on between the giant elms to the outer gloom.

If the man who had melted into the gloom could stick to it, he had the right idea. At Monte Carlo they say that winners always come back; the money is only loaned. The money, soon or late, comes back into the bank when luck has set against the player; and then, broke, he is forced to quit. But the bank, like the running river, goes on forever; it crashes the gate of fortune by weight of metal.

And at Monte Carlo they have a belief akin to this that by looking at a man's thumbs they can tel. what chance he has against the wheel, that is devoid of emotion. In addition to their rather small advantage of 5 per cent, the wheel has this advantage—no nerves. If a man has wide-formed thumb nails, he has self-control and will not buck against his luck; that is where the money is lost—plunging to recoup when luck is against the player.

Thumb-Nail Gamblers

THIS matter of thumb nails can be overdone, for the man with the extra-wide spatulated thumb nail is as unreliable as a baboon—he may do anything. And the narrow-thumb-nailed man is weak, perhaps never stopping till he is cleaned out. So then let's say: Narrow thumb nail should never gamble; the wide well-modeled thumb should rather try to seize on opportunity than bury his one talent, for he may, through overcontrol, miss the tide in his affairs which would sweep him on to fortune.

My thumb nails are of a splendid shape; and yet, to hark back to Calcutta, I toddled on after a will-o'-the-wisp till I stepped into a financial bog—and almost immediately after the beginner's luck of Euphrates.

The Viceroy's Cup is the big race at the Calcutta meet. The gambling spirit becomes stimulated by acclaim; more people will bet on a big race, and bet more money than they will on a small race, though the latter is generally the better betting proposition. There was a horse in the Cup called Sting—properly named, at that—of a fine breeding running back to Gladiator, and I felt that he should win. A week before the race I backed Sting with an English bookmaker who had taken a fancy to me and advised me not to back this horse.

Taking the Second Fence in the Oxford Varsity Grind, at Stratton Audley

"Don't be foolish, sir," he said; "Statesman will win the Cup."

"Statesman is sick," I answered; "he hasn't been out on the track for a week."

The bookmaker was a tall, gaunt man with a Scroogelike face, in which were set fishy gray eyes; a hard man, one

The Gatwick Steeplechase, a Classic in English Sporting Circles

would say. The fish eyes looked at me broodingly for a little, then their owner said, "Look 'ere, sir, I'm goin' to tell you somethink as should stop your losin' your brass, though it ain't business, if you know what I mean. Statesman is a delicate constitution 'orse, an' 'is feet ain't none too sound, so they're workin' 'im by swimmin' 'im in a big tank on a leadin' line; an' they're feedin' 'im beer, if you get what I mean."

Stung by Sting

"SOUNDS like a fairy story they're stringing you with," I retorted.

"You ain't 'eard it outside, 'ave you?"

"No."

"Well, then they ain't stringin'; they're keepin' it dark; an' listen: Armenians, they don't throw the brass about, me lad, do they?"

I admitted they didn't.

"Well, there's Armenians backing Statesman 'eavy with me to win the Cup. Now then!"

But even this didn't stop me—I stuck to Sting; but Statesman won, leaving me in no end of a hole. But gallant little Sting, as he shot under the wire, galloped a few

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The Grand National, a Great Event in Liverpool

BODY by FISHER

FISHER BODIES

If you should see a closed car of 1910 on the street today, and turn and gaze after it with curiosity, you would unconsciously recognize that in fifteen years the closed motor car body has arrived at an excellence not attained by the carriage of yesterday in fifteen centuries.

For this amazing development Fisher is admittedly responsible.

Fisher revolutionized an industry which had registered but little advance in method or quality from the time of our great-great-grandfathers.

Fisher had a vision of the future based upon an idea in manufacturing. It has made both the idea and the vision come true.

It was the Fisher idea that the same methods of standardization and precision manufacturing which were early introduced into automobile chassis manufacture, could be applied with equal success to body manufacture.

Fisher not only introduced standardization and precision manufacturing—*but also visioned for the industry the then almost incredible conception of the closed car as the ultimate vehicle for the multitude.*

Today, after fifteen years of development by Fisher, the closed car is a thing of beauty and luxury—and so strongly built that in it one travels across a continent at high speeds in Pullman comfort.

And this vehicle, which would have been worth a king's ransom in an older day, may be had in price ranges which bring the comfort of a Body by Fisher within the reach, not only of the wealthy, but of practically every American family.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
CLEVELAND DETROIT ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

A SEA COOK ASHORE

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Yet Think How Christopher Columbus Refused to Discover America on an Empty Stomach

A NICE question it is whether period furnishing should extend to and include food. Starting the day on a starvation breakfast of sour juice, some random chips from a planing mill and a few curls of bacon almost as thick as paper may be just the thing for a lot of human test tubes; but it doesn't play up to the stage setting when the dining room is sure enough Sheraton or riproaring early English, wine-swilling Flemish or naughty old Italian. It doesn't even play up to early Cape Cod. Cap'n Goddy Cushman says so. Not in those words, of course. Some of his are cow-barn words; he has a lot of nice ones, too, and in a happy mixture they always carry his point, have carried his point and himself, too, clean round Cape Horn more than once.

For breakfast, of course, it doesn't so much matter that a cold sirloin or other joint, a smoking platter of grilled eels or deviled calf's liver fail to oppose jugs of cream, bowls of porridge, regiments of hot cakes, monuments of butter, urns of coffee, bottles of ale, stout, sack or choice decanters of rare old Irish glass with a rare old Irish kick inside 'em—all of which duly detailed off according to their proper period, or assembled all together, for, let us say, a first-rate New York dining room of the later Phyfe interpretation, which was the day that built meals and the man; no, it scarcely matters, breakfast being almost a forgotten relic.

Yet think how Christopher Columbus refused to discover America on an empty stomach; how they kept on howling down the hatches "Land! Land! Land!" while he went right on pronging salt horse, flagging the flagons and shouting back for them to stow the hysteria till he'd tightened his belt. Whereupon, having discovered, captured and consumed a large breakfart, he went above beams and discovered a continent in a proper manner. That's how important breakfast was to Columbus. He felt sure of America, and the longer he waited the bigger it would look. But he wasn't sure of his breakfast until he had it under belt and button. Which incident and the good sense deducible from it the historians seem one and all to have overlooked. So we are the first to relate it.

A Dining Room's Chief Ornament

DINNER is another matter. All other considerations aside, such as whether we ought to put our feet on the stretcher of a priceless refectory table—and that's what the stretcher was for—what stories we ought to tell in a Renaissance room, whether it would be playfully correct to throw a chop to the dog or drop a few bones under the table—entirely aside from all that, tempting as it may be for discussion, the fact is that the chief furnishing of any dining room—nay, its prime ornament, first and last—is the victuals. Chairs are a help, of course; but it is queer how as the chairs go up in value the dinner seems to peter out in quality. There is a throne room I could mention, way up yonder between Manhattan and the sky, where six thrones, a trestle table of Spanish walnut, church candles, tapestries, all in the best Inquisition style, are the stage setting to a nightly feast whose climax is a junket made of skim milk.

The oppression conveyed by entirely perfect period surroundings seems to evidence itself in the appetite. What it comes down to is this: When the decorators have made everything so perfect that you are the only imperfection present, it is a good thing to be a mummy. These people, remote from the kitchen that serves them, are not possessors but possessed. When they are downstairs and across the palm court, in one or another of the public dining rooms, within wave length of the great kitchens and the terrific cheer thereof, they eat. And always they have something in a chafing dish, which itself is only a device to snatch a little of the kitchen flame and bring it to table

They have not the understanding of Cap'n Goddy, who has divorced all things for the kitchen itself. Cap'n Goddy knows what to do with period rooms—lock 'em up. He has lots of them; first-wife period, second-wife period and a bungalow entirely of piazzas and golden oak. In all he has three dining rooms, six parlors and fourteen bedrooms. You couldn't count the patent rockers, the spotless rag rugs, the whatnots, walnut bureaus, pitchers and bowls, and the sofas of exactly that shortness and curve which are so restful if before lying down you remember to break your back and remove your feet at the ankles. From the high windows, whose trim, like the door frames and moldings, suggests cream candy newly pulled and cooled, you look down on lawn, cement walks hard as sin, to adjacent bogs and distant surf.

Close to the front door in House Number One, just as you come downstairs, you see a black glove lying on the floor. Oh, no, you wouldn't pick it up. You think you would, but you wouldn't. He says it was dropped there at his first wife's funeral by her richest and meanest relative; and as nothing more is to be hoped for from that quarter, he decided to leave it lay.

On all this period perfection he turns the key. One man's patent rocker is another man's Sheraton, and Cap'n Goddy says, even as he dusts the mercury-blown glass knob of the front door—which door has a frosted-glass panel with the frosting erased to show grapes, a waterfall and a little girl with a sash around her knees, and is a prime example of the great lunacy period in home decoration—says the cap'n, as we retrace our way to the back door through room after room of hard, gobby, doodabbed walnut, where all is plush, perfect plush, hard white marble, hard carpet, to the kitchen, where a glossy black stove has its legs twined with colored tissue paper and the copper hot-water tank is draped with an old sheet, where also is just one dead bluebottle fly on the window sill—a sad fly, caught, imprisoned in this silent, speckless house; a fly that meant well and only wanted to get out—as we pass this, noting that the lamps on the buttery counter are all done up in paper bags, the cap'n says:

"Folks wonder why I don't enjoy none of my belongings. An' I sez, belongings ain't meant so's you should enjoy 'em. Belongings is what you stube your toe on in the dark. Belongings is what you has to take care of, an' dust an' clean an' sweep, an' when you gets your belongings all hove to an' stowed where your first wife wants 'em, your second wife comes along an' wants 'em all hove to an' stowed sumer else."

He surveys his property, after banging the back door—three period houses on perfection lawns. He looks up at the weather vane on the disused, swept, painted, locked and perfect barn.

The vane is a tin lady in a stovepipe hat on a skittish horse.

Culinary Antiques

"EVEN that weather vane's got t' be painted again," he snorts, and he stoops to earth to pull up an impertinent pigweed that has dared to appear betwixt lawn and cement path.

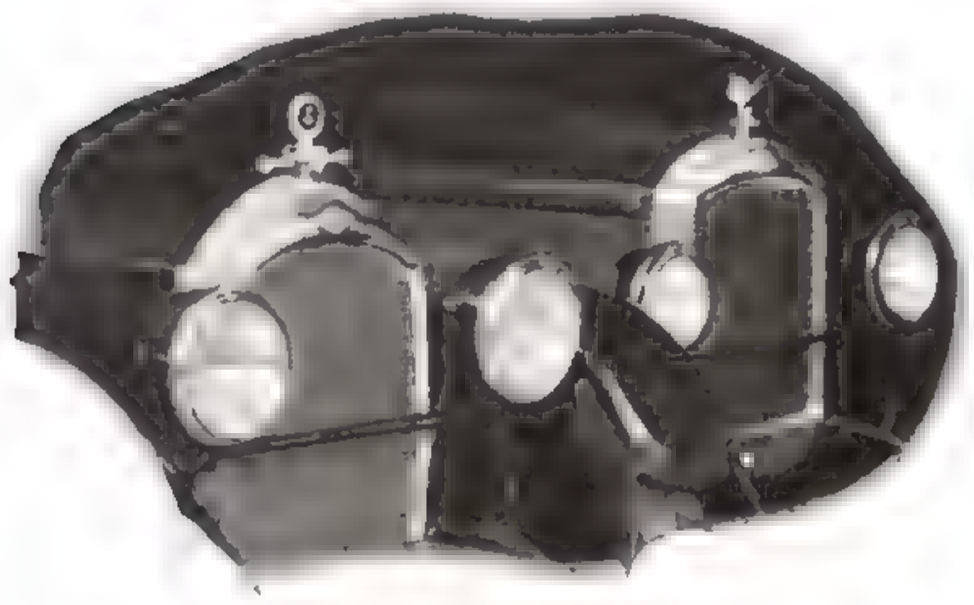
We trudge down and away to the sloping tangle of sweet fern and birch beyond the road. Formality, perfections, period furnishings—even the lunacy period—are left behind.

The cap'n's huge back straightens. His step lightens. We are on the way to the Cove—to his real home—to his Cookery. A salt dampness almost visible swoops in gusts through the clefts of the moraines; moraines that are also of a period—glacial period. They are patterned off in vast designs of glistening bearberry, tangled with bayberry bushes whose very stems break out in clusters of waxy, aromatic fruit, carpeting expanses that curve, recede and extend in capes over the wind-bleached grass.

The path, white with crushed scallop shells, narrows; it is just one man wide as it ends, and the ocean, hither white, yonder blue, bursts upon the vision. It bursts that way only between the dunes of Cape Cod and behind the defoliating curtains of the Metropolitan Opera. You never could call the tiny house that stands on a ridge of sour grass between two hillocks a shanty. It is too neat for

Continued on Page 38

1909-1925 1909-1925



HOW CAN WE MAKE THEM BETTER?

Harry M. Jewett

THIS is our 17th year building good, substantial motor cars. We started with less than $100,000—in an old drug factory. In our first year we built 302 cars.

"SAVE AND PROGRESS"

Today our assets exceed $17,500,000—all of it saved up from earnings and put back into the business.

The old drug factory was long ago abandoned, and our new plants, with sixteen modern buildings with more than a million square feet of floor space—with their machinery and equipment represent an investment of $6,000,000.

Each year our equipment has been improved and our methods perfected. Our manufacturing organization has gained steadily in experience and skill. Always with the idea in mind—"How can we make them better?"

EACH YEAR BETTER

And each year we *have* made them better. Not always with flashy newness that catches your eye. But by deep-down, inside refinements that give longer, keener satisfaction.

Work like that always tells in the end. It has steadily built our business these seventeen years—about 50,000 cars will be this year's sales.

It is this public appreciation which we have planned for, worked for, these 17 years. And it is a fine, satisfying feeling to see our dreams coming true.

WHY LOOK FURTHER?

To you this steady progress of ours is a guidepost to safe buying. You can find in Paige or Jewett a car that fits the size of your needs and purse.

Yes, a smooth-performing six-cylinder car that will do all you ask—and keep on doing it. Because it was built by men whose 17-year thought has been —"*How can we make them* BETTER?"

PAIGE *and* JEWETT

Motor Cars

BUILT BY THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 36)

that. Nor yet a cabin. It looks like a little house that has lost its mother, being clapboarded, painted, boasting shutters to three perfect little windows, and having a tiny front porch with pillars.

A house that has never grown up. Once it was a summer cottage at a camp ground quite given over to religious meetings, and a fat lady lived in the middle of it without room to turn around. All summer long she just sat, with a palm-leaf fan in her hand, went into trances for fifty cents—shorter and less entrancing trances for a quarter—and revealed your fortune. Having served those celestial purposes, it came on the market after the pure-food law put an end to trancing and all that, and the cap'n moved it down here. Since when its single room resounds not to the far-away, gulpy, ecstatic murmurs of the ghosts—speaking through the fat lady—but to sounds of the earth, earthy, such as the stoking of the kitchen stove, the sizzle of scallops or of eggs undergoing a rare change, steamed on a bed of spinach, or the sputter of that curious, memorable sliced roast of sirloin.

For it is the cap'n's cooking that put an end to any notions of being hermit. I doubt if he really had them, even in reaction to his marital misfortunes. A fine cook wants company, exactly as an actor can't go on acting for no one's applause but his own. Cap'n Goddy's dishes are, indeed, priceless, maritime, all-American antiques. I would rather know the way of his plum duff and cook it frequently, until I had to stand by the stove on a crutch—if so be it were necessary—than own the working model of the Flying Cloud.

Plum Duff, Goddy Style

ENTIRELY a matter of taste. Plum duff is like the clipper ships with which we do well to associate it. Both were improvements on the European model. Plum duff like his, indeed, is an admirable illustration of what somebody has said—was it not De Tocqueville?—that nothing came over with the pioneers to America that they did not improve it. There is nothing worse, more lumpy, full of scorched fruit, more detestably soaked in greasy sweetness than the duff that is being eaten right now, this very minute, by men in the crews' quarters of a thousand ships where they have not got a Yankee cook. You wouldn't think it; but aboard a tugboat, such as was Cap'n Goddy's berth some thirty continuous years, officers and crew did and do now eat more delectably selected and perfectly cooked food than most folks on land ever see.

"Lived like kings, we did," says Cap'n Goddy, "partickeler on the Myrtle B. We had the Philadelphy market at one end and the Boston at the other, an' towin' barges ain't no hurry-up v'yage anyway. Plenty o' time comin' 'long the coast t' think out what ye wanted t' eat an' lots o' time t' cook it. Now this plum duff y'r eatin' this minute, 'tain't no minute dish.

"There was a doctor down here t' the Cape duck huntin'. He asked th' partickelers o' this same, an' says I, 'I won't tell ye. A man that's slammin' in an' out like you ain't no time t' cook plum duff.' Good cooks is slow. There's a turnin' p'int in everything. Don't care what 'tis. There's a p'int when a pie is done, an' then again, it ain't done. An' that ain't no time t' be runnin' off on a baby case, nor no other doin's. That was what ailed my first wife. She was always remembering something else at th' wrong time. I've pulled ninety-nine o' her cakes out th' oven, each one burnt black as th' devil's toenail. Probably she was wormin' tomatoes or nursin' a sick hen. An' phee-you, phee-you! Th' smoke! They was always that way when she was makin' cake for a church supper. Burnt sacrifices, I called 'em.

"Time came that I useter trundle down t' the fish house: 'twas after I came ashore an' took t' fish trappin', out here in the bay. 'Come along, boys,' I'd say to Sam an' Porpey, 'clear them old glue pots an' tar mops off the stove'—'twas this same little stove that's behind me right now—'weem goin' to make a cake.' I'd take it to the church, throwin' my wife's burnt an' scraped an' sugared-up piece o' whit-leather t' Aunt Mercy's hogs on th' way. Them hogs relished it, although 'twan't nothin' rich. She never went beyond one egg an' a spoon o' butter when she was cookin' unto th' Lord."

Now it is a fact that the knack of perfect cooking—the kind that was so generally practiced in America before its people delegated the pots and pans to the aliens, some of them artists, a lot of them dummies—is not at all the ability to follow a mere formula, but the sense to understand minute differences, consistencies and the exquisite details of handling the same material in diverse ways to achieve diverse ends. A biscuit dough and a dumpling dough and a dough for a duff are to the point. Maybe you have to have a gun pointed at your temple, a cold touch of a gun right on your head, with a happy-drunk second mate ker-reeling around, grabbing the backboard of the galley, hiccuping, while giving you a cooking lesson out in mid-Atlantic, to get just the difference in these doughs embedded forever in your consciousness.

Dough Boys of the Early Days

"O' COURSE I knew the drift o' his remarks," says the cap'n. "I was a natchral cook. But I never got none o' my wives to understand the exact p'int. Mebbe I could 'a' done it with a gun, same as old Purkis did. Says he, 'Boy, a biscuit dough is stiff enough to roll, a dumpling dough'll leave th' spoon an' hold its shape. But a dough for duff,' says he, 'is the same as your brains—not exactly watery, and not solid, but awful soft. You c'n pour it from th' bowl, slow an' easy. An' that's the rule,' says he; 'an' th' nex' time you puts across a biscuit dough an' calls it duff, we'll call you the same as dead.' He was a great man, was Purkis, an' the best cook on the Boston water front."

But there is another point or two in the business of a real duff, and you surmise them. It has an unguent softness, and the raisins which completely coat its sides and are very numerous throughout its body are very mellow. Its odor is something that of hot biscuit, something of fruit cake. But its utterly melting, feathering quality in the mouth removes it from the class of either. Nor does it have the wetness of a steamed pudding. And its sweetness is due almost entirely to the lavish use of raisins. So much for a fundamental quality that separates his plum duff from anything known to us landlubbers.

(Continued on Page 133)

"Not That I Hold With Makin' Everybody Sit Down to a Pile o' Lobsters," He Explains, "an' a Hammer an' a Bottle o' Pepper Sauce"

DODGE BROTHERS SPECIAL COACH

So far as appearance is concerned, few cars of this type have been so frankly commended by all classes.

In point of design and special equipment, it holds its own beside Dodge Brothers best coach work. Likewise, in point of popularity among those who are under no compulsion to favor its modest price.

Five Balloon Tires

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The No-Detail Fetish

IT HAS become a truism almost that successful men are those who turn details over to others. This alleged fact has been repeated so often—usually without discriminating comment—that there is danger of all of us regarding ourselves as failures unless we banish detail completely. Nothing could be more unfortunate than for large numbers of people to regard themselves as hopelessly subordinated merely because they are compelled to master the facts involved in their occupations.

Details are nothing but facts, and no business or profession can be conducted effectively without command of the facts. Obviously as an organization expands, the chief cannot, as a rule, keep in immediate, direct touch with all details all the time. As men grow older their function often is to direct the activities of others; they delegate certain duties.

But the executive who loses his ability to master details when the occasion arises, is losing his capacity for oversight. He cannot delegate duties or direct the activities of others unless he knows how to sample what they are doing, and check up on them from time to time. It may not be necessary for the head of an organization to delve into all the facts all the time, but unless he is competent to master them when occasion arises, he ought to lose the respect of his associates and subordinates as well as of himself.

There is real danger in business writers' preaching so eloquently on the desirability of delegating work to others. There are many varieties of plants that bloom quickly, but their life is short. The young executive who regards facts as beneath him splurges for a while, but is soon forgotten. He flourished in 1919, but not in 1921.

One of the largest business enterprises in the country is the Interior Department of the Federal Government. The direction of the public domain, the many Indian reservations and numerous national parks come under this department, and yet they constitute only a fraction of the activities located there. All these bureaus are important, but many are quite unrelated. Dr. Hubert Work, the head of the department, has frequently expressed his confidence in the competence and technical knowledge of his many bureau heads, and remarked, with a twinkle, that with such excellent assistance he had no work at all to do.

On a recent and extensive Western trip Doctor Work visited enough reclamation projects, agricultural colonies, Indian reservations and Indian schools to weary and bore most men. He was accompanied, of course, by numerous aids and technical experts. At every town a proud and much dressed up reception committee awaited him.

On two occasions, directly observed by or known to the writer, Doctor Work shook not only local committees but his own aids and went direct to the source of information. Arriving at an agricultural colony, he told the other occupants of his automobile to remain where they were, and went alone to interview the settlers. At another place, where white men were eager to get certain lands away from the Indians, the Secretary patiently listened to the arguments of chambers of commerce and other interested bodies and then proceeded to a place where he could hear the Indians without outside interpretations or interference.

There is nothing miraculous about these first-hand excursions into the realm of fact, even if the Secretary repeated them many times, as he no doubt did. Such inquiries are the decent, sensible thing for any man in authority to make. If he is above doing them he does not deserve success and high position. Persons who look upon any high estate from afar are inclined to think of themselves as being freed from all detail when they reach it. They are in for disillusionment if they ever get there. No enterprise, personal or corporate, ever goes very far unless those responsible refer back frequently to the groundwork of detail upon which the structure is built.

—Albert W. Atwood.

You Can't Keep a Squirrel on the Ground

The Needle in the Haystack

NO ONE dislikes paradoxes and smart-Aleck sayings more than I do; and so when I declare that my success as a corporation lawyer in a big city has been largely due to my ignorance of the law, I mean what I say. The point I want to make is this: The more law a lawyer knows, the less willing he is to attack a forlorn hope with the humility of the ignoramus who knows he is an ignoramus and is convinced that if he is to win at all it must be by main strength and doggedness.

Theoretically every lawyer wants to do the best he can for his client; but if it were possible to subject to analysis the motivation of the average attorney engaged upon a knotty case, the analyst would report about as follows:

Analysis of the Motivation of Lawyer X

The second item in this analysis, small as it is, often loses a case that might have been won except for that little sneaking desire to save apparently needless labor.

I am going to tell about the first big case I ever handled, not because it is intrinsically important, but because it so perfectly illustrates the paradox with which I began this confession.

I had begun life as a poor country boy. I need not tell here all the things I did to make my education possible; but my main sources of income were the coaching of backward fellow students and summer vacations spent as tutor to the young sons of one of our local millionaires. At last I took my degree of bachelor of laws and went almost at once into the office of Alanson Challenger, a leading lawyer of Springfield, as a junior law clerk.

For more than a year I pegged away at the drudge work assigned me and made a little money after hours by assisting in the preparation of a textbook on Wills. All this time I had been hearing office echoes of a battling case which had been driving Mr. Challenger and his partners almost mad with worry and exasperation.

The Z. & Z. Railroad was a rather important second-class line. Its northern terminal was at Clearfax, a thriving town of fifty thousand inhabitants, some forty miles from our own big city of Springfield. For many years the Z. & Z. had been trying to get into Springfield, but powerful rival interests had blocked every move in that direction. There came a day, however, when the attorneys for the bigger roads were almost literally caught asleep at the switch. No one knew quite how it happened, but one morning we read in our newspapers that the Springfield and Clearfax Railway had just been incorporated to build and operate an interurban trolley line between the two cities. Hasty study of the new enterprise produced great excitement in railroad circles, for it soon became apparent that the charter of the S. & C. was so worded that it would be quite practicable to change it from a trolley line to a steam line and then allow it to be taken over by the Z. & Z. to bridge the gap between Clearfax and the heart of Springfield.

Few American cities can boast finer suburbs than Springfield. Situated as it is in a wealthy, long-settled valley of great fertility, the city is girdled by beautiful country places, few of which are more notable than those which lie to the southward along the turnpike that runs to Clearfax.

In this region are found the old formal gardens which the magazines devoted to country life never tire of photographing. Many property owners have adorned their estates with great gatherings of rhododendrons or collections of Oriental trees; and one eccentric mouse of a man operates an extensive greenhouse for the nurture of the rare water lilies and other tropical plants his scouts send to him from Borneo, from Africa and from the upper reaches of the Amazon.

Like Gallio, the engineers of the S. & C. cared for none of those things. They believed with Napoleon that the only instrument with which to lay out a road is a ruler. A straight line is the best line, was their motto. And so when it came to pass that the projected plans of the new line were made public, a mighty howl of rage went up from our southern suburbs. The proposed right of way cut through Henry Shipman's hothouse. It lopped off the east wing of the old Edgerley mansion which had been in the family since Washington's day. It cut the heart out of Colonel Lambert's private arboretum. It blotted out the Richters' new marble swimming pool. It ran within ten feet of the veranda of the Rigby County Hunt Club. It did something to every lovely estate to be found for ten miles on end. It could not have been much worse.

At least a dozen of the men whose estates were to be thus chopped up were clients of our office, and for weeks after the S. & C. plans were published our rooms were haunted by purple-faced, apoplectic old gentlemen who sputtered profanity and commanded and implored Mr. Challenger to protect them from the contemplated outrage.

Mr. Challenger lost no time in doing all the obvious things. He went into conference with Henry Dexter, who looked out for the legal interests of the new road. He consulted with the president, the chairman of the board, the chief engineer and some of the leading directors. He begged, implored and threatened. He proposed a dozen compromises; had engineers prepare alternate plans that would not seriously inconvenience either his clients or the road. He proposed cash settlements, free sections of right of way and exhausted every resource of a fertile mind.

The S. & C. people, one and all, stood pat. Of course they were very sorry to tear down hothouses, and they could sympathize with the emotions of the owner of the Edgerley mansion—but after all, these were merely sentimental considerations which could not be allowed to interfere with a great piece of transportation development. If private property was condemned for right of way by right of eminent domain, the usual procedure would be followed and the courts would no doubt see that Mr. Challenger's clients were amply compensated for any damages they might sustain.

(Continued on Page 158

Smoothest FORD power

comes from smooth, free valve action

How *lubrication hinders or helps:*

The Ford piston and valve diagram shown below gives another plain reason why Mobiloil "E" will enable you to get the most abundant power from your Ford and still quieter, still more economical mileage.

The Ford pistons overrun the top of the cylinder bore. That is, the piston head at the end of its upward stroke is higher than the top of the bore.

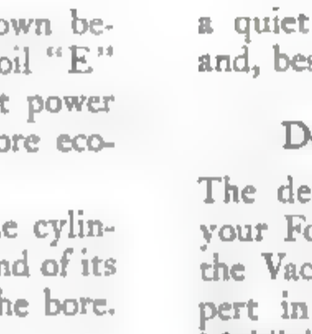
Any oil carried up by the piston rings may be forced into the valve chambers and get over on the valves and in the valve seats.

You realize that oils differ widely. Heavy oils burn less readily than light ones. And many oils leave a "tarry" residue.

Such oils may gum the valves. The trouble may not be noticeable at first. But it will certainly interfere with power and hasten your need for valve grinding.

The superior results which Mobiloil "E" gives in a Ford engine include superior valve protection. Any Mobiloil "E" which normally reaches the combustion chambers is burned up instantly. Any carbon is a light dry dust which readily blows through the exhaust.

This means quicker response to acceleration, greater power on the hills, a quiet motor, greater gasoline and oil mileage and, best of all, more freedom from repair bills.



Showing the effect of the piston overrunning the cylinder bore.

Dealers who believe in specialization

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil "E" for your Ford engine does so because he knows that the Vacuum Oil Company is recognized as an expert in *lubrication*. He knows that in quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

There cannot fail to be a marked saving when Mobiloil "E" is used in your Ford car. That is why Mobiloil users resist substitution so much more stubbornly than users of the other oils.

How to buy:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

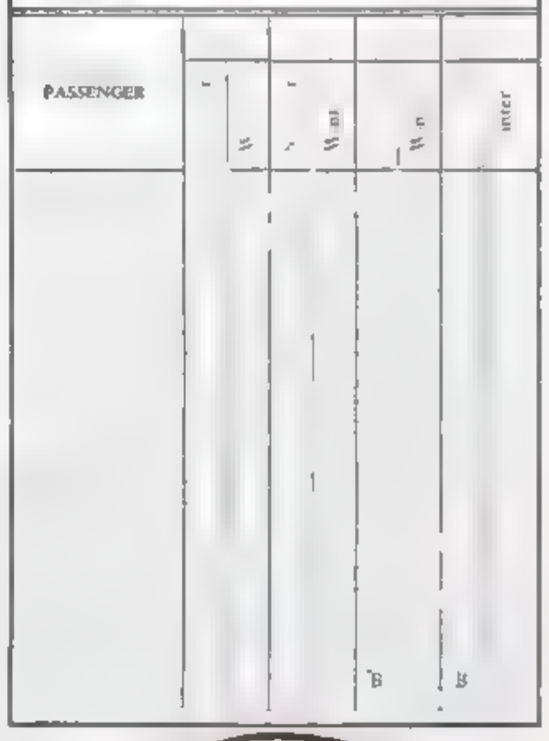
Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

[illegible] listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's



The sign to smoothest Ford power

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

A hint for the man who breakfasts in a hurry

"Breakfast ready?" says the average man, coming downstairs at a gallop. *"I've got to hurry!"* . . . So he eats a big breakfast in haste and repents at leisure—or he makes the nourishment fit the time and three hours later feels "all in"! But take it from the food experts, nourishment needn't depend on *quantity* alone. A small amount of tempting food, supplying a *large* amount of varied nourishment, is the best hint for the man who must breakfast in a hurry.

This one delicious food supplies five of the essential elements of nutrition

EVERYBODY'S breakfast appetite isn't the same. Yet every one of us is trying to get, from his favorite breakfast, the same thing—nourishment to fit him for the morning's job.

And that's where modern foods and cooking fool us! They offer us countless dishes which please our palates and satisfy our hunger—*and cheat our bodies of the vital elements of nutrition!* These elements we *must* have, in the quantities and proportions Nature intended, if we are to be healthy and vigorous.

Grape-Nuts is a food as delicious as modern appetites demand, yet well supplied with essential elements as Nature intended all our foods to be. It is a *natural* food, made of wheat and malted barley, with their delightful nut-like flavors brought out fully for your enjoyment.

Grape-Nuts was planned by a food expert especially to give you *five* basic food elements: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. In a single serving—two tablespoonfuls—of Grape-Nuts, eaten with milk or cream, you get the balanced nourishment you need for the morning's work.

A special baking process makes Grape-Nuts one of the most easily digested of all foods. It is made *crisp*, also—not only to add to its deliciousness but to encourage you to chew as Nature intended you should! Modern soft foods are robbing teeth and gums of necessary exercise, and the effect is often disastrous to the health of the whole body.

Benefit by this famous food, planned deliberately for your well-being. Buy a package today from your grocer, or accept the following offer:

A series of health breakfasts—
with two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes

E. E. P. 8-15-25 G.N.

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In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

CASH FOR IDEAS

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

How Some Corporations Discover Hidden Talents Among Employes

SHORTLY after the Armistice in November of 1918 a young friend of mine came out of the Navy and launched into business. He began with about twenty-five employes, all personal friends or acquaintances. His success was phenomenal. At the end of three years he had nearly 4000 employes and the number was growing rapidly. His original crew had been promoted and he no longer knew the men who were now being drawn into the organization. This troubled him, because he recognized his dynamic leadership as one of his principal assets. If each twenty-five men comprising the large organization had been producing at the rate of the original twenty-five, his business would have been easily 50 per cent more profitable. He wanted to have personal relations with all his men, not only because it would be mutually profitable but because business under those conditions would be far more pleasant.

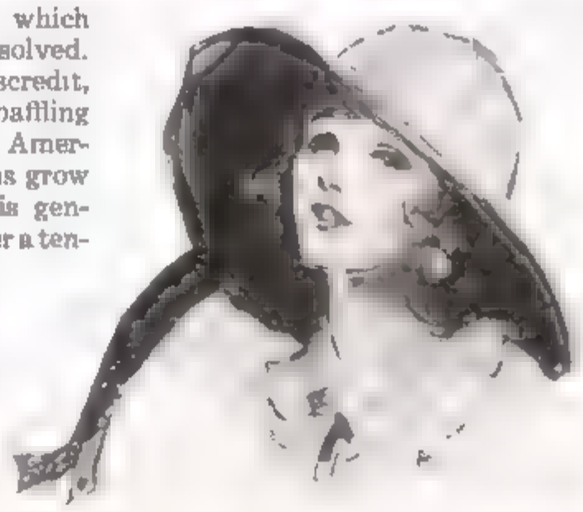
He was also troubled because the number of men who left his employment after only a few weeks or months was increasing at an alarming rate. It seemed to him highly probable that he was losing good material; that if he only knew these men personally he could find the right places for them. Having very little business experience—in fact he was then only twenty-six years of age—he didn't know how or where to begin. Nearly every afternoon at four o'clock he would leave his office and go to call on the sick, especially those who were in financial difficulty. Hospital and doctors' bills came to him in a flood; still, he was meeting only two or three men daily. In the hope of evolving a plan that would reach more people, he ordered each employe to fill out a card containing twenty questions. About 100 men resigned rather than fill out their cards but the others complied. I met my young friend one evening in his office. These thousands of cards were spread out on a big table and he was shuffling them from one pile to another.

Personal Relations With Employes

"WHAT are you doing?" I asked.

"I have just figured out," he replied, "that I could man a battleship with this crew. Look here what I've got—even the bakers."

That is all that ever came of the card index. Nor is it surprising that he could have manned a battleship with his employes, because no ex-navy man was ever refused employment. The problem on which he was working remained unsolved. That, however, is not to his discredit, because it is one of the most baffling problems that confront modern American business. Few organizations grow slowly; if they grow at all, it is generally with amazing rapidity. Over a ten-year period the growth may show an annual average of 10 per cent, but it is highly probable that at the actual time of growth the rate was much higher.



A Stenographer Made a Suggestion to Reduce Clerical Work and Was Awarded Fifty Dollars

Another phase of this young man's struggle to which attention should be directed is that he very easily and quickly recognized his problem, in spite of the fact that he couldn't solve it. There is a tradition to the effect that business men often fail to see this problem. In view of their answers to my questions, I doubt it. On this point one executive said:

"I don't think a man could be so stupid as not to see the difficulties that arise as the number of employes increases and he can no longer know all of them. The problem sticks out like a sore thumb. When a man is face to face with that puzzle, it is very annoying to have some so-called expert inform him at great length that it exists. He knows it exists. What he wants to know, and usually can't find out, is what to do about it. You have probably heard that aged line about a corporation being a body without a soul; in a corporation's dealings with its employes, however, that isn't true. What I mean to say is that the corporation continues to have a sort of personality, as though it had a soul. In other words, it has a reputation, like a person, and that reputation may be either good or bad.

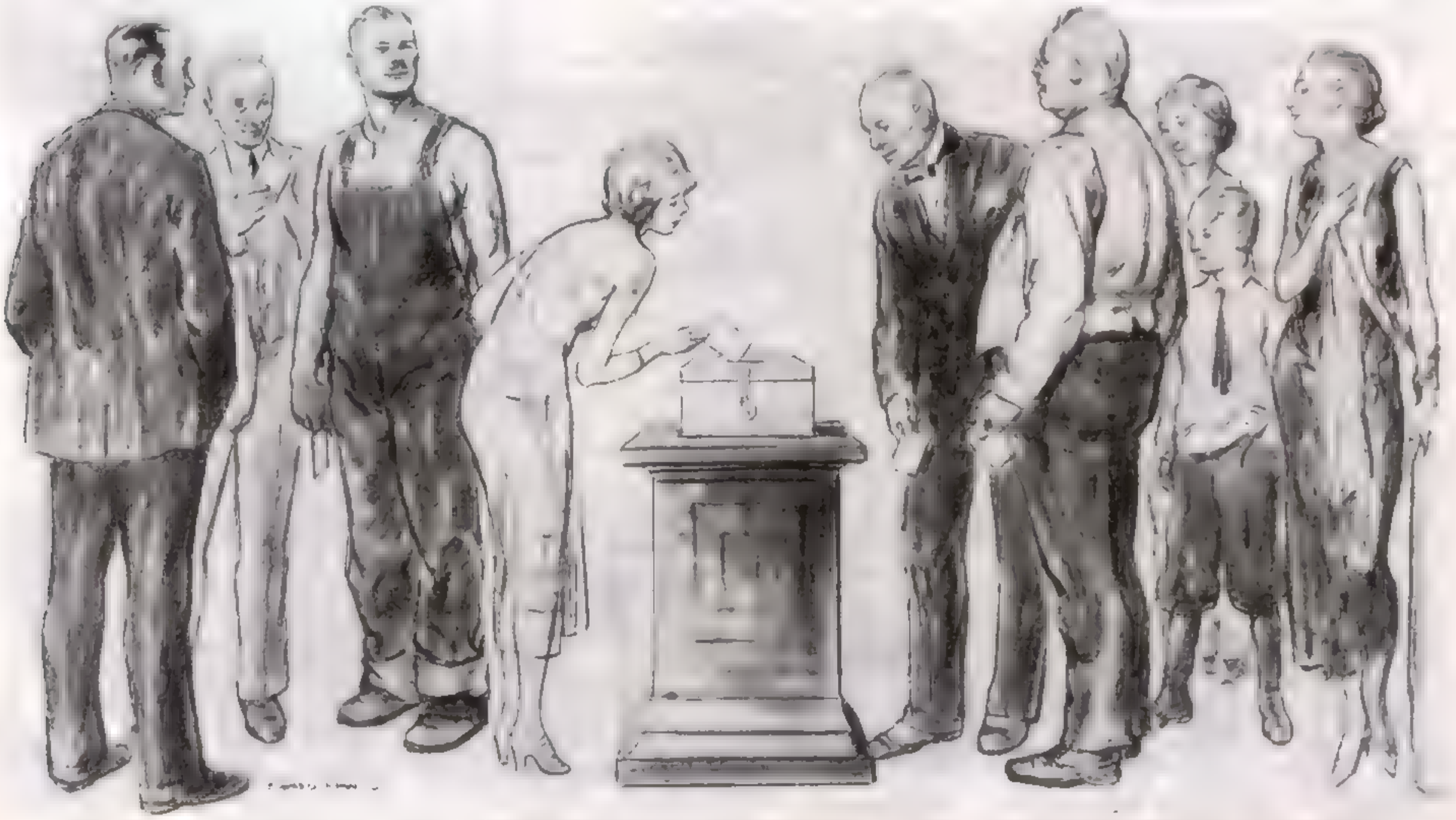
"Experts on this problem often begin by saying that the personal relationship has got lost in the machinery or the red tape, but unfortunately that isn't true. You still have personal relations with your employes whether you know it or not. These relations may have been delegated to tyrannical foremen, or any one of a hundred things may happen to them; but your company will not dodge a reputation among its employes. They like you, or they don't, and right there is your problem. You can't miss seeing it whether you ever do anything about it or not. And if you think the problem is easy, you are riding for a fall."

During the past twenty-five years literally hundreds of plans for improving industrial relations have been not only expounded but tried. This is not the place for even a brief review of those plans, but out of the mass of experience with them a few general conclusions have been achieved. One of the most valuable of these is the fact that the individual workman's pride in his personal performance remains undiminished. Another is that the use of machinery does not blot out the human equation; differences in skill and intelligence still show plainly.

Now these are wholesome facts upon which men may build if once they can get hold of them by the right handle. The problem for the progressive executive is to get word to his thousands of employes that he is eager to find and reward the men of outstanding ability. To accomplish this end he needs both a system of communication and a system that will provide just rewards. He can't go wandering among his employes after the manner of Harun-al-Rashid, peering over their shoulders, or pretending to be one of them. Moreover if he did, most of them wouldn't like it. What he wants is something that will put the initiative in the hands of the workman.

The Suggestions System

MANY corporations—among them some of the largest in the world—believe they have found what they need in the suggestions system. They pay cash for ideas. Anyone in the organization may write his suggestion, drop it in a box or mail it to the committee, and it will be considered. If it is adopted, he will be paid for it. But the chief value of this system lies in the fact that it opens a door directly from the shop and desk and foundry and bench to the highest executive's office. If there is an advertising genius concealed behind an adding machine, this system opens the way for him to disclose himself. More frequently, however, it



Many Corporations Pay Cash for Ideas. Anyone in the Organization May Write His Suggestion, Drop It in a Box or Mail It to the Committee, and It Will be Considered

brings to light men of mechanical or inventive talent who might otherwise have remained lost among the unknown thousands until they wandered away to seek opportunity elsewhere.

There is a man in Schenectady, New York, who came to this country from Denmark about twenty-five years ago. He liked machinery and possessed that happy faculty of finding great joy in work well done. To him a job in a shop full of machines was an opportunity to use his mind as well as his hands. He found employment with the General Electric Company and was set to work at a punch press. It was his job to place sheets of metal in position so that the press would punch holes in them at the spots indicated.

This called for the greatest accuracy; in fact, greater accuracy than human hands could exercise day after day without making some mistakes. It occurred to the man from Denmark that the sheets of metal ought to be placed under the punch by automatic machinery, first for greater accuracy and second for speed. He designed a machine that would accomplish this result and then tried to interest his immediate superiors in having it built and installed. For some unknown reason he couldn't interest them. Time after time he tried to get a hearing. Most men would have given up in disgust, but he fought on until he found the right man. Eventually the automatic machine was installed, which left its inventor without a job, but he had faith that another place would be found for him—and it was.

In a short time he was made a foreman in a department where machines were built for use in the plant. This company, like several others, has to build many of its own machines. They are designed for special uses, and, as a rule, there are not many of any one type in the entire world. To a man who loved machinery and reveled in mechanical problems, this was a sort of heaven. Every job was an adventure. Designs and blue prints came from the technical staff and entirely new creations grew under the hands of the workmen. Here was a rich opportunity for talent to show itself, and the man from Denmark rose to the occasion. He is now supervisor of mechanical research. Also he is a member of the suggestions committee for that company. His own record had something to do with the fact that the system was installed. The first efforts with it were made in 1906, but it has been tampered with and revised many times since then. Its present form dates from 1919.

The suggestions system now shows a remarkable record in the plant at Schenectady, partly because of able administration and partly because of the vast variety of skilled workmen employed there. All of the work undertaken at Schenectady is new; just as soon as an article and its manufacture are standardized the company moves the job elsewhere. This fact naturally results in unusual opportunities at Schenectady for the exhibition of skill and talent. But even with these favorable circumstances, the figures are rather astonishing. For instance, in the first eleven months of 1924 the committee adopted and paid for 1330 suggestions, of which 1303 had been put to use before the first of December. Out of the total received, 25.9 per cent were adopted—in other words, more than one out of every four.

Bringing Out the Geniuses

THESE figures refer to Schenectady plants alone. The 1924 summary for all plants of the General Electric Company follows:

Average number of shop employes—eleven plants	55,412
Percentage of shop employes making suggestions	22
Total number of suggestions considered	12,217
Total number of suggestions adopted	3,244
Total amount of awards	$39,531
Estimated savings to result from 1924 suggestions	$442,792

The cash award for an idea is, of course, only the immediate recognition of its value. What the system is designed to do, and does, is bring about promotions.

That there is a great deal of mechanical talent and inventive genius in this country is generally known, but such figures as these prove rather astonishing even to men who realize this fact. The awards made for suggestions are not mere apple sauce to put their employes in a good humor; what they pay for they use. The system is not only expected to be self-supporting but to return a profit—and it does precisely that. Therefore the cold figures showing that more than one suggestion out of every four is valuable have real meaning.

Among the workmen who have profited by the suggestions system is a former ship's engineer who has a genius for making small improvements and adjustments that increase the efficiency of machines. Such a man might very easily have been left in one shop for years, but the number of his useful suggestions indicated the advisability of widening his scope of operations. He was made an assistant foreman with a roving commission to look at whatever interested him. Here is his record of awards made by the committee: Five dollars, fifty dollars, one hundred dollars, ten dollars, fifty dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, fifty dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, twenty dollars, ten dollars. Most of the awards were comparatively small, but the number of them gives an indication of his activity in ferreting out something wrong or something that could be improved. In his way he is a genius. Every large plant needs such men, and probably most large plants have such men. Whether they know it is another question.

In looking over the record of awards I found the name of a laborer who had received $250 for suggesting a mechanical device for pushing trash into an incinerator. The notation also showed that his device was not used, but that another one was designed for the purpose. By comparison with other awards, this one seemed rather high, so I inquired about it. An executive explained:

"In some unaccountable manner all of us had overlooked that incinerator in spite of the fact that one or two men had been hurt there. The trash was pushed down a sort of funnel and through a hole. This was grueling hard, unpleasant work, and more or less dangerous. Also it wasn't the best way to do the job. That laborer had exactly the right idea—a machine to do the pushing. We thought that showed excellent intelligence even if we didn't use his design. He brought to our attention something that we ought to have seen long before. This was a very valuable service. Moreover it showed us that a laborer could see something we had missed. We want to encourage that sort of thing and show the laborers here that their wits and observation are respected."

A Man Who Wouldn't Stay Lost

ANOTHER laborer won an award for a suggestion that made the executives laugh at themselves for not having thought of it long before. In the course of a day's work the company's machine shops produce tons of metal shavings and waste that are gathered up and separated by magnets and sent back to the foundry. Some of this waste, however, is mixed with heavy oil so that the magnets cannot separate the metals. It had been the custom to throw that part on a dump. One of the laborers who performed this task suggested that the oil could easily be destroyed by placing the waste metal over a fire that was already available. If it had been necessary to build a furnace, the cost would have been too great; but a furnace was waiting, right on the line of march, and the new use of it would not interfere with its original purpose. Still, no one had thought of that furnace until the laborer made the suggestion.

The highest award made last year by the suggestions committee went to a man in the mechanical department. The sum was $1000, and in winning it he put one over on the technical staff. They had before them a difficult problem in insulation for a high-power copper cable destined to go underground. Incidentally, the problem of improving insulation is a constant one in the electrical industry. Only a few years ago it was considered quite an achievement to accomplish satisfactory insulation for a wire that would carry 20,000 volts. Now there are underground wires carrying more than 60,000 volts. But the demand clearly indicates a need for 125,000 volts. Insulation is accomplished nowadays by wrapping a special sort of paper around the wire. After this come other things, but the paper is very important.

You may have observed that it is wrapped around the wire at an angle and that more than one layer is used. It had never been easy to get these layers of paper around the wire so that no open spaces or seams remained. Specifications on insulation of such cables always state how many open seams will be allowed to the foot or yard of wire. As the amount of electricity to be carried increases, the number of these leaks simply has to decrease, so the technical staff was again at work on this problem. To them it is an old one. No doubt they would have solved it again as they have done many times before, but this time a workman beat them to it. He watched the insulating paper come through the machine, moving at an angle, down over a metal spool, and then circle the cable. It occurred to him that if the spool moved at an angle, instead of the paper, the results would be more uniform, so he made a spool and tried it. The one he made has an axle tilted at an angle instead of going straight through the middle. The result is that when his spool turns it looks as if it were drunk, but it gives the paper precisely the right twist and brings down the number of open seams far below any figure ever before achieved. You can close your fist over his whole invention—it is only one piece of metal—but it marks an important advance in the electrical industry.

The favorite story of the company's suggestions committee, however, relates to a young man who wandered into Schenectady from Minnesota and got lost. He was a graduate of a technical school and felt sure that he would land on the pay roll without much delay In this guess the chances were about ten to one in his favor, it being the policy of the company to employ such young men; but he happened to arrive at the wrong time. He was informed that there would probably be an opening for him later, so he decided to wait, and by way of passing the time without financial loss took a job as laborer in the shipping department.

From the very first day his foreman looked upon him with favor. He was young and strong and willing and good-natured. From time to time better jobs would become available, but his foreman declined to part with him. He had won a home in the shipping department; he could be a laborer there, it seemed, for almost any length of time. Lost in a maze of vast buildings, and somewhat confused, he couldn't find his way to anyone except his beaming and highly pleased foreman, who was determined to keep him. Fortunately, however, he had been at work for some time on a little invention, an improvement for an article manufactured by the company, and one day he addressed a letter to the suggestions committee telling them about it.

This letter was dropped in one of the numerous tin boxes provided for that purpose, and then he waited for results. They came in the form of a summons to appear before the committee. Not only his invention but his letter had attracted attention and aroused curiosity. As soon as the committee members learned his qualifications they sent him where he belonged, much to the regret of his foreman, who grieved over the loss of one of the nicest and best laborers he had ever met. To the committee, however, this is a shining example of what the suggestions system can and should do in a plant where thousands of men are employed.

Another very large corporation that uses the suggestions system is General Motors, with more than 100,000 employes and many large plants, in this country, in Canada and elsewhere. Because of the very wide diversity of its products and the many different kinds of factories, the system is not uniform. One of its most interesting operations is to be found in the New York offices, where special awards are made for suggestions that reduce the amount of paper work. A corporation of this size necessarily has an enormous amount of interdepartment communication. Forms and blanks are provided by the hundreds to save time and labor; but as conditions change, some of these become obsolete. Probably every large corporation discovers from time to time that certain of its clerical operations are still going on after they have ceased to be useful. One can easily imagine therefore what this problem might become to a company that uses three large pages of small type merely to list the subsidiary companies and plants it owns. Moreover it does a world-wide business, its products being in general use on every continent of the globe. Such a company has to wage ceaseless war against excessive paper work.

Fixing the Value of Suggestions

AS AN interesting adjunct to the suggestions system, executives and employes in New York have a lunch club which meets daily. No one is required to join, nor is he barred, and those who choose to attend are certain of a hearing if they have anything to say. Many important suggestions are made there orally. During 1923 this company made awards of stock to 647 employes for conspicuous service. This plan was inaugurated in 1918.

The Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, New York, was one of the pioneers in adopting and developing the plan of paying employes for ideas. That company made its original experiment in 1898 in one plant. The system has since been expanded to cover all plants and all classes of employes—except, of course, executives. Suggestion blanks are placed at convenient points throughout the buildings. When one is filled out and sent in, the committee composed of executives considers it and recommends a suitable award if it is adopted. The sum is determined, if possible, by the amount of saving effected or the value in increasing sales. But it is not always possible to determine at once what this value may be and in cases of uncertainty a preliminary award is made, subject to later review.

An interesting case of this kind occurred last year, when a stenographer made a suggestion to reduce clerical work and was awarded fifty dollars. On later review she was given a second award and still later a third. Some cases of this kind remain open for many months, none being closed as long as there is a possibility that the employe has not been adequately rewarded. In other instances, however, the award has to be fixed arbitrarily, since it may relate to improving a product without showing any immediate prospect of a cash return to the company that could be estimated in advance. In this connection the General Electric Company's suggestions committee reported that 896 of the suggestions paid for during the first eleven months of 1924 did not promise a cash return to the company. Nevertheless they were valuable.

The Eastman Kodak Company, like most others using the suggestions system, keeps a record to be considered by the personnel department when openings for advancement occur. In just one plant this company has received an annual average of 1860 suggestions for the past thirteen years. Of these 40 per cent have been paid for. Most of the awards are small, because most of the suggestions are not of vital importance; but more than one employe has received as much as $2000 for an idea. The smallest award is one dollar. Another of the Kodak Company's plants reports an annual average of 1300 suggestions, of which 29 per cent were found valuable.

(Continued on Page 173)

Free play as originated by Gabriel is possessed *only* by Gabriel. Any engineer can tell you that motor car springs and tires today *demand* free play.

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Toronto, Canada.

Improved Balloon-Type
Snubbers

AMERICAN AUDIENCES

They Want What They Want When They Want It—By Boyden Sparkes

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the meanest chore that fell to the lot of the employes of a theater or auditorium after each performance was the removal from the top gallery of several bushels of peanut hulls. An initiate, passing down the alley later, almost could count the house by measuring with an experienced eye the quantity of peanut hulls in the trash barrel. Now peanut hulls are among the minor annoyances. The charwoman, the ushers and other house employes fret themselves about the chewing gum that is globed in secret to the underside of the seats and the arm rests.

That shift from goobers to gum is an example of a change worked in the public's taste; but there have been others more subtle yet more important that are reflected whenever a selection of American humanity clusters itself into an audience, and it is as the greatest audience in the world that America is striving to function as a democracy.

It was Gus Wade who called my attention to one of the changing characteristics of American audiences. If Gus was so inclined, he could with honor wear on the bosom of his waistcoat three or four of the most highly prized badges bestowed by those who control the British Army. He was a band boy at twelve; a bit later in life he was with Kitchener at Khartum as a field musician with luxuriant mustaches. Now the only decoration he wears is a nickeled shield pinned to his galluses, and its shiny surface testifies that he is Director No. 2 at Carnegie Hall; "director" to be understood in the sense that he directs patrons to their seats. He is an usher there and has been since 1897, which was before Maude Allan threw the country into a fever of excitement by dancing on that stage bare-limbed and became the subject of sermons.

"Audiences are noiser nowadays," Gus told me. "If they like the music they hear, they show their appreciation. The East Siders have done that."

By which I understand Gus to mean that the tides of immigration have introduced a more demonstrative strain into America.

The Geography of Musical Taste

BUT something besides love of the old country is behind the demand made upon all concert performers in America today for the highest type of English, French and Italian music. Among responsible agents are the talking machine and the player piano.

In order to transform this change into something approximating the peaked and valleyed line of a chart, it is necessary to consult the experience of concert artists. Someone had told me that there was such a difference in audiences that, blindfolded and transported via magic carpet to a platform in a crowded auditorium, it was possible for an astute artist to identify the audience as belonging to Dayton or St. Joseph, Missouri, or Casper, Wyoming. That seemed to bedrawing it a trifle fine, but Paul Althouse, like that Annie Laurie of whom he sings with his fine tenor voice, gave me his promise true that Western audiences were distinguishable from Eastern audiences by the songs they call for.

The trend has been away from ballads on the program, these being replaced there by operatic arias and English songs; but when a tenor is called upon for an encore, at least once during the evening, he knows he can get a tremendous response by singing Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes; if a barytone he must give them Danny Deever and the prologue from I Pagliacci; and if a soprano in any town of one hundred thousand population west of the Mississippi fails to put her head back and sing The Last Rose of Summer, her audience feels that it has been cheated. Those songs are rarely on the programs, but they are expected as surely as a child expects to see the elephants at the circus.

Mme. Emma Eames and Her Husband, Emilio de Gogorza, in the Tuileries Gardens

Just as certainly, a concert artist touring the East knows these days that a music-adoring foreign element, sure to be in the audience, will want German, French and Italian songs; and, accordingly, he goes equipped to satisfy this longing. Althouse, for one, has seen an increase in the proportion of men in his audiences in the thirteen years that he has been engaged in concert work.

Others engaged in mustering audiences in the concert field have noticed that change, and rather generally it is attributed to the war, in which many men learned for the first time that there is something vastly comforting in a song well sung. The real surprise has come from the Southwest—Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona, which now present a live market for concert artists. One well-known singer made a tour of Texas about ten years ago in which in the course of six weeks he gave twenty-five concerts, each one in a town that had never had, until he appeared, a concert. In those days only a few Texas cities had first-class concert courses. Now, even the smallest of Texas towns contains within itself a capacity audience for any worthy musician.

Teaching Them to Listen

IN TEXAS, as in Illinois, the music audiences of the coming generation are being cultivated earnestly. One school for girls in Texas showed the way by adding arbitrarily to the cost of tuition a fee for a concert course, on the theory that any normal girl who is exposed to good music will end by craving it. In Evanston, Illinois, the public-school children with a capacity for music are measured scientifically; and if they rate high, the taxpayers of the town provide them with instrumental instruction and a fiddle or a horn for practice. The children without capacity for music are given equally sympathetic attention. They are not asked to do anything except listen, but they are taught to listen with understanding.

By the time they are grown, some of these listeners, as lacking in musicianly qualities as a blind man lacks sight, may be as earnest in their absorption of music as one woman of the Northwest who is a regular concert-goer. A tenor in the auditorium of her town, letting his eyes rove over the audience as he waited for the accompanist to get through the introductory measures, was astonished to see a brindled bull terrier occupying one of the best seats in the house. So great was his wonderment that he sang that song directly to the dog, which cocked an alert head inquiringly to one side in an attitude of rapt attention.

After the concert, the tenor asked the manager of the hall to explain the presence of the dog.

"That's all right," soothed the manager; "'at dog's seat was paid for."

"But why was the dog there, I'm asking?" persisted the tenor.

"Well, it's this way: His owner, one of the rich women of this town, hates to be disturbed during a concert by having some restless person sit in front of her, so for the course she buys two seats, tandem, assigning the one in front of her to the dog; and blame me, mister, that terrier is beginning to enjoy the music!"

The leather-shirted traders of the Northwest company who struck out into the

(Continued on Page 145)

PHOTO BY LOUIS A. HERBERT, N. Y. C.

Mme. Emma Calvé, the Famous Prima Donna, in Paris With Her American Pupils

This gold button identifies the Bonded Real Silk Representative who calls at your home or office

Obtainable only direct from our mills at a saving, through our bonded representatives who call at the home and office

REAL SILK

Guaranteed

HOSIERY

WITH TOP TOE AND HEEL OF FINEST LISLE

FOR WOMEN AND MEN

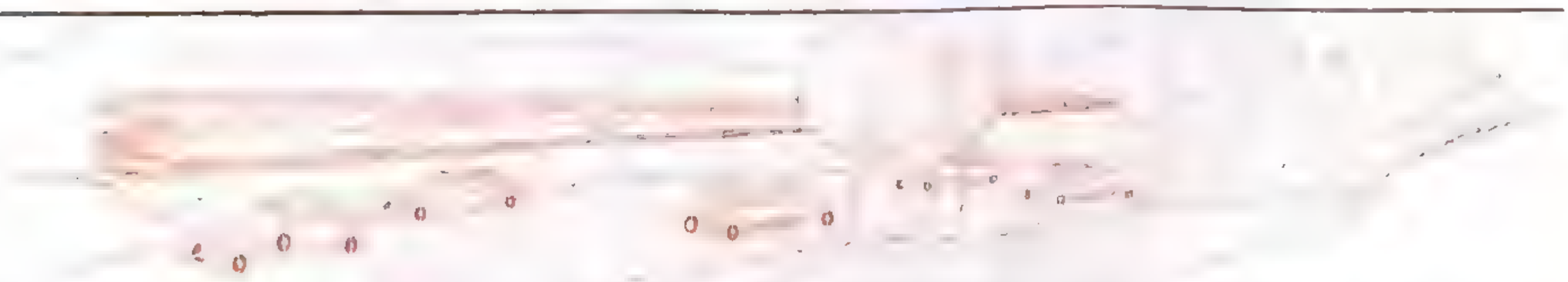
REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS ~ INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

THERE IS A BRANCH OFFICE IN YOUR CITY. CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY

©1928, R.S.H.M.

"WHERE THE USE OF METAL BEGINS — THERE BEGINS CIVILIZATION"

Vehicles of transportation are milestones of civilization's progress ··· Each age has contributed its improvements ··· So, out of the crudeness of centuries, out of the endless endeavor to overcome time and distance, came the motor car ··· Today, man's hour is longer and earth's mile is shorter than ever before ··· Now, the motor car is made *completely modern* and *safer*, and its life of usefulness *immeasurably prolonged*, because of the all-steel body ·····



IN the "foundation" of motor-cars—engine, frame, axles, gears—*steel* has been used since the beginning. . . .

And how rapidly have improvements been developed in these working parts. . . .

Nothing weak, or antique, or inadequate *beneath* the body!

Now steel is put to a new use in the completely modern motor-car. . . .

Heretofore, the strength-of-steel has carried you. Now the safety-of-steel surrounds you!

Until now, you have only ridden *upon* steel. Today, you can ride completely housed *within* steel!

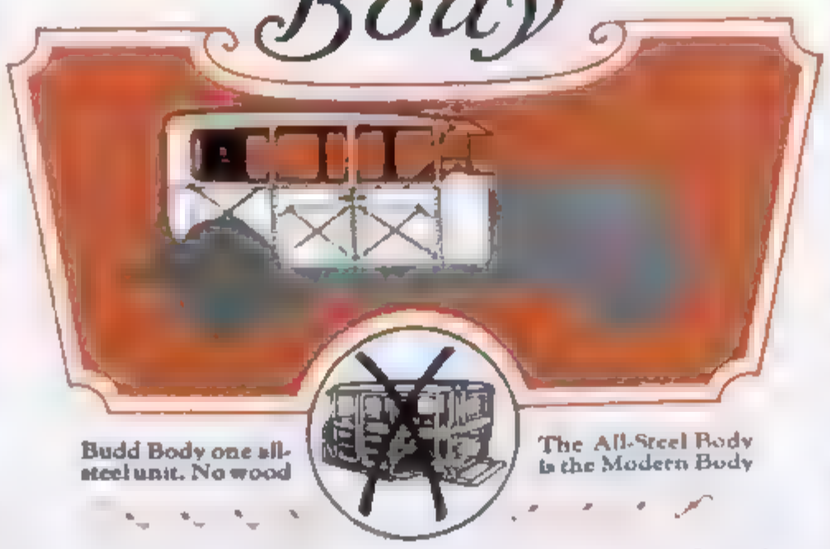
Just as wood has lost every other battle against steel, so it loses its last hold on the automobile. . . .

A new era has begun—greater safety, greater strength, greater vision, greater beauty, in motor-car bodies entirely of steel. . . .

It had to come.

Changed conditions! The congestion and confusion of more than 17,000,000 motor vehicles on the highways! Insofar as your life and security are concerned, the body of the car is the most important part of it. . . .

BUDD ALL-STEEL *Body*



Budd Body one all-steel unit. No wood

The All-Steel Body is the Modern Body

So now, for motor-car bodies, the same construction which has brought safety to railways, ships, bridges, office buildings. Steel!

In building an all-steel body which was practical, innumerable problems arose. But they have been solved. Another inspiring story of American genius. . . .

Steel specialists and body experts of the Budd organization have produced a masterpiece of craftsmanship in design, in structural strength, in beauty—a riveted, welded unit of steel, as strong as steel is strong. Corner posts so slender they afford the necessary full vision, yet exceedingly sturdy. A body, all-of-one-piece, that cannot work loose, or squeak, or rattle. Not one splinter of wood. Nothing to crack in a collision or burn in a fire. A body beautiful in form and line, whose beauty is permanent beauty. . . .

You who now drive in an all-steel body can say you possess a completely up-to-date motor-car. Remember this when you buy your next car!

BUDD—*the only All-Steel Body, brings these outstanding advantages:*

—strength. A riveted, welded unit of steel, in place of a wooden framework sheathed in metal

—safety. Steel re-enforced by steel. Nothing to crack or splinter—fireproof. Nothing to burn

—full vision. Slender steel corner posts, eliminating the "blind spot" of the bulky wooden post

—open-car freedom, at last, with closed-car comfort. Silence. No joints to work loose and squeak or rattle

—a better finish. The only body to take a baked enamel finish, good for the life of the car. If lacquer or paint is used, no weaving joints to crack and mar the finish

—lighter weight—greater endurance, slower depreciation—safety. Safety! SAFETY

Philadelphia EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY Detroit

A GOOD BAD ACTOR

By Claude S. Watts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

DID you ever pet a viper and then get stung, or bit, or whatever it is unpleasant that a viper does to one?

Sure you have! That's one of the dramatic situations that make up life, and life is something everybody has more or less of. Pardon the prepositional ending, but when I'm excited I can't seem to assemble my language according to the rules and by-laws of big-league authoring, and I'm still excited over my experience with the viper. Stand by, please!

Her name is Jane—Jane Rand. Doesn't sound at all viperish, does it? Neither did she look a bit viperish when I took her to my bosom, but, as Ted Davis says, you can't see the wood in wood alcohol either. Also I may add that it's only stage Mephistos that have horns.

I met Jane first while I was up at Aunt Mary's, engaged in my remodeling stunt by which I transformed myself from the overstuffed to the Sheraton as a piece of parlor furniture. Naturally I was engrossed in myself at that time, and Jane didn't come to mean any more to me than anybody else who was watching me suffer and asking me foolish questions all the while.

I met her again when I went back up to show my beloved aunt that though I had put on several pounds that I didn't need or want, I hadn't become that fat Stillson girl again, and that I had a new method for ridding myself quickly of the extra weight. Oh, yes, there is a new method, and I suppose I may as well tell about it now before I try to get on with my story. It's the tomato treatment, and you can see yourself fading away; or if you can't it's because your eyesight is poor.

As I said, I met Jane the second time when I went back to Aunt Mary's and when I had less to occupy my mind; but, at that, I'm quite sure I'd have been able to pass clear through this vale of tears without giving her more than two or three thoughts if it hadn't been for aunty. Not that I disliked Jane instinctively, or that she seemed to rub me the wrong way. She just didn't register on me at all. But you see, she's Aunt Mary's godchild, and aunty really was interested in her.

I Discovered That Jane Was Deliberately Trying to Steal Marty Away From Me—My Marty!

"Ann," she said to me about the third day I was there, as we were talking about a dance I was to attend that night, "I want you to observe Jane Rand this evening and tell me what's wrong with her."

I felt flippant and answered that way. "What do you suspect? Dope? Or being in love? Or overdoing her make-up? Or what?"

Aunty failed to smile. "I'm serious, Ann. I want to know why she doesn't attract and interest men. I am very fond of Jane. I think she is a very pretty, sweet girl, and the type that would appeal to men, but it seems that she doesn't. Now and then one will pay her some little attention—give her a mild rush, I believe you call it—but it never lasts."

"Men are skittish these days," I suggested as she paused. "They're hard to rope and throw. Still, that doesn't keep them from playing around with girls. Maybe she's too quiet. Men like pep, you know."

"It isn't that. I think she's rather too lively for this staid old town. We're not metropolitan, and Jane—well ——"

"Has big-town ideas," I interjected as aunty hesitated again. "Makes the vernal villagers dizzy, what?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!"

"Then perhaps she jingles the wedding bells too much? No? Well, she has family, social position, and money, and she isn't fat or skinny or cross-eyed, and I take it for granted she isn't exactly a moron, so what's the answer? It must be that she isn't interested in men. You know you can't interest them if you're not on the up and coming yourself."

"I don't believe that's it either," said aunty. "On the contrary, I know she is interested in men."

"Then I'm through guessing, old dear," I said. "I'll have to take the young lady under observation and see what I can see."

So that's how come.

Now I was inclined to agree with aunty that the old home town was staid—meaning that it has stayed just as it was fifty years or so ago—and I had an idea that the party that night would be largely after the order of the old-fashioned frolics aunty had enjoyed when she was flapping. Girls in homemade frocks, men in store clothes, square dances, cakes and pink lemonade, and all that sort of thing, you know. But that was because I had never done any stepping out in that community. And Jane, so far as my impressions of her went, was a rather colorless, quiet little thing. Not so bad; not so good. Merely not quite there, if you follow me, and I had made a mental note that doubtless all she needed was jazzing up a bit. But I had jumped at that conclusion because I had never seen her when she was strutting.

Say, that party was about the most sophisticated affair I had ever attended. The country club was a peach of a place, the people all looked and acted like a movie director's dream of *le beau monde*, the orchestra had all of Roxy's stuff and some of its own, and the punch had everything necessary to deserve the name. And that Jane girl! Quiet? I'm telling the world she was at least three jumps ahead of all the wild women I've ever seen, and she needed jazzing up just like tabasco needs cooking to make it hot!

Evidently she had made a study of all the vamps from Cleopatra down to Pola Negri, besides having a few ideas of her own as to what a willing worker can do to knock a man for a row of lamp-posts, and I'll say she was ready to use everything she had ever heard of or conceived under her own blond bob. Her scenery was positively shocking. Not that her gown wasn't modish and expensive, or that it was garish and bizarre, but—there was so little of it. With twice as much on she wouldn't have been more than half dressed, and I don't see how any nice man could have looked at her a second time without blushing. I hope I'm not squeamish, and I know there's a back-to-Eden movement in feminine attire, but I must confess that Jane made a gasper out of me.

And then, the way she acted! Her dancing was a scandal—nothing less. She not only imitated four Hawaiians, but it would have taken at least half a dozen of Honolulu's best to have imitated her! However, it was the manner in which she played the corners with the dim lights that really got me. I couldn't keep tabs on her all the time, for there was an earnest young man, name of Hedrick, who insisted upon my being otherwise occupied. He opened up that I've-been-waiting-for-you-all-my-life stuff with me and did it so well that we were first-naming each other in something less than five minutes, with the further result that I couldn't do much snooping. Nevertheless, I saw and overheard several things that showed that Jane was up and coming, and then some.

Well, you may rest assured I did not give Aunt Mary a full report of my observations. I told her only as much as I thought a nice elderly lady should hear and know, and said I was quite positive I couldn't teach Jane anything.

"She has forgotten more than I ever knew," I added. "And another thing, don't tell me this is a staid old town. It's too lively a burg for little Ann, who's only used to the ways of the wicked city."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Aunt Mary thoughtfully. "I am surprised, Ann, and wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me. But you've given me an idea, Ann. I want you to take Jane home with you for a good long visit and let her meet your friends. I am sure that would cure her of some of her foolishness."

"And what do you think it would do to us, aunty?" I protested. "She's entirely too swift for our quiet little circle, and I wouldn't introduce her into it on a bet. I wouldn't dare."

"Oh, but I'm sure she wouldn't be so—so—so extreme if she were visiting among strangers. She isn't naturally wild; she's only trying to keep up with what she thinks is the modern trend, and perhaps she has thought that she would sort of set the pace for the young people here."

"She's surely one grand little pacemaker," I conceded, "but our crowd can't travel at her gait. No, aunty, I can't take a chance on her."

But my highly and justly esteemed aunt wouldn't take no for an answer, and of course I had to give in, for she has done so much for me that I couldn't be a frozen face when she made it a matter of a personal favor which she really wanted.

However, I did insist that she should have a heart-to-heart talk with her vampish protégée and tell her what's what and why.

The upshot of all that was that Jane came to me a day or so later all bubbling over with excitement over the prospective visit, and so full of gratitude toward me that I almost forgot how I felt about her. At any rate, I fell for her line and committed myself unreservedly to the idea that she was to go home with me for a visit of indefinite duration, and we were getting on famously the way girls will about things of that sort when she said a few words that brought me back to earth with a dull thud.

"Aunt Mary tells me you don't altogether approve of me," she said with a giggle. "I mean, some of my clothes and some of the things I do." I didn't encore her, but she responded with another giggle, and then: "Darling, you don't know the half of it! Wait till you see the new clothes I'm going to get, and till you see the speed I'll show in fast company on a new track. I'll ——"

"Just a moment, sister!" I interrupted. "If aunty only said I didn't approve of you she was letting you down easy. Let me give you the complete story!

"What's the big idea?" I demanded, after I had told her what I had observed at the dance and what I thought of it.

"Why—why," she stammered, "I don't know. I just want the boys to like me, and that's the way girls are expected to act nowadays." Then she flared at me, "I'm not bad; just – —"

"Just foolish in the head!" I finished it for her.

"I'm not any such thing; and if I am, so are the rest of the girls. I only do what they all do. Men won't pay any attention to a girl if she's a flat tire, and if a girl wants to have a good time she's got to make 'em sit up and take notice. I may be dumb, but I've got sense enough to know that. Men like a girl who's a good sport, and that's what I try to be."

"I'll say you try!" I agreed. "I'll bet you put oil of juniper in your lipstick just to keep the gin hounds interested!"

"I never heard of that," said Jane.

"I never did either; I merely happened to think of it. And I'll bet you would try it, at that!" I added.

"So would a lot of other girls," said Jane, ignoring my sa[illegible].

Can you beat that? Man-crazy! And I had to admit to myself that there was a good deal of truth in what she was saying about being like all the rest of the girls. She meant all the other girls she knew—her crowd—and it was obvious she was training with a pretty wild bunch. When one of them made a new record for recklessness the others all went out to beat it, and from what I had seen and heard, Jane was the record breaker of the gang.

She was just like the rest of 'em, only more so. She was repeating the first part of that last thought even while I was thinking it, and she added: "What would you have me be?"

"Do you ever think of getting married?" I countered.

"Constantly!" she answered promptly, and with a frankness that went far toward persuading me to take an interest in her.

"That being the case," I said, "it doesn't matter so much what I or any other girl would have you be. You don't need to worry about that, but you might consider a man's ideas. He usually has plans and specifications of the kind of girl to whom he'll sing love's old sweet song—and mean it; and unless I miss my guess they don't include the four s's "

"Four s's," repeated Jane. "What do you mean?"

"Smoking, swearing, spooning and sousing," I replied. "The girl who wants to hear the wedding ceremony when it means anything to her personally has to cut the rough stuff."

"I never dreamed you were such a prude!" said Jane.

"I'm not. But," I added—"capital B, capital U, capital T—in matters of that kind I'm always the pupil and never the instructor, and I always try to make it clear that there isn't much in that line that I care to learn. I don't think girls should try to make virtues out of men's vices, if you get what I mean."

Jane pondered that a bit. "Are all the girls in your crowd like you?" she asked presently, and there was a gleam in her eyes that I got while she was thinking the thought that inspired it.

"No, you don't, old dear!" I said. "You're thinking that all you could ask would be to be turned loose in a crowd where all the girls are as slow as I am. You're just as wrong as if you'd burned your own shirt, which our laundress says is as wrong as anybody can be. Knowing the vamping game as you do, or as you believe you do, you think you'll have the pick of our men about fifteen minutes after you light in our midst, but I have other ideas. Oh, I'm not planning to cramp your style. I'm going to change it entirely. In fact, the thought seems to be growing on me, and I believe I'll go into the business."

"What business?"

"Making girls different. That sounds like a sign or a slogan. Remodeling and alterations a specialty. That's a good second line. And don't I know I can make good at the business? Didn't I take forty or fifty pounds off my little old self and make a world-beater out of a total loss, and get myself a sweety, and everything? When I think of what I can do with you ——"

"But I don't want to lose forty or fifty pounds!" Jane cut that in with a shriek. "I can't afford to!"

"Don't worry, old thing," I reassured her. "I'm not going to reduce you. On the contrary, I may decide to build you up a trifle. A few pounds here and there wouldn't hurt you. But that's not the big idea. You're a vamp, see? And I'm going to revamp you."

"Well, for the crying out loud! How do you get that way, and why pick on me?"

To be entirely honest, I didn't know just what had come over me Aunt Mary explained it later, when I told her about it, saying that it was an outcropping of the fundamental urge of the Scotch in me—don't laugh, please; there was a MacIntosh in our family once—which prompted me to make things over and never to waste anything; but be that as it may, I know I had been seized suddenly with a wild desire to do a little experimental work on Jane Rand. However, I had to sell the idea to Jane, so I had to dress it up.

"I'm not picking on you, Jane," I said. "I've just thought of something that will make your visit with me a whale of a success. I may have sounded like I was joking, but actually I'm as serious as if my name were Calvin. You'd like to make a big hit in my town, wouldn't you? You'd like to come back here engaged or married, wouldn't you? Well, listen to me!"

Happily I was scheduled to stay with aunty a month, and thus had plenty of time in which to persuade Jane to my way of thinking, for she did a lot of listening before she signed on the dotted line, and then some in which to get

(Continued on Page 103)

Her Final Dress Rehearsal, Which Only Aunty and I Witnessed, Was Nothing Short of Superb, and I Enjoyed All the Thrills of a Creative Genius

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THE NEW ACT

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Why, Johnnie, I Didn't Expect You for Two Days Yet! I Thought You Said Saturday. I'm Glad You ——"

YOU'LL lose him, Mabel, in another year or so if you don't get wise to yourself. Take it from one who knows. I'm thirty-eight myself, but Billy wouldn't believe it if I told him. I don't want to take any more bows than the applause justifies, but I know I don't look it by—well, say, six or seven years."

Maybelle Walker fished for a caramel in the big box on her lap, gazed at it lovingly and let it slowly slide into her mouth. She sat comfortably munching it and watching, with an expression of amused tolerance, the trim-looking woman on the sofa. She did not speak until she had swallowed the sticky mouthful and had automatically reached for another.

"Oh, you're all right, Trixie," she drawled, "and you can take all the bows you want to. I won't get sore. I know your act don't call for any laughs, but I'm afraid I'll have to hand you a few if you don't change it. You simply don't know Johnnie, that's all."

Trixie Turner jerked her head to a belligerent angle and gasped impatiently.

"Say," she snorted, "what do you think he is—one of the leads in a four-act version of the Lives of the Saints, or a man milliner or something? You just keep on nursin' this notion that you can let yourself slide down the old tobog without his carin' and you'll find a neat little note on the pillow some day readin', 'Sorry, old girl, but Maizie and me found out we had to team up. There's forty-three dollars in the top bureau drawer.'"

The other woman stopped her munching and looked at her visitor questioningly.

"Who's Maizie?" she inquired sharply.

"Huh! I thought that would get you. There isn't any particular Maizie yet that I know of, but there's probably someone loafin' around in the wings some place. Maybe she's a cutie in one of Alf Milton's girl acts or doin' a wire turn in white tights, or maybe she's just a single with goo-goo eyes who shakes a wicked hip."

The plump woman in the morris chair toyed with another caramel and sighed contentedly.

"Golly, you almost had me scared for a minute," she murmured. "Johnnie's satisfied with me the way I am, I tell you. What's wrong with me, anyway? Let's hear the low-down. You've been gassin' about it for so long that I'd sorta like to get some particulars."

Trixie Turner moved a little closer and grabbed at the flowing sleeve of her friend's soiled kimono.

"This, for one thing," she snapped. "It's like something Grandma Tuttle would wear sloshing around her room in the Old Ladies' Home. Honest, Mabel, a nice calico wrapper—one of those Persian patterns—would have more kick to it. What size corsets are you wearin' now?"

"Forty-four."

"I thought so. That means forty-six next year if you keep eatin' sweet truck like that, and from then on you'll be just a nice cute little feather bed. I suppose you haven't had a henna dip in a year."

"I never had one. My hair's all right. I can fix it so's the gray part doesn't show on the stage."

"You're even a worse case than I thought. I suppose Johnnie's goin' blind or something. Where'd you buy that suit you were wearin' last night?"

"Down at Marley's—one of those basement sales. It's a great bargain—thirty-three dollars and forty cents. It was sixty-five dollars a month ago."

Trixie Turner looked at her pityingly.

"Yeh, I know," she remarked. "Latest Paris model and all that bunk. It's a nice little suit for Gertie, the cook's assistant, or maybe for some motorman's wife; but for the female end of a sketch that's been gettin' four hundred cases regular every week for a lot of years it's a crime! Honest, you'd ought to get hard labor for it."

The other woman lazily swept back a stray lock of hair which was interfering with her gustatory pleasures and slouched a little lower in her chair.

"If you're through pickin' me to pieces," she remarked slowly, "maybe you'd like to tell just what I'd ought to do. What's the cure, anyway?"

Her friend jumped off the sofa and confronted her with the businesslike poise of an automobile salesman.

"To begin with," she said briskly, as she jerked the candy box out of Maybelle's lap, "you'll have to take the pledge on this stuff. Cut it out altogether along with all those gooey things you eat for dessert two orthree times a day. Tone down on the potatoes and the white bread, and kiss butter good-by for a year. Just a little dry toast and coffee without any cream for breakfast, and ——"

"Starve myself, eh? Is that it?"

"It'll amount to that for a coupla months. Then a facial every day for two or three weeks and a rub with a nice little piece of ice under your chin morning and night. After that about two facials a week'll be enough. Then you'll have to have that hair of yours bobbed and take a course of treatments for it before and after you've had it hennaed. That'll get that tired look out of it and give it a little snap and luster. Then there's the exercise. I think you'd ought to do about three or four miles every day in the park and the daily dozen morning and night. And then there's something even more important."

"Your story interests me," remarked the other woman sarcastically. "I can hardly wait for you to get to the finish."

"The finish, my dear, is a couple of mornings devoted to playin' around a string of Fifth Avenue shops with little Trixie. From the outside you look as if you might be even guilty of red flannels, but I guess maybe it ain't as bad as that. I have a sneaking, lingering notion, though, that you wouldn't exactly make a Follies girl jealous if she came across you in the early morning. You'll have to lay in a half a dozen Georgette nightgowns and a couple of negligees—something in shell pink, maybe, with cream lace. Then you'll have to cancel that basement outfit and book a new line of street clothes. Let me see, there ought to be a silk crêpe ensemble suit—navy blue, probably, with a rep cord and a tan lining, and one of those smart *trotteur* things in charmeen—something dark but snappy. How do you like the line-up?"

Maybelle Walker yawned prodigiously as she rescued the candy box from her friend's grasp.

"You mean well, dearie," she remarked languidly, "and I suppose I'd ought to be awfully grateful and all that. I guess maybe I am if it comes to that, but you'd better know right now that I ain't goin' to put on this new act. The old stuff is still goin' good and is gettin' the play, and that's good enough for me. That routine you've mapped out would take the life right out of me. Besides, I was

(Continued on Page 54)

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Continued from Page 52

never cut out for a vamp and it's too late to begin. Johnnie's satisfied and you'd ought to be."

"Have it your own way, old girl," returned her friend, as she pulled on a glove with a little flourish and moved toward the door. "When the big crash comes, though, don't say I didn't warn you. I'll see you at the Regent tomorrow afternoon. If I get any dope on that Maizie I'll tip you off. She's on the job somewhere or other. When I'm gone take a long look at yourself in the glass. Good-by, darling."

She slipped out of the door with an insolent toss of her head. Maybelle Walker crammed another creamy caramel into her mouth and opened a gaudy-looking magazine to resume her interrupted perusal of the confession of a society divorcee. She found herself unable, however, to concentrate upon the hectic narrative. The name of "Maizie" kept bobbing into her mind with disturbing persistence, and an annoying uneasiness settled upon her.

Unable to resist the temptation to follow Trixie Turner's last suggestion, she stood up and walked into the dingy alcove bedroom. She switched on the electric light and looked at herself steadily in the mirror of the stained bird's-eye maple dresser which stood near a window opening into a narrow court. Maybe there was something just a little something—in what Trixie had said. Her face, she noticed, was a little puffier than usual and the ridge under her chin was perhaps a bit deeper than when last she had given it heed. Her hair wasn't looking very promising either. She reached up to straighten out its untidiness and tucked a vagrant swirl into place over the graying area in front. Almost unconsciously, she felt for a soiled powder rag in the messy disarray on top of the bureau and rubbed it over the shiny surface of her cheeks. Then she heard the door of the living room click and she knew Johnnie had returned. She switched off the light and went to greet him.

Johnnie Van, the male end of the team of Van and Walker—That Nifty Pair, was a stocky man in his mid-forties who had once been known as the silver-voiced tenor back in the days when minstrel shows were still popular throughout the country. His singing of Silver Threads Among the Gold in a thin and reedy falsetto had evoked rapturous applause from Bangor, Maine, to the Grand Opera House in Alexandria, Louisiana; and he had enjoyed the distinction of being "featured" with several minstrel troupes, this particular form of exploitation consisting in the prominent display of lithograph three-sheets and cards revealing him in evening clothes with a chrysanthemum just a shade smaller than a head of lettuce tucked unobtrusively into his coat lapel. Under his name was the caption, The Man with the Voice of an Angel.

A lingering attack of throat trouble had robbed his voice of its celestial qualities and had changed it to a nondescript barytone, necessitating the abandonment of the minstrel business. There had followed a distressing period of readjustment, during which Johnnie had been, in turn, a circus clown, assistant to a comedy juggler, principal comedian with a repertoire company playing the smaller villages in Iowa and Kansas—"fifteen dollars a week and cakes," as the advertisement in the Clipper which he had answered had chastely phrased it—and chorus man in a frowzy musical-comedy company playing a Chicago success in every town of more than five thousand population within a radius of five hundred miles of the Western metropolis.

It was in this last company, fifteen years before, that he had met and married Maybelle Walker, also of the chorus. Maybelle had been then a slightly plump and pleasing young woman with a sense of humor and a sane realization of her own limitations. She had no illusions about eventually being able to crowd Fritzi Scheff or Julia Sanderson off the top rung of the ladder; and she admitted, if pressed, that she really didn't think she had much of a voice. During the following summer, in the midst of a heartbreaking struggle for existence in the fetid heat of the Chicago Loop, they had patched together a vaudeville routine and had broken into one of the cheaper circuits.

Now, after fifteen years, they were an established act which usually played what is technically known as the Number 2 Spot in the better vaudeville theaters. Which is another way of saying that they were just a shade too good to open the show and not good enough for a better position near the middle of the bill. Johnnie had developed into a reasonably funny comedian and Maybelle played straight successfully, cuing into his gags and taking the center of the stage with a popular song while he changed from a grotesque messenger boy to a snappy gentleman in dinner jacket and white spats for a finishing line of patter which ended in a duet. A sound line of trade goods, this act, presented by a sane pair who cherished no hopes of ever being snatched up by Ziegfeld for a special engagement in the Follies. They should worry. They had fifteen thousand dollars in the bank and they worked an average of forty weeks every year.

A settled and rather sedate-looking person was Johnnie Van as he slipped off his brown fedora and implanted a formal kiss on the freshly powdered cheek of his wife.

"Where you been all afternoon, Johnnie?" she inquired, as he slid out of his overcoat and flung it on the sofa.

"Oh, just bummin' around," he replied casually, slipping off his inner coat and removing his collar and tie with a quick, impulsive movement. "I caught Billy Murphy at the Palace. Someone told me he'd swiped my chicken-pox gag. He pulled it before he'd been on two minutes and it got over for a roar. I'm filin' a complaint tomorrow."

"I should think you would—the dirty robber. Where else d'yeh go?"

"No place much. I dropped into the N. V. A. and bumped into a bunch of the boys—Sneak Nelson and Sam O'Brien and a lot of others. Oh, yes, and I met a hell of a pretty dame—Millie Anderson—who's on the bill with us beginnin' tomorrow at the Regent. I caught her once at the Jefferson, one week we were layin' off. You've heard of her, haven't you?"

"What d'yeh say her name was—Maizie Anderson?"

"Not Maizie—Millie. Didn't you hear me say Millie?"

"No, I didn't. I thought you said Maizie."

"Well, it ain't Maizie. Don't you ever read nothin' except them bum cheap magazines? Don't you ever take a peek at anything that would kind of improve you? I'll bet you haven't looked at Variety for a coupla months."

"Sure I have. I read it last week."

"Well, if you read it regular you wouldn't be so ignorant. This Anderson kid has been a wow around here while we were out on the Orpheum time. She'll be up in the Nora Bayes class in two more years if she keeps it up. They're headlinin' her at some of the neighborhood houses already. She's certainly there with the looks and the pep. She had half a dozen of us pop-eyed this afternoon pullin' a line of stuff, imitatin' acts she was on the bill with last week over in Newark. Honest, if you ever heard her get Gertie Milligan's lisp, talkin' back to that fresh stage manager over there—you know the one I mean, the guy that closes in on you after two bows no matter how strong you're goin'—well, if you ever heard her pullin' that act, you'd just naturally bust your stays. She's some clever dame, I'll say, and they don't put them over any niftier-looking. Some baby doll!"

His enthusiasm was genuine. Maybelle Walker eyed him curiously. The scent of Trixie Turner's French perfume was still in the air and the faint fragrance of it brought back memories of that lady's recent remarks on various personal subjects.

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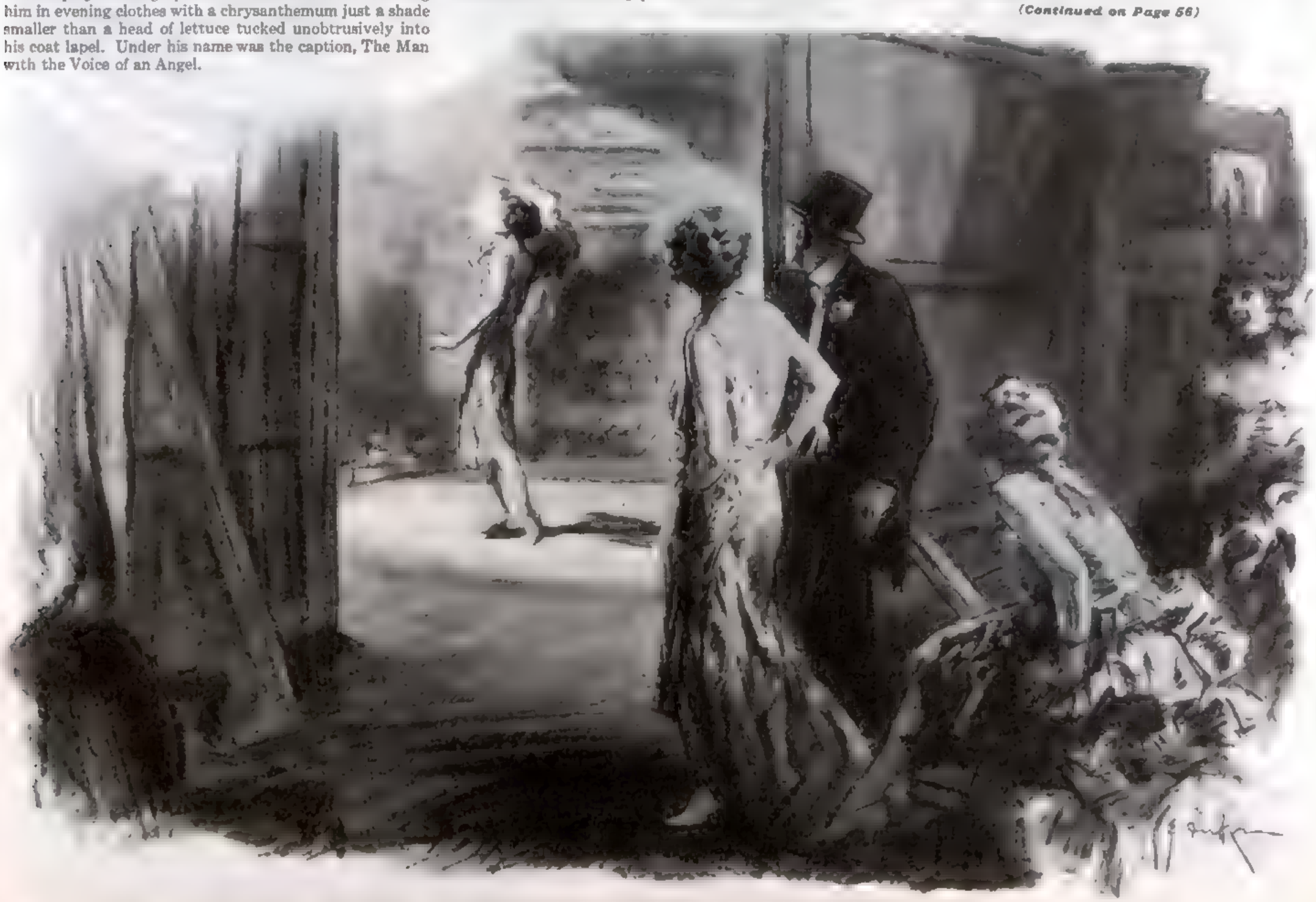

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(Continued from Page 54)

"Huh!" she snapped. "It's a wonder you didn't take her out to dinner instead of comin' home here to the flat. Maybe she'd have handed you a few more laughs."

Johnnie mashed his cigarette in the ash tray at his elbow and looked up incredulously.

"What's the big idea, dearie?" he inquired with a touch of belligerency. "This is a new line for you. I was goin' to suggest that we both take her out some night after the show and get her started reelin' off her stuff; but if you're goin' to go chasin' upstage center and gummin' the works right at the blow-off, that'll be all there is of that."

"Oh, don't mind me," she retorted, finding a morbid pleasure in the luxury of an argument with this usually placid daily companion. "I'm only in the way, anyhow. Wives are always a nuisance when there's a nifty-looking single hangin' around waitin' for someone to give her time. Maybe it ain't too late yet if you was to drop over to the N. V. A. She's probably cruisin' around there lookin' for some sucker."

"Say, dearie, what do you think you're doin'—playin' a big scene in a tank melodrama or something? Are you tryin' to drive me out of the house?"

"Drivin' you out! I guess maybe you don't want to go. I guess maybe you wouldn't rather be listenin' to this Maizie person's ——"

"Millie—it's Millie, I tell you."

"Well, Millie then. I guess maybe you wouldn't rather be listenin' to this Millie's stuff than wastin' time on just merely your wife. Oh, no, I guess not!"

Her voice was heavy with sarcasm. Johnnie Van looked at her wonderingly and stood up. He reached for his collar and tie and grabbed his overcoat and hat from the sofa.

"All right, Mrs. Fresh," he said evenly, "you'll get your wish. Good night."

She watched him in a daze as he strode toward the door, and as he turned the knob she called to him.

"You ain't goin' out without puttin' your collar on you, are you, Johnnie?"

"I'll do that in the elevator, old lady," he replied, as he slipped through the door and slammed it after him with a bang that shook the chandelier.

He had often called her that before in moments of rough affection, but now the phrase took on an odious significance. She stumbled back into the bedroom and switched on the light again. Merciless self-criticism brought out blemishes and ugly contours which she had never noticed before in the figure which confronted her in the mirror. She flung herself on the bed in an outburst of racking sobs.

Johnnie found her in awkward disarray, tear-stained and unkempt, when he returned long past midnight. She was sleeping heavily and he made an effort not to disturb her, but she raised herself on her elbow when he accidentally bumped against the foot of the bed.

"I'm sorry, Johnnie," she murmured. "I guess I was too fresh. Have a good time?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he inquired with a wicked grin.

An armistice was declared before they went to sleep, but it was only a surface manifestation. Underneath, both Johnnie and Maybelle were seething with a curious unrest. Nothing precisely like this had ever marred their settled matrimonial calm before. Being thus rudely jostled out of her accustomed groove, Maybelle became the prey of a thousand tantalizing suspicions.

They began to disturb her mightily when Millie Anderson reported for the Monday rehearsal at the Regent the next morning. She breezed onto the stage, a saucy and lively young person with a pair of dancing eyes, a lithe, slender figure and a pleasant, soft laugh. She wore a modish tailored suit that settled snugly over her alluring curves and she immediately became the focus point of interest as if by divine right. "Hussy" was the descriptive word which Maybelle found herself unconsciously phrasing; but even as it came to her lips she reluctantly admitted the seductive charm of the object of her disdain.

While the orchestra leader protested noisily to a team of comedy acrobats concerning the torn and tattered condition of their music, Johnnie strolled leisurely over to the side of the stage where the fascinating Miss Anderson was holding court and drew her aside. Maybelle watched them avidly as their conversation became animated. Trixie Turner, at her elbow, nudged her none too gently.

"Maybe that's Maizie now," she whispered insidiously.

"No, it ain't; that's Millie."

"Well, you aren't goin' to let a little thing like a label stand between you and your duty to yourself, are you, dearie?"

"You shut up, Trixie Turner," replied Maybelle viciously. "I guess I know my way about."

But she didn't. She moved to the back of the stage and circled around, in a whirl of uncertainty, until she reached a position just behind her husband and his new friend. Johnnie, whose phlegmatic temperament seemed to be strangely bubbling, was chuckling gleefully at something the girl was saying. He caught Maybelle's eye and beckoned to her. She refused to move. He took Miss Anderson by the arm and swung her around.

"Miss Anderson," he said, "I want you to meet the other half of the act. She and I have been hooked up for fifteen years. I was tellin' her all about you last night."

"That's nice," said Miss Anderson, extending a daintily gloved hand. "I hope he didn't slam me too hard, Mrs. Van."

Maybelle reluctantly took the proffered hand and gave it a limp pressure.

"I wouldn't let him do that," she replied with a hastily donned pretense of amiability. "As a matter of fact, he's spent a coupla hours postin' three-sheets of you all over the flat."

Miss Anderson beamed on Johnnie.

"You're a dear man," she murmured. "They don't usually do that—at least not in front of their wives."

She smiled archly as Maybelle writhed inwardly. Johnnie vaguely drew a figure on the floor with a patent-leather toe and tried to appear unconcerned.

"Well, Johnnie's different," remarked Maybelle. "He never goes off the reservation. He knows that if he did mamma would be mixin' it up pretty lively with everyone concerned."

Miss Anderson laughed nervously and was saved from further confusion by a call from the orchestra leader. She sped across the stage to the footlights with the light, airy grace of a wind-tossed leaf. Maybelle, watching her, felt a sudden pang of self-pity.

"No use in gettin' silly and personal," growled Johnnie. "She's really a nice kid, you know. There ain't any harm in her."

"Yeh, she's just about as harmless as a rattlesnake, maybe, or a nice little head-on collision at fifty-two miles an hour. Put your brakes on, dearie, the cop's got his hand up."

She confronted him bravely thus for a moment and then turned to seek the comforting gloom of a dark corner of the stage, where welcome tears eased her misery.

Van and Walker were programmed as "next to closing" at the Regent, a better position on the bill than they customarily drew. Millie Anderson immediately preceded them. When Maybelle, fresh from particularly careful ministrations to her face and person, knocked at Johnnie's dressing-room door, a full fifteen minutes before the time for their turn, she received no response. Turning the knob, she found the room empty.

She hastened downstairs and found him in the R. I. entrance watching the Anderson girl's act.

"I thought I'd catch her new stuff," he murmured.

"So I see," she returned sarcastically. "If I won't disturb or distract you too much, I'll take a look at the young world beater myself."

Millie was in the middle of her first number, a chaste and charming ballad entitled I Love My Lovin' From My Lovin' Man. There was a frank and free abandon in every movement of her lithe form and in every cadence of her rather deep and resonant voice that set feet tapping and bodies swaying all over the house. Though Maybelle could see only a few people in the first row, she could feel with an experienced trouper's sixth sense that this was happening. She knew that this daring young person in the simple yellow frock, which set off so effectively her dark hair and her dancing black eyes, was holding the big audience with effortless ease, even as she was holding Johnnie, who was humming the lilting melody and keeping time with oscillating shoulders.

She came off in an outburst of clamorous applause. Johnnie leaned over and patted her on the back.

"They're eatin' it, kid," he whispered. "Make 'em like it some more."

She smiled saucily over her shoulder and tripped back into the footlights' glare for her second number.

"Better have a glass of water ready for her when she comes off again," urged Maybelle with heavy sarcasm. "She'll probably be thirsty."

Johnnie eyed her frowningly, but made no reply. She turned away and stumbled past a group of stage hands to the passageway leading to the alley. She felt that she needed air. Trixie Turner, trig and alert, was fumbling in the letter box on her way out of the theater.

"I guess you realize now that Johnnie's pretty thoroughly hipped," she remarked pertly. "He'll have a front seat in that entrance all week. Better let me take you in hand, old dear, before the goin' gets too hard. Bawl me out again if you want to, but I'm goin' to keep handin' you an earful until you come out of it. You're in deeper than you realize, dearie, take it from old Grandmother Turner. Will you talk it all over with me again?"

"Maybe I will," replied Maybelle in a dead voice. "It's beginnin' to hurt."

"At-a-girl," responded Trixie heartily. "We'll show that hoofer where she gets off to take the ferry!"

Johnnie flared up after the matinée as they rode downtown to dinner in a taxi.

"Your new line of comedy ain't makin' a hit with me, old lady," he remarked, after a period of audible silence. "One would think from the way you're actin' that I was makin' a play for this Anderson kid instead of just tryin' to be decent to a swell little dame."

"I am sorry," replied Maybelle. "I guess maybe I'll try out a new act. Maybe I might start doin' a little vampin' myself."

Johnnie laughed coarsely and turned a grinning face to her.

"Fat chance you'd have," he chuckled. "They still like 'em young no matter how old they are. You ain't cut out for the Pola Negri stuff, dearie, any more than I am for nosin' in on Valentino parts. You'd better come down from the flyin' rings and hit the ground."

She didn't answer him. In her heart there was a blend of misery and blind rage that rendered her strangely inarticulate. They exchanged no more than monosyllabic grunts during dinner, and at the theater that night she refused to listen to the proffered sympathy and advice of Trixie Turner. That businesslike and sane person made no further attempt to talk to her beyond their purely formal contacts on the stage until the Wednesday matinée. She slipped into Maybelle's dressing room during the intermission.

"Throw me out on my left ear when I've finished," she began, "but listen to me first. There's more in this Anderson case than meets the naked eye."

"I know all about it," said Maybelle wearily. "They were talkin' together for half an hour last night and he shuts me up every time I mention her."

"Huh! You don't know the half of it, dearie. Get the smellin' salts ready. I saw 'em together this morning and you'll never guess where. They'd be worried if they thought I was on."

Maybelle turned a worried face toward her friend.

"Spill it," she murmured. "Where were they?"

"Over on Forty-eighth Street."

"What doing?"

"Why, they was comin' out of a new six-story furnished apartment over near Fifth Avenue that was opened last winter. It's some swell dump, believe me. I guess maybe, though, if they'd been lookin' right at me they wouldn't have noticed me, bein' so interested in what they were talkin' about. He was showin' her a long paper that looked like a lease to me, and explainin' it to her. I was afraid to tag 'em. They went over toward Sixth. She don't live there—yet. I happen to know where she's stoppin'."

"You don't think they—that he might be ——"

Maybelle floundered hopelessly for words.

"It looks mighty suspicious to the lady detective. You're booked solid for a string of ten weeks in and around New York, aren't you?—and she's goin' into that new revue Al Henderson is puttin' on. There was a squib in the papers this morning. That'll keep her in town too. You'd better get busy and start something quiet like before it comes time to hang the crape on the door. Don't do anything rough. Let it simmer a little and feel the situation out and do what I told you to do last Sunday. You can win him back yet before he's slipped the distance, but you've got to begin right now."

"How? What'll I do? Tell me, Trixie—tell me quick! You don't know how much—he's every ——"

Her voice broke in a gasping sob. The other woman put a mothering arm around her shoulder.

"There, there," she said soothingly. "We'll win him back between us. Just be nice to him—as nice as you used to be back in the old days. And tomorrow morning you just put yourself under the care of Old Doctor Trixie Turner, the well-known heart specialist."

Fate intervened later in the afternoon to help along the little conspiracy which they had begun to plan against the wiles of Millie Anderson. Johnnie found a telegram in the letter box as he and Maybelle were leaving the theater. He read it and turned a sickly white.

"It's from my sister," he mumbled. "My dad's dead. Golly, but I'd like to have seen the old fellow just once more before he cashed in. Always thought I was kind of nuts for goin' on the stage, and never saw me act; but my sister told me he was so darned proud of that ad with our picture in it in the Christmas Billboard that he showed it to everyone in town—went around personally to about every house—not much of a job, at that, considerin' the size of the tank he lived in."

"I'm sorry, Johnnie, awfully sorry. Iowa, wasn't it?"

"Smith Center, Iowa. Corner of Main Street and Railroad Alley—little white house with green shutters and a picket fence and a pansy bed right in the center of a two-by-four lawn. The Presbyterian Church was right across the street and big maple trees all down the block. I ain't been there since—why, I guess it's eleven or twelve years—not since that summer you went up on the Michigan peninsula to visit your mother; but I've kept in touch with 'em every week. I've got to go now, though. Sis is all alone and she'll need someone to keep her head above water for a few days. I want to see the old fellow once more, too, before they lay him away. Pretty good to me he was when I was a kid. Never licked me once even. Yes, I've got to get out there—tonight."

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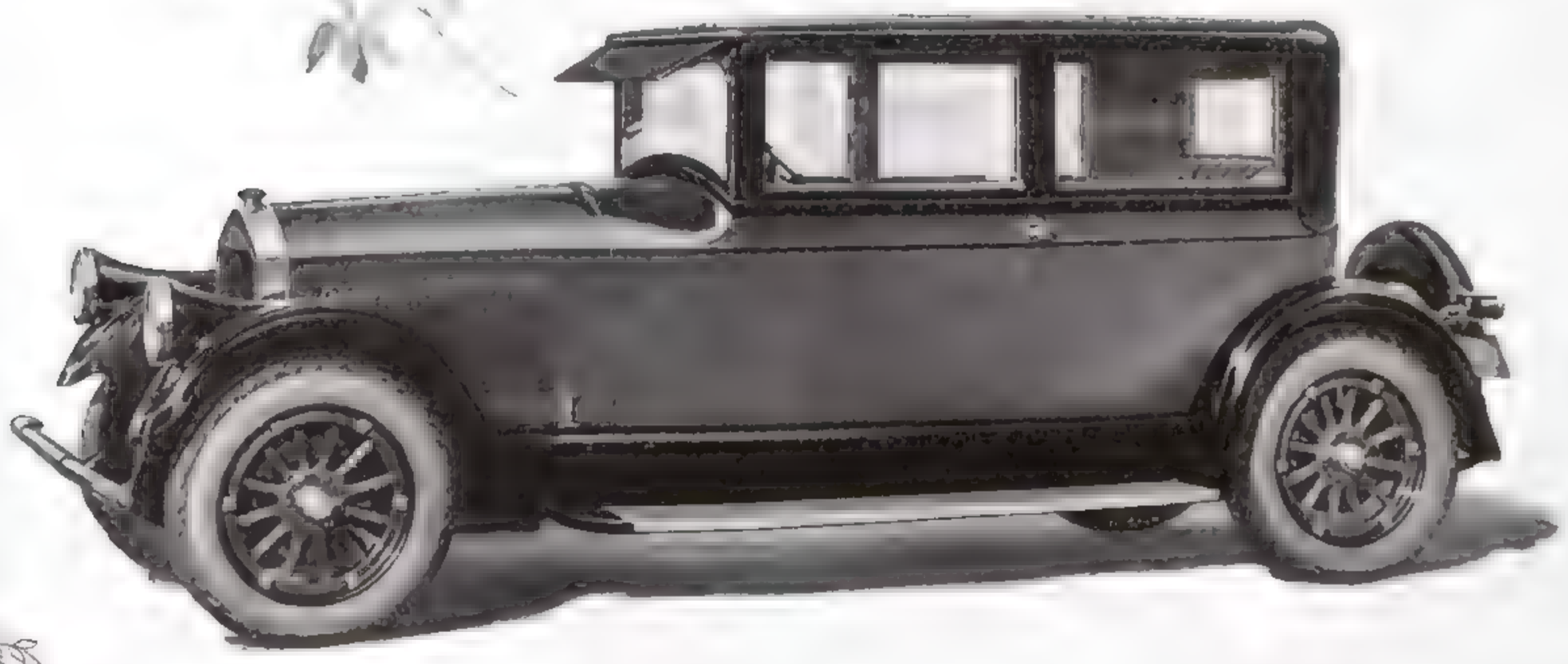

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(Continued from Page 56)

"We'll have to cancel then."

"They're decent about things like death and so on, up in the office. We'll play tonight and I'll take the midnight. I'll cancel next week too. I'll have to stay out there and settle things up. Sis don't know a thing about business."

She helped him in a frenzy of packing at the apartment and rushed down to the station in a taxicab while he got in touch with one of the booking executives. An earlier position on the bill was arranged for them, and he tried to infuse a little additional gayety into their final performance; but his customary gusto was lacking and he went through the fifteen minutes' routine with deadly listlessness. He cried a little when they came off in the gloomy darkness and she found voluptuous pleasure in comforting him.

Millie Anderson was waiting for them when they came down the iron stairway after a hurried wash-up. Maybelle bridled at the sight of her.

"I'm terribly upset, Mr. Van," she murmured, holding out her hand. "Isn't there anything I can do? I'd like to send some flowers or something."

Johnnie took her hand and held it for a moment.

"That's all right, kid," he said, patting it gently. "It's good of you to say that—mighty good."

Maybelle caught his arm and rushed him toward the stage door.

"He's got to make his train," she snapped, "and he hasn't got any time for lingerin' at the front gate."

At the station, she saw him aboard the 11:30 for Chicago and said good-by in the narrow passageway at one end of the sleeper.

"Be careful what you eat," she cautioned, "and don't drink any water out in that tank town unless it's boiled. Your rubbers are in the black bag and don't forget to wear 'em if it rains. Don't shed your muffler if it gets warm, and I wouldn't fall for any homemade gin out there. It's probably terrible."

"All right, old lady," he replied, putting an arm around her. "Keep the home fires burnin' and I'll be back a week from Saturday. I'll be too busy to write."

He kissed her with something that for him approximated warm affection.

Trixie Turner found her sunk in misery the next morning. Her eyes were red from weeping and she had slipped on the same old frayed and sloppy kimono.

"It's the first time he's been away for more than ten years," she sobbed. "I can't ever lose him, Trixie old girl, I just can't "

"That's good," replied her friend briskly. "Now can that nightmare you've got on and let me manage your act for ten days. You're goin' to play a lot of dates on the beauty circuit, dearie; and when this Johnnie person comes back to town you're goin' to be at least a runner-up in the Fascination Stakes."

Maybelle presently found herself completely under the dominance of Trixie Turner, who helped her into her street clothes and assisted her in the mysterious ritual of the powder rag and lipstick with all the brisk efficiency of a theater maid making a quick change between scenes. Before she was hardly conscious of what was afoot, she found herself in a somewhat bewildering beauty bazaar.

When Maybelle emerged into the light of day three hours afterward, she had been massaged and manicured, in addition to having had her hair bobbed, washed and hennaed. Her face had been made up by a voluble Frenchwoman who had expressed the opinion that she would be *très charmante* in a very little while if she would consent to take a daily course of super-special treatments, which were, she was assured, the final blending of science and art in the service of beauty. She had bought a coupon book entitling her to the privilege of undergoing these rites for a period of two weeks, thereby saving exactly seventy-five cents.

"I'm dyin' in my tracks and as hungry as a Broadway panhandler," she murmured. "I'm goin' home and take a long, dreamy nap after I've had my lunch."

"You're not goin' to do anything of the kind," replied Trixie firmly. "We're goin' to do a little shoppin' after you've had a cup of chicken broth, and then we'll take a trip around the reservoir in the park. If I catch you eatin' more than a cup of broth for lunch from now on, or sleepin' in the daytime, I'll put the gloves on with you."

The shopping expedition led them to the lingerie department of one of the larger shops devoted to women's wear; and here Maybelle permitted herself to be bullied by Trixie into the purchase of an array of luxurious finery that would have done credit to the trousseau of a bride from the East Sixties.

The walk in the park was slightly curtailed as to distance so that Trixie might get up to the theater. She got back in time to find Maybelle lying back dejectedly in the morris chair and trying to keep her eyes open.

"The first three days are the hardest, dearie," she remarked cheerfully. "You're lookin' better already. Did you take a peek in the glass?"

Maybelle nodded. She had surveyed herself carefully upon her return, and had discovered that despite her desperate weariness she looked far better than she had looked in years. The bobbed hair became her and it had a sheen and luster that had been missing since the days of her youth. Her skin, too, looked fresher, and the little bags under her eyes seemed to have been mysteriously ironed out. She wouldn't admit this to Trixie, however. She kept up her querulous complaints throughout the meager dinner which that domineering lady ordered, and during the next few days she whined incessantly from morning to night.

Johnnie had been gone for a full week when Trixie insisted one morning that Maybelle don a complete outfit "from the skin out," as she expressed it, before they started on their daily round. It was a rejuvenated and transfigured Maybelle who stepped into the living room half an hour later. She had lost pounds as a result of the starvation diet to which she had submitted; and her figure, in a trig and snappy dark blue suit, was beginning to take on some of the contours of an earlier day. Her face, too, under a smart velvet toque cocked at a rakish angle, was deceptively young looking. Trixie surveyed her admiringly.

"There," she said with enthusiasm, "what price Maizie now? Why, when he gets home, dearie, you'll have to cancel another week and take a flying honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls! Don't you feel better?"

"I suppose I do," replied Maybelle, with a certain hesitation; "but I wish I could take these darned rubber corsets off and get my teeth into a good square meal, with lots of mashed potatoes and gravy and a piece of custard pie. Do you think it'll really stop him with this Anderson hussy?"

"Sure," replied Trixie, with a compelling air of certainty. "Why, you'll have him so he won't even turn his head to take a slant at Gloria Swanson herself!"

It was on the following afternoon that Maybelle found herself unexpectedly relieved of the necessity of taking her customary walk around the reservoir. Trixie had an engagement with her dentist and was unable to accompany her. After promising to follow the routine alone, Maybelle became a shameless backslider when her friend left her. She returned to the quiet seclusion of her apartment, determined to luxuriate in an afternoon nap. She removed her outer garments with a certain malicious pleasure; and as she opened the closet to hang them up, her hands slipped through the soft silkiness of a negligee which had arrived only the day before and which Trixie had insisted that she don for the arrival of Johnnie on Saturday.

She drew it out and held it up for inspection. It was a chic affair of pale pink crêpe satin trimmed with creamy lace, and even to Maybelle's jaded senses it seemed to demand to be worn. For a moment she conjured up a picture of Johnnie's homecoming, his delight at the transformation and his complete forgetfulness of Millie Anderson and hypothetical Maizies. Moved by an impulse that she made no effort to control, she mentally planned a rehearsal of this little scene, and in another moment she had slipped on the seductive garment and was fastening it in place.

She touched up her face a little with hands that were far more adroit in the applying of artificial aids to beauty than they had been a week before, and she tidied her hair with a few quick movements. She was decidedly pleased with the vision that smiled back at her from the mirror. After all, Trixie probably had been right. Johnnie would be more of a fool than she thought him if he didn't warm up a little at the delightful surprise she had planned for him.

She strolled into the living room and lazily rearranged the cushions on the sofa, piling them at one end in a colorful heap. She sank into them with a grateful sigh of relief and let her whole body relax in luxurious abandon. It would be best, she thought, to greet Johnnie this way. There came to her a memory picture of a print that had hung in her bedroom as a child, a colored lithograph showing one of the fine ladies of the French court in the days of Le Grand Monarque receiving the homage of a gallant in just such a pose, and deigning, with a certain condescension, to permit him to kiss the tips of the fingers of her outstretched hand. Of course, she didn't expect that Johnnie would do exactly that, but it was pleasurable for a moment to fancy him doing it.

So absorbing was this fantasy that she did not hear the click of a key in the outer door. It was only when the door itself slammed that her thoughts came rushing back to reality. She turned her head in bewildered amazement and saw Johnnie standing on the threshold of the little hallway with a traveling bag in each hand. She was too startled to note the look of astonishment which spread across his face at the sight of her.

"Why, Johnnie," she murmured, "I didn't expect you for two days yet! I thought you said Saturday. I'm glad you ——"

Her speech was cut short by the crash of the two bags on the floor. He had dropped them both simultaneously.

"Who were you expectin'?"

His voice was cold and dead and his dark eyes bored her.

"Why, no one! I just put this on— I thought you'd like it—I've had a lot of things done since you went West. I ——"

"So I notice," he went on bitterly. "Who were you tryin' to vamp? Who was the guy you were waitin' for when I blew in ahead of my schedule?"

She tried to salvage her vanishing wits as she stood up unsteadily.

"The guy I was waitin' for?" she echoed incredulously. "Why, that's funny—that is! There wasn't anybody—nobody at all. I just did it because—because I thought—you might—you ——"

Her voice tapered off into incoherence and he laughed harshly.

"Talk that into the radio, old lady," he broke in with sneering sarcasm, "and bunk the boobs with it, but don't try to hand it to me. Dolled up like a show window and made up for the first act and just hangin' around, eh? Say, dearie, your audience is dyin' on your hands. Better get some new stuff."

"But honest, Johnnie, I was just tryin' to——"

"Yeh, I know what you were just tryin' to do, and I'm glad I decided to beat it back before when I said. Thought I'd surprise you. I was thinkin' about you all the way back, too, and now—aw, I always was cut out for a sucker."

He reached for his bags with a final snarl of disgust. Sensing his purpose, she sprang forward and caught his arms.

"Honest, Johnnie," she gasped, "I was all dressed up for you—honest!"

He flung her away roughly, dropped one of the bags and pulled open the door. She stood leaning limply against the wall of the hall, rendered almost inarticulate by the sheer absurdity of the situation.

"You ain't goin', are you, Johnnie?" she faltered.

"Sure I'm goin'," he remarked with brutal curtness. "Give my regards to your Romeo. We'll fix up the business details later."

The door swung to in her face and she stared with unseeing eyes at its dark panels. Then, after a moment, her knees gave under her and she would have fallen had she not clutched at the side of the door. She stumbled into the living room, and as she brushed a chair the flimsy negligee caught on a sharp corner and tore. Her hands flew to the rent and she pulled it apart with savage fury. There was nothing but the shreds of the garment left when she dropped on the sofa.

Trixie Turner's laugh seared the raw edges of Maybelle's nerves as it came over the phone.

"Cut the comedy, Trixie," she snapped. "I ain't in any humor for it. What did he say? Where'd you find him?"

"Over at the N. V. A., almost weepin' into a plate of soup—first thing he'd eaten since noon. He wouldn't listen at all at first, but I made him, and what's more I made him fall for everything I said. He's so ashamed that it's pitiful. Said I'd have to turn around and square it with you after I'd finished with him. Said he didn't know how he could face you, but I got him out of that. He's on his way up there now. Be nice to him. I wish I thought Billy cared as much about me as Johnnie does about you. Oh, yes, he told me about that Anderson dame too. That's funny, that is."

"What's funny about that?"

"Why, us thinkin' there was anything wrong. It seems she's engaged to marry Dave Chandler, who's closin' Saturday night with the Gayeties and joinin' the new revue she's goin' into. Dave wants to slip down to City Hall Monday morning when he gets to town and get it over quick, and he wrote Johnnie—they've always been pals—to help her out in gettin' an apartment. Told him she didn't have the business head of a baby clam, but that she insisted upon havin' a home ready when he got back. Johnnie simply went along to keep her from bein' bilked by one of those hold-up real-estate men. He didn't tell you, because you got so sore that first night he spoke about her. I'm a great little fixer, ain't I?"

"Yeh, I'll get you to rewrite our new sketch for next season; and then after we've tried it out, I'll send for you to put back all the old stuff again. You'll have a lot of fun."

She hung up the phone with a vicious slam as the doorbell rang.

"Come in—it's unlocked," she called out tremblingly.

The next moment she felt a stubbly beard against her cheek and life was pleasant once more.

Johnnie drew a bulky package from under his arm when she relaxed.

"Thought you might like some of them nut caramels you were always so crazy about," he said half apologetically.

She snatched the parcel from him and feverishly began to unfasten it.

"You're a nice man, Johnnie," she murmured.

He grinned sheepishly.

"Thanks, old girl," he said tenderly. "Say, I'm glad you put that old kimono on. I always liked it. Remember the day you bought it out in Frisco and the way I made that old Chink come down on the price? You ain't goin' to leave your hair bobbed like that, are you? I liked it long a lot better."

She shook her head. She couldn't speak. Two caramels at a time are mouth filling, to say the least.

And it
Worked!

ONE of the girls at the office had told her about how she was using Listerine as a refreshing deodorant at times when she didn't have time for a tub or shower.

At first she was incredulous; but then one evening she tried her friend's suggestion, and to her surprise *it worked*—most agreeably!

Listerine really is delightfully refreshing and effective as a deodorant when you don't have time for a real bath.

And there are many such occasions, particularly in summer:

When you feel hot and uncomfortable—maybe after shopping.

When you want to freshen up quickly after exercising.

When you're touring and it's miles between tubs.

When traveling on trains makes you wish for the day's end back home.

Or when you do a tee-line from the office to a dinner engagement.

It does the trick—and it's *safe*. Listerine won't irritate the skin or stain garments. You'll be delighted with it.

To test the deodorizing properties of Listerine, simply try this some day: *Rub a little fresh onion on your hand. Then douse on Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.*

You'll say it's remarkable—and it is.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

Listerine is made only by the Lambert Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.

THE LAUGHING LEGACY

(Continued from Page 7)

"You were stark, staring mad when you made over the bulk of the Griswold fortune to that female."

"So you've told me. And I've told you repeatedly, O'Hara, that I was perfectly sane, knew what I was doing, and don't regret a bit of it."

"Well, I'm here to say that you'll regret it, all right—more than anything you ever did in your life."

"That, likewise, has not the sound of news from you. What's on your mind?"

"Didn't I advise you that it was a mistake to hold only that Northern Atlantic Railroad stuff?"

"You most certainly did. But I happen to be a director ——"

"You've been out of commission almost a year!"

"Don't get excited. I know the road's condition."

"Oh, you do! Well, do you happen to know it's busted?"

Griswold was conscious of no definite sensation. His hands merely went cold as he straightened from his comfortable position into rigidity.

"That's impossible."

"However, it's a fact."

"I'd have been informed ——"

"You've had a proxy at the meetings. You haven't been permitted to talk business or see a report. All your mail is censored. Even the newspapers you read are gone over and whole pages taken out. Where the devil would you expect to get information? I wouldn't be telling you now if the road's going flooey didn't throw you in the street."

"When did this happen?"

"Been in the air for a month. Been on the way longer than that. Papers'll be full of it by tomorrow."

"And you didn't say a word!"

"Didn't know a thing about it. But you'll recall, I did say you were crazy."

"Must be some dirty work involved."

"Not a sign of it. Lot of old fossils running the road when there should be young blood."

"And I thought conservatism would insure its safety." The words came dazedly after a moment of complete silence. "This is colossal!" O'Hara grudgingly rested a hand on the lean tense one that gripped the chair arm. "What the hell am I going to do?"

"Only one thing you can do—get hold of that girl and make her give back what belongs to you."

Griswold gazed out of the window, mouth tightening.

"Doesn't belong to me any more, O'Hara."

"What rot! Hallucinations of a sick man! You could prove undue influence in any court."

The man in the wheel chair whisked it round until it directly faced his counsel.

"Look here, O'Hara, you know she didn't want it—made a fuss about taking a penny. Now you swallow what you just said—hear me?"

"All right, all right, old man. Don't get excited. Situation's bad enough. Want to clean it up for you. That's the only thing we've got to settle now. I'll see Miss Cowper—talk things over ——"

"No, you won't!"

"Don't be a jackass the second time! There's nothing else to be done." George Griswold's gaze turned once more to the dazzling parade of spring. "I tell you," his counsel emphasized with a bang of the fist, "things have got to be adjusted immediately. Not an hour to lose!"

"All right, I'll see her myself."

"When?"

"She'll be here in fifteen minutes or so."

"Then I'll wait."

"No, you won't!" Griswold repeated decisively.

"Why?" The cliff-like brows came together. "Afraid to have me present? Turned sentimentalist at this late date?"

"She'll insist on handing over the whole thing, and I won't have it."

"Convince her it's unnecessary." The attorney's mouth twitched with the barest suggestion of cynical mirth. "That'll be easy enough."

"You don't know her."

"Do you?"

"Well enough to realize she's proud as Lucifer. Your method of attack won't work, O'Hara. Matter of fact, it won't be necessary."

"If you think you know how to handle any woman, you're a wiser philosopher than I am." O'Hara lunged out of his chair. "Well, go to it. I'll be back at five and get results."

George Cowper Griswold made no reply. As the door closed, he rolled his chair away from the sun-splashed, gay-colored panorama into the shadows at the other side of the room. He could not think in the light. And a delicate situation had to be approached with the utmost delicacy. A nasty trick, this. His plans, so carefully made, shot to bits. The position of having to take back even a small portion of what he had given was embarrassing in the extreme. Why hadn't he been informed of conditions? Then it occurred to him that he could have done nothing. Problems were out of his line. Whenever possible, he side-stepped them. The line of least resistance was so easy to travel. The Pullman de luxe on a smooth roadbed! At college he had been an athlete. But he had quit athletics after his sophomore year. Too many restrictions. Too much training.

Later in life, it had been the same. He had grown into the habit of shifting responsibilities to the shoulders of associates who wanted to take them on. It was a comfortable arrangement, satisfying all round. Yet now, in a few minutes, he would be up against the most difficult problem a man could tackle—the question of undoing what he had done, with fairness to both himself and a highly sensitized woman.

She came in before he had reached any definite conclusion as to method of attack. Rather a good thing, that, because so much would depend on her own mood. It was gay as the day. Spring seemed to bubble through it. She laughingly whirled round to exhibit a new suit, which he found much the same as her winter outfit, plain and blue and severe of line. But his eye, accustomed to gauge good tailoring, told him that this was well cut, while the other had been obviously ready-made. In the buttonhole was a tiny bunch of violets.

"Spring," she laughed. "I had to wear a bit of it, so bought them of a street vender—a quarter. Have a sniff, we don't charge for it." She went close, leaned over him. Her gray eyes seemed to shine through the dark. "And by the way, Miss White is bringing up some lilacs for you—big, bunchy, purple ones. I couldn't resist them either."

She was on tiptoe, literally, figuratively. Very little changed physically from the woman who had walked into that room for the first time six months before. But how much more youthful in manner, in brightness of eye, elasticity of step. Great thing, this freedom from that eternal stalking ghost—money! All the more reason why she must not be permitted the magnificent gesture of turning back the entire fortune.

"You ought to be able to take a drive soon," she fairly bubbled on, going to the window and opening it wider so that a scented breeze swirled in. "Why do they shut you up this way?"

He smiled indulgently.

"Don't be so impatient, child. I've made miraculous progress as it is. Come here; there's something I want to talk over."

"You come over here, out of that dark corner. Why hide away from the sun?"

The nurse came in with a pottery bowl dripping purple bloom. He watched Gaye Cowper as she took it and went, head to one side like a pert little bird, from table to dresser, trying first one place, then another. Finally she decided on a small taboret near the window and had him wheel his chair close to it.

"Now will you let me talk to you?" he urged when they were once more alone.

She pulled up a low chair and sat down beside him, drawing off her hat, putting it carefully to one side. The habit of care was as noticeable as when she had not possessed a penny. His eyes followed every move hungrily, though he did not know it. Fingers of sunlight settled on her brown hair, gilding it. They touched her eyes, lighting their odd depths. They caressed her cheek, making its smooth pallor luminous. Backgrounded by the rich luscious lavender of the lilacs against dark walls, her irregular little face was positively beautiful that spring day. That moment as she sat gazing up at him made a picture he had reason never to forget.

He rested silently a while, loath to intrude on the spell any suggestion of commercial thought. But O'Hara would be back. It had to be done quickly. He reached out, laid a hand on hers, just as he had at their first interview.

"Gaye," he began, "a queer bromide—isn't it?—that old saw about the best laid plans of mice and men."

"Interesting," she observed. "If everything turned out as we humans plan it, this poor old world would go to the demnition bowwows. What a mess!" Her laugh chimed at the prospect.

"Yet we think we're doing it for the best."

"Our own best, you mean. The other fellow's seldom concerns us."

"Well, why not?" he defended. "Every man has a right to protect his own interests, hasn't he?"

"Um"—her head went to one side again with a characteristic movement of concentration—"yes, I suppose so. But the question is, does he know his own interests well enough to protect them? Now, for instance, did you do the best thing, handing over all that money to me when you thought you were going to die?"

He sat suddenly erect. Good! She had herself opened the subject. Strange, too, this was the first time she had voluntarily referred to it.

"Of course I did!" he said without hesitation, and smiled. "The best move possible. If I had died, the money was in the best place possible. As it is, I've merely, in a way, changed my banker."

She frowned, a bit puzzled.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when one creates a trust fund and has no heirs, one can draw a fat income for the rest of one's life and let the money go to the bank that is holding the fund at one's death. Now I might look upon you in just that way."

The frown deepened.

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Of course, dear girl"—his voice grew a bit husky—"I don't want you to think that was a condition of the transfer. I gave you what I had, without equivocation or strings tied to it, as you put it, and you know I've never been sorry. We understand each other on that score, don't we?"

"Yes, I think so."

"But conditions have come up, regrettable and awkward, to say the least."

"Yes?" she prompted, as he paused.

"I am at this moment a bankrupt, due to the fact that the bonds I held for myself aren't worth the paper they're printed on." The words came gently. He halted, looking at her. She said nothing. Only the hand under his slipped away. "You must not for an instant get the idea that I want back what I gave. I merely counted on the Northern Atlantic Railroad as security as sure as the Bank of England, and it's smashed," he concluded with something approaching his old-time grimace.

Her eyes drew from his, as if with effort. He could not read their expression. They strayed about the room, then centered on the hands that were clasped tightly in her lap.

"What do you want of me?" she put at last.

"No more than this," he answered quickly, glad she had propounded a direct question: "I will take the amount of the bonds I held out—and no more. Please understand that distinctly. We'll look upon it as income from the trust fund I spoke of—only my banker can hand it over in a lump sum instead of yearly."

"Then you are asking back what you gave me," she said after a moment, and her voice was so low he thought he missed the sense of the words.

"No, I want you to keep the rest—all of it."

"Still, no matter how we put it, you're asking me to return to you a considerable slice of the Cowper Griswold fortune, aren't you?"

He tried to see her eyes, thinking there must be some misinterpretation in his own mind.

"Comparatively speaking, a very small sum that I know you won't miss."

The eyes lifted to his then. The sunlight had gone out of them.

"That's rather absurd, isn't it? You suddenly spill a fortune into my lap like magic—I, who have always counted every dollar! You, who have never counted one! And just when I'm beginning to count it, to realize what a blessing it is, never to have to worry again, you ask me to give back a portion, as if it were no more than a tip to a waiter or a—a taxi driver."

He did not credit the indignation in her voice. He simply stared at her as if to convince himself that Gaye Cowper were actually there.

"Do you mean you raise an objection to doing what I ask?" he brought out at length.

"Why shouldn't I?" Her head lifted suddenly. "What do you know about it? All your life you've given yourself everything you wanted. I've had nothing. You've never known an instant of deprivation. I've been hemmed in by it. You've never had anyone dependent on you. I've always had to think of others. You've come and gone as you pleased. I've never been able to go anywhere. Grind, grind—that's all I've ever known. I've loved beauty and been cut off from it. You've been bored to death by all the things I've longed for. Why, I used to come to this house once a year and wonder how you could live in it so casually, as if it were yours by right instead of just accident. You never knew how blessed you were. I've always hated you for that. Then by a miracle, suddenly, out of a clear sky, it comes to me—all this glory of living. I didn't ask for it, didn't seek it. It just came. I've thanked God for it, on my knees, every day since. Why should I give up one bit of it now?"

The phrases poured from her, a torrential stream, as if, held back for centuries, they had suddenly crashed through the dam and beyond the power of man's halting. The force of them might have worn away stone. The shock of them held speech in abeyance.

George Cowper Griswold sat perfectly still, held motionless by the attempt to seize their full import. An impossibility! Beyond belief! This woman facing him—she could not be the same who, like the spirit of spring, had bent over to give him the fragrant message of violets not half an hour ago. The thought could not seep into his petrified brain. He tried to face the impasse he was up against—of his own making. All he could see was that face so changed, tightened up stiffly, with a hardness adamantine.

(Continued on Page 82)

NASH

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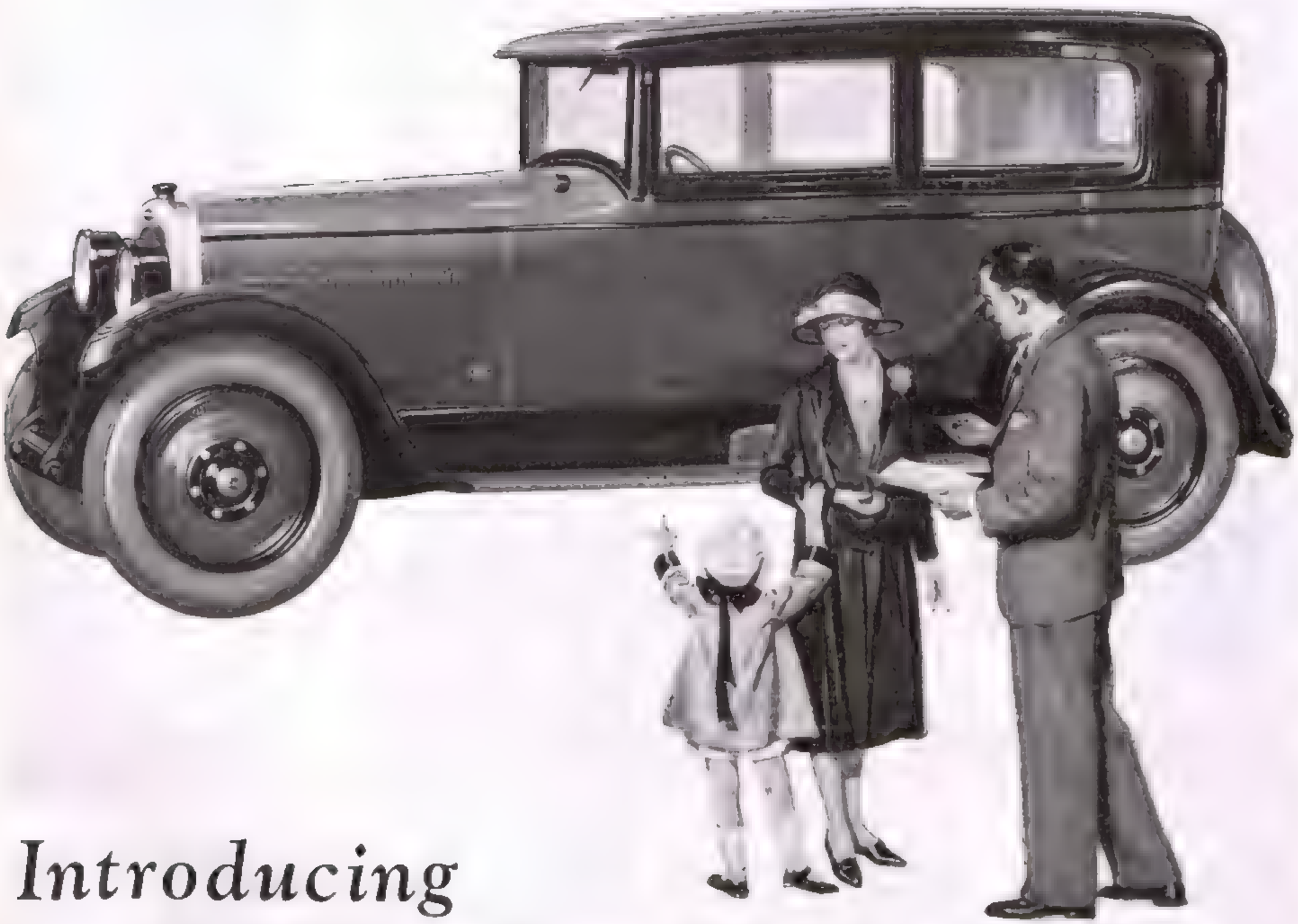

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Another pleasing advantage is the broadness of the doors. Those occupying the parlor-car type front seats need only to lean forward slightly to make your entrance to the rear seat conveniently easy.

Of particular interest, too, is the fact that 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, full balloon tires, and 5 disc wheels are included *at no extra cost.*

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin* (1081)

Watch This Column

What "White List" Means

The term "Universal's White List" is not merely an advertising trade-term, but means that the 54 feature pictures to be produced by Universal this year will be white, clean and wholesome—that the stories have been chosen from the best authors—produced by the best directors. They will be such pictures as the whole family may see without a blush, yet invested with all the dramatic power and beauty which stir human emotions.

"White List" stands for white business dealings with the public and with the theatre owner. It will convey to you the significance of an evening of the most delightful entertainment and, before the season is over, I am confident that "White List" and Universal will be American household words.

MARIAN NIXON

In line with this, I want you to see *"The Teaser"* in which LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY have scored such a hit- *"Siege"* in which VIRGINIA VALLI, EUGENE O'BRIEN and MARY ALDEN win new laurels—*"The Man in the Saddle"* which critics agree is one of HOOT GIBSON'S good pictures. These are among the first of the "White List." And ere long *"California Straight Ahead"* with REGINALD DENNY in the hero's role will be seen at the better theatres. I'd like your written opinions of all of these.

"Greater Movie Season" is on. It is a movement for better pictures in which all the big producers, newspapers and theatre owners will join and it has special significance for those attending theatres showing Universal's "White List" pictures.

Authors: If you want to sell the screen rights to your stories, bear in mind that action is a vital ingredient. Also remember everybody loves a happy ending. Many good pictures fail for want of a strong attractive title. I prefer to produce pictures under the original name. But if these titles are weak or obscure, we are compelled to change them. I regard this as being very important.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny? One will be sent you on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 60)

"I'm to gather then," came from him without his knowledge, "that you point-blank refuse to accede to my request?"

"I consider myself under no obligation whatsoever."

George Griswold went cold to numbness. He did not even know that his hands were gripping the chair with a tenseness that sent them blue.

"I—it's impossible to believe."

"Why? If I give you that much, how do I know that in another year you won't come to me asking for more? How do I know that eventually—even in a short time—I won't be penniless again? What guaranty of security have I from a man who's never had the least idea of the value of money?"

He dropped back in the chair, eyes closed; not from any sense of faintness but because he could not bear to look at her. When the lids did lift, she was standing, back turned, at the opposite side of the room.

The fatalistic march of circumstance, the humor of a man who had turned a trick on himself! Robbed himself with his Machiavellian scheme to defraud others! Yet that was not the blow. That back turned upon him—it was life turning its back, shrieking with laughter at him for the fool that he was.

"What, may I ask," he managed finally, "is your solution of this, shall we say, inconvenient situation?" He tried to phrase it with polite satire, to keep his voice from breaking. To acknowledge himself shaken emotionally was despicable. "You must realize, of course, that it rests absolutely in your hands."

She kept her back turned; not even the courage, he told himself, to meet the issue full face.

"Must it be settled today?"

"Absolutely. The sooner the better. Get it over with. This house is yours—I'll get out the instant I can."

"There's the farm in Connecticut or the ranch in Oregon. I could let you use either."

He made attempt to conquer the throttling disgust whose hands were at his throat.

"That's not the immediate question. You realize that there are doctors' and lawyers' fees, bills of all kinds. Also that they are debts of honor—absolutely must be met."

Still she did not turn.

"Oh," came her voice, almost casually, "I'll pay your bills and keep you going, of course. There's nothing else I can decently do."

His hands dug into the chair until the nails cracked. In the complete stillness that followed what she said, one could distinctly hear them snap off.

"You want to make me a dependent then," he managed after a long moment.

"That's entirely up to you, isn't it?"

He gave a curt laugh that was little more than a crackle.

"Hardly! Just now, I am entirely at your mercy. But the instant I'm equal to it, the situation will be remedied, I assure you."

"Oh, don't worry! I'll take care of you. I'm in no hurry about that."

"But I am. My position at present is unspeakable—vile. I mean to get out of it, you understand."

His voice choked, broke. He caught onto it, grasped it, made the effort to steady it, as if with his two hands. Strangely enough, he had no sense of weakness. Physically, he was ice from head to foot; within, a seething volcano. A fighting madness such as he had never known could exist seized him. Also his own impotence to cope with her, to fight back against hideous injustice. He sat there in the spring sunlight, shaking white, yet with life burning through every vein.

The surge of battle, the impulse to tell her what he thought of her in terms he might have used to a man was conquered. Of what use? His own fault—misjudgment—good sportsmanship! Reactions tumbled one after another and left him with only the desire to get her out of his sight as quickly as possible.

She was still standing in the same position. That rigid back, head flung up defiantly.

"You said yourself one has the right to protect one's own interests," came low, yet crisp, exactly as though she sensed his thought.

She turned then without another word—as if, so far as concerned her, the door of a vault had slammed shut on further discussion. Still in shadow, it was difficult to make out her expression. But to Griswold, a strange new woman stood facing him; a pale determined hardness transforming the face he had known into a plaster cast.

"There's nothing more to be said just now, I presume."

"Nothing."

She took a step toward the door, another toward him.

"I hope—you don't think too harshly of me."

"What I think is of no consequence. In future you will hear from me through O'Hara."

He did not look at her, did not look after her as he had each day when she went from him. He heard her move to the door, heard it close. He merely sat staring out at the gay parade that still moved along the avenue.

Twenty minutes later Dennis O'Hara found him in the same position, head sunk on his chest.

"Well," the attorney burst in on him, "get it all settled satisfactorily?"

George Cowper Griswold did not answer for a moment. Then "Damn her!" he muttered, and repeated the words scarcely above a whisper.

III

A MAN walked out of the terminal and glanced up and down the crazily zigzag rush of traffic. Something approaching confusion held him at the curb. He had the complete stamp of a visitor, yet not a stranger. In his eyes was a welcoming curiosity. There was about him the appearance of waiting to see how this city of old acquaintance was going to greet him. But the city tore past, as cities have a way of doing, busily unaware of new arrivals or old friendships.

He stood a full minute while the porter impatiently dumped his bags into a taxi. These hicks always took a long time and gave a short tip. But to its owner's astonishment, a bill was shoved into his outstretched hand as the cab drove off.

The man leaned toward the window and gazed out at the smoky blue of winter twilight. A row of shops in a side street where three years before had been dignified residences! Commercial progress—what a devastator!

They turned into the Avenue. Not so great a change here. The same vista of sparkling lights illuminating a section which had been transformed for business purposes long before he went away. Still, up near the cathedral was a magnificent department store replacing the brownstone fronts he remembered.

He frowned as a sudden impulse made him instruct the driver to go up the Avenue ten blocks beyond the hotel whose name he had given. Here the alteration was abrupt and marked. Nothing but apartment houses, defiantly tall and modern; cave dwellings where had been the utmost restriction. He waited, with an inexplicable sense of choking, as they neared a certain corner. No, there it was, old and gray and queer of architecture, next to a building that looked like a toothpick. Its windows were dark, like eyes with lids closed.

He leaned out quickly, told the driver to turn back. At the hotel he registered as "George Griswold, Seattle, Washington," with firm muscular stroke that somehow seemed characteristic of the writer. A man tall and wiry, with a thin hardness that made the mouth grim. Above the high cheek bones, the eyes, set deep, were sternly direct. It would have been impossible to avoid them. The whites were clear as ice and somewhat of the same quality. A difficult enemy, one would have said at a glance; a force strangely granite.

He was shown to his room, changed, but not to dress clothes, and sent for an evening paper. But he could not read. A restlessness, such as he had not known in the three years of his absence, sent him to his feet, tramping the limited space of floor; stopping at the window every now and then; turning back; lighting a cigarette; tossing it away half smoked.

At seven, the exact hour of an appointment made by wire, the phone rang and Dennis O'Hara was announced. A knock, but the door was opened before it actually sounded. The man in the hall hesitated.

"Pardon," he said abruptly, "must be the wrong room." Then he peered in as the other's whole face softened in a smile. "George!" he choked.

With that odd strangled silence that indicates emotion between men, the attorney crossed the threshold, hand in the hand held out to him. There came no explosion of enthusiasm, no rush of question; just that eloquent lack of speech and the grip of friendship.

The same silence held them as they went down to dinner. When the order had been given O'Hara leaned back, eyes squinting, much as a connoisseur would regard a rare painting.

"Well, old man," he observed unnecessarily, "I wouldn't have known you."

George Griswold looked into the still astonished eyes and realized for the first time how completely transformed he must be to one who had last seen him shaky of hand, weak of step, flabby of muscle. To himself the change had been gradual, a building up in which he had counted the months as milestones.

"When I put you on the train," the attorney continued, "I said good-by once and for all; the day I saw you off—thought it'd be the last I'd ever see you."

"No, I couldn't let it go at that, old man." The softness of welcome gave way to sudden immobility. His face might have been stone-hewn, so rigid was the outline. "Hadn't the time or inclination to die while ——"

"—— while a woman would have to pay for the funeral," O'Hara completed the halted thought.

"All cleaned up now, isn't it?" The question was abrupt, sharp, with the thrust of a rapier.

"To the last penny."

"Including your fee?"

"I never let her settle that." And as the other man started to speak—"But don't be upset; you'll get a bill. Didn't like the idea of a woman supporting you, that was all."

"It was damnable!"

"Now that you look so darned prosperous, though, I'm likely to increase the ante."

Griswold smiled once more.

Continued on Page 64

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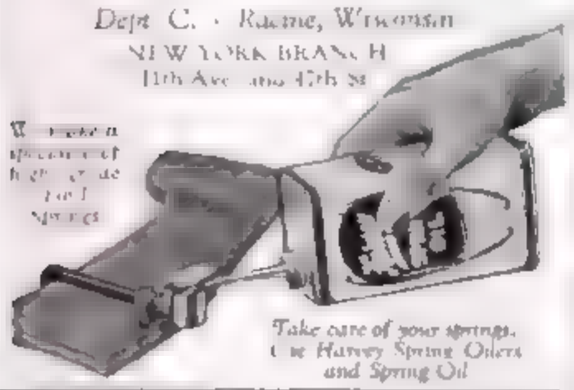

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Harvey RACINE

(Continued from Page 62)

"You never thought I'd make a living raising apples, eh?"

"Nowhere but in the Garden of Eden."

"I didn't myself. Never went near the ranch when I owned it. But it was a question of slave at something—no alternative. And living there so many months naturally roused interest in what they were doing."

"Like it?"

George Cowper Griswold looked at the man opposite with the sort of quizzical tongue-in-cheek grin that turns inward.

"I like being independent," was the curt reply. "And oddly enough, I never in my life knew what real independence means."

"Never earned a dollar in your life, that's why." The attorney bit off the words. Suddenly he started making bread pills of his roll in exactly the same manner he used when concentrating on a disturbing case. "By the way, how long you going to be here?"

"Until we clean up final details. Won't take more than a week, will it?"

O'Hara did not answer the question.

"Going to see her at all?"

The face across the table turned rigid.

"You know I'm not."

"Funny thing, never see or hear from her myself except formal acknowledgment of your checks as I pass them on. But once a month regularly she rings me to find out how you're coming along. Not more than a sentence or two—'Is he quite well?' And when she hears you are, that's all there is to it."

"Wants to be sure I won't cash in before she's paid up, I dare say. But, thank God, that's over and done too. You won't hear from her any more."

The words came crisply, through gritted teeth.

"I'm not so positive about that. Strange creature—don't get her at all."

"I prefer not to discuss her."

But O'Hara followed his own line of thought:

"She ever tell you I phoned her the day I brought you news of the Northern Atlantic's bust-up?"

Griswold frowned in a puzzled way.

"Phoned her before seeing me, you mean?"

"No, immediately afterward."

"Before she saw me then?"

"Yes; I thought it wiser to give her some idea of the state of affairs in advance of you."

George Griswold put down fork and knife and leaned back in his chair. A vision of Gaye Cowper, light of step, arms lilac-filled, erased the scene of sparkling lights, of men and women at the crowded tables. Those odd irregular features, the heart-shaped modeling with its deceiving sensitiveness, mocked memory. When she burst into his room like the spirit of spring—she had known then that he was bankrupt, had been fully aware of the situation she was about to meet. It made what she had done only more revolting.

"I told you I don't want to speak of her."

"Can't be avoided, I'm afraid." And as a bell boy came toward them, extending to the attorney a card on a silver tray, "She's here," he added.

George Cowper Griswold was on his feet, his face completely colorless.

"You'll have to excuse me," he brought out, after a second of silence.

The attorney's hand covered his.

"Wait a minute, old man!" came quickly. "You've got to see her. There'll have to be an interview before you leave town any way you look at it. Better here than at my office; that's why I told her to come tonight."

"You arranged this thing?"

"She asked for it—a particular favor. Hear what she wants, won't you?"

"I've heard all I care to. There's nothing more to be said on any score; you should have known that."

"Of course I do! If possible, my contempt for three years has exceeded yours. But she's here now; we can't escape her. And I'm curious to know ——"

"I'm not here to satisfy your curiosity." Griswold scrawled his name across the dinner check, his face now drawn with rage. "You'll kindly see her yourself and make no apology for me."

He was halfway down the long room, striding toward a side entrance, before O'Hara reached him. Without a glance at the other man, he swung through the doorway and toward the row of elevators. The mouth grimly set as it had been the day he decided on the living bequest which had leered back at him, the eyes like ice, the hands clenched until bones protruded white and sharp; the whole man's figure strung cable-tight, he went past a woman seated in the adjoining corridor without even seeing her.

She got up with a hurried little gesture. Her hand barely touched his sleeve.

"I won't keep you a moment—please."

He turned instinctively, not quite knowing what he was doing. She was standing a bit to one side, not in any way blocking his path. Assuming, of course, he saw at once, that he had come out of the dining room to see her. There could be no escape without a scene. O'Hara, back of her, spoke quickly:

"Suppose we sit right down here. George hasn't a suite upstairs."

She returned to her chair. He had a distinct impression of little change in her. The face thin, older rather, and paler than memory had it. And oddly enough, the severe blue suit identical. In fact it might have been the same one she had worn that day of final settlement. He did not study her further. Rage held him, his one desire to put this nerve-racking moment of encounter behind him.

"You're wondering, I suppose, why I was anxious to see you," she began without preamble.

He made no answer, nor did he look at her. She went on speaking as if she had not three years to bridge, yet with no attempt to personalize his attention. Her eyes clung, rather, to the attorney, fumbling in his pocket for a cigar.

"As I told Mr. O'Hara a week ago, it was probably a dreadful thing I did. I had no right to constitute myself mentor of another's life; no one has the right to do that."

Griswold turned sharply toward the man at the other side of Gaye Cowper. He was busily lighting the cigar. They sat an instant, in slow embarrassed silence, which she broke hesitantly, her voice for a space unrecognizable.

"I've often tried since to explain it to myself," she pursued, very low. "And I've realized that I did something I should never have done. I knocked the props from under you deliberately when I learned of the failure. I ——"

She paused. From Griswold's grim mouth not a sign that he had even heard her. Uncertainly she frowned at O'Hara.

"You've told him, haven't you?"

"I've given George no information," hastily put in the man who was never at a loss for words. "Thought I'd better leave that to you."

She gave a slight start, straightening perceptibly. A note of distress, such as had never before marked it, was evident in the clear, direct voice.

"Oh, but that makes it very difficult for me."

Griswold felt her searching for some way to go on. And this sensibility to her change of mood irritated him like the pull on an old scar. Often, during the past three years, some incident had twisted memory into a crippled caricature; only for a second, though. His complete contempt had banished the picture before it assumed actual form. Whatever had brought her to him the very day of his arrival, there could be in the visit no motive but justification of an act unjustifiable. His expression did not change. To an observer it could have indicated nothing.

"You see, they had told me—all of them," came from her—"even Doctor Hamilton—that you'd never be well—never strong, that is, or able to get about. You understand? And I was sure you could; that having come through so far, you could go the whole road." The old note of crisp defiance sharpened the words until they seemed to catch the light. "I'd watched you for—oh, so many years—longer than you dreamed—going your own sweet way. It was all so easy for you always that it never occurred to you to fight for anything. That's why, when illness came, it got you. You hadn't an interest in the world—not one. And then" she halted—"I—somehow I wanted you to feel your own strength. I probably blundered—made a mistake in doing it my own way ——"

Waiting frankly for some word from him, some sign that he had heard, she came to an awkward, abrupt stop. Couples drifted past. A whiff of perfume—laughter—a snatch of dialogue, of music—the gentle swish of silk—then shut-in silence once more—a suffocating stillness that pounded like the sea against George Griswold's eardrums.

The head in its close hat went up swiftly. She hurried on, as if now she too wanted to get it over with. There was a choke in the first sentence. But this she instantly conquered.

"I wanted you to have your health—that was my one wish. I was wrong to take things into my own hands. But I'm not sorry now." With a swift movement and mounting color, she leaned in the lawyer's direction. "Will you let me know, Mr. O'Hara, when you have ready whatever papers you want me to sign? You will find everything exactly as I took it over."

Like a slow automaton, Griswold found himself turning in the chair. His antagonism to the interview, his iron opposition, immovable in the face of what had seemed nothing more than attempt at self-justification, was swamped in sudden confusion. Until his gaze went past her and locked with that of the other man, he was completely blinded by it.

"She hasn't touched a cent except what's gone to you," O'Hara mumbled.

"How long have you known this?" Griswold heard himself asking.

"Only a few weeks. That's when I sent for you."

Griswold said nothing. At that particular moment he was conscious only of absolute relaxation, like a man who strains at a mountain only to find it a mirage.

When he did speak to the woman who had revealed so much more than she realized, it was to bark hoarsely, "How have you been living these three years?"

"The way I've always lived, of course—by teaching school."

The old challenge in the clear voice gave him the impulse to shout.

"I'll bet you haven't even bought a new dress," he shot at her.

"Of course I have. You talk as if the Cowper Griswold fortune had always been mine. As a matter of fact, it's never been anything but yours."

She got to her feet, concluding the matter.

Her face was quite white, yet somehow she looked younger once more and, as she stood between the two men, absurdly little. She held out a hand, none too steadily, to O'Hara.

"Good night, and thank you so much."

George Cowper Griswold caught it in the grip of both his own.

"Great Scott, Gaye!" he put to her like a small boy. "Don't leave me like this! We've got to decide what we'll do with all that money. I've only known what living is since I've been without it."

She smiled then, a swift blazing of light in the dark.

They stood in the midst of that sophisticated promenade, hands clinging together like two who have been lost and suddenly find their way. The attorney got to his feet very quietly.

"Wait, old man!" Griswold halted him. "Do your job as protector of my interests. Take us home with you. I can't kiss my girl in a hotel corridor."

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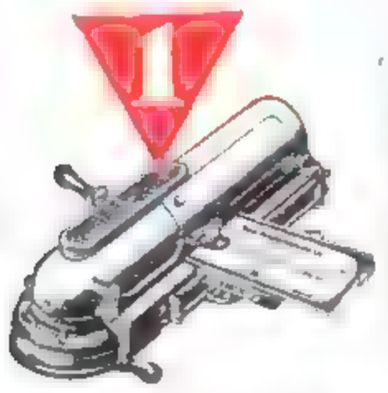

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POST-MORTEM

(Continued from Page 12)

She signed the notes, and the notes still existed, or had when Mrs. Coggeshall talked to me. She'd bought them up and still held them, swelled almost double with accrued interest, and as worthless as so many blank bits of paper.

One irritating thing about Albert Fleming to Mrs. Coggeshall and to all of us—for I was one; even I, a poor thousand; but that he should have been able to extract it from me was a major miracle—was that he lived so well.

"I have an expensive family," he would sigh; "but in spite of that I'm climbing out of debt, and if you'll be patient with me, if I can feel that you're my friend, and behind me ——"

Such an expensive family! Always being ordered by physicians to the most delightful places, always enchantingly dressed, always able to give an entertainment just a little more brilliant than anyone else's; while Albert Fleming looked on with pale, rather sad eyes, grateful that he could fulfill their little needs.

"Mamma loathed him," Jane said. "When she used to hear anything about him or his wife or the girls, it used always to give her a bad day—really, it did."

"That was my impression."

"But what I never understood was why she didn't sue him."

I then explained to Jane, at some length, the nature of Albert Fleming's amazing and impregnable fortune.

"She did sue him. I did. Everybody did. Everybody has judgments against him. But what good does that do? He hasn't a penny in his own name, except what he flings away on living expenses the instant he gets it. If one starts to put him into bankruptcy, all one can gain is a chance of dividing his nothing with his other creditors, and one always hopes that perhaps one of his projects will actually make money. There's a very real chance, for he has ability. He would have made money if he'd had an honest bone in his body. He has a good brain behind those pale-blue eyes."

"He must have, to cheat people as he does," Jane said sternly.

"And when he talks to you he's able to convince you that if that time ever came he'd pay you first, not the whole amount perhaps, but a big part of it, the instant he could, because of his affection for you, because it would be to his interest that you, his dear friend, with whom he's had such charming social relations, should be paid first."

"Oh, he's like something that crawls out from under a stone in the woods," Jane said.

"Before you condemn him utterly," I went on, "you must realize that the whole thing is a kind of game with him, and one from which he gets a definite sporting delight. Certainly it would be easier for most of us to cut down our expenses to the very limit than to be subjected to the kind of dunning which is his constant fare, and which he bears with a forgiving other-cheek expression which almost shakes your belief in his obligation. I think really to pay a note would be torture to him, even if he could with financial comfort. It would be, for him, what it is for a tennis champion to miss a serve in a tournament. He could have gone into voluntary bankruptcy years ago if he'd wanted to free himself from the harassments he has to undergo, but he doesn't want that. At the mere mention of bankruptcy his constant and spurious distress becomes actual.

"'That would be the end of me,' he says. 'I couldn't hold up my head after that.'"

"Then why didn't you or mamma put him in bankruptcy?" Jane demanded. Like all scientists, she knows nothing whatever about life.

"Oh, Jane," I said wearily, "it would be a lot of trouble and some expense; and, as I've explained, an utterly unbusinesslike thing to do. And if you have any business sense, it's impossible to outrage it just for the sake of one's annoyance."

"Besides," Jane said reflectively, "of course, mamma couldn't have felt about him as we thought." Then she fixed me with her eyes and the query I'd been rather talking against time to avoid was coming. "Why do you suppose she left him that money, Henry?"

"I suppose she was sorry for him," I lied glibly.

"You don't think she was in love with him?"

"Well, of course, it's possible." I tried lightly brushing the question aside. Jane saw through me.

"I knew that's what everyone would think," she said. "Ugh!"

As a matter of fact, wasn't it perfectly obvious? Everyone nowadays knows enough Freud to account for especial bitterness as inverted affection, and I suppose Albert Fleming is just the type to have a romantic appeal for an elderly lady.

How Jane hated the idea though! I suppose anyone in as close a relationship to Mrs. Coggeshall would have; but to me, as I thought of it, the conception was irresistibly droll.

Mrs. Coggeshall in love with Albert Fleming! It was as though a lady crocodile had conceived a passion for a pale-blue moth. Ponderous, shrewd Mrs. Coggeshall! I could have yelled with laughter. That hideous old house the bower of a great suppressed passion! And the public avowal by will! Everything about it was priceless!

"Nonsense, Jane," I said, containing myself magnificently. "They won't think any such thing."

"Of course they will. And, of course, it must be the reason. I suppose there's nothing to be ashamed of in it. It's just nasty biology."

"No such thing, Jane," I protested. "She was sorry for him."

Jane gave me a grateful look.

"Well, say it," she begged. "Say it to everyone. Tell them she told you she was. You don't mind lying about things like that."

"I'm a perfectly civilized person," I replied, a little acidly, implying that she wasn't, which was true.

She was sorry she'd been tactless.

"Help me through this then," she pleaded, and I forgave her.

"Of course I will, Jane."

"I knew you would. Isn't there something of mamma's you'd like to remember her by? She always liked you. Would you care for that vase?"

She pointed at an object six feet tall, the sort of thing they imported for the Centennial.

"I haven't any place for it," I said.

"Pick something yourself then."

There was a little *gouache* which had somehow happened into that house and which I'd always coveted. After all, if I was to go about town staining my immortal soul with conscious falsehoods to conceal Mrs. Coggeshall's guiltless but absurd passion, I felt I was entitled to something, so I mentioned it.

Jane lifted it down without a glance at it and did it up in brown paper. I put it under my arm and was about to leave, feeling benevolent and appreciated, when Jane made one of her transparent speeches.

"I thought I'd tell Geegee Barker all about it," she said, "before it's published."

Jane and I had often discussed Geegee Barker and it was my claim that she was the most poisonous gossip in town, but Jane never would admit it. Now I saw what she'd meant by her reservations. Whatever I am, I'm not stupid, and I knew perfectly clearly what was in her mind, and how clever she thought she was being about this business.

If I hadn't really liked that *gouache* a lot I would have put it down and told Jane she could do without my help in her little campaign; but I did, so I resolved I'd go through with it.

I merely remarked, "Oh! It's your idea to spike the most dangerous guns before the battle begins, is it?" so that she wouldn't think I'd been fooled.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Henry!" she cried; but I was furious, and would have walked home in a white rage if, as I paused for my stick and my bowler, which were in the hall, I hadn't looked up at the big portrait of Mrs. Coggeshall.

It was the crowning horror of the house. Mrs. Coggeshall, who could have faced one of the masters with impunity and been preserved at least with the beauty of her strength and her cleverness, had chosen instead, with her unfailing lack of æsthetic discretion, to sit for the man who did the Indians in the State Capitol. He had made her as pretty as he could, and the horror of the result cannot be expressed in mere words. She sat in a carved chair, of no respectable period, dressed in official white satin and wearing her diamonds; and the prettiness consisted in a piglike pink and whiteness given her overabundant flesh, a staring exaggeration of her eyes, which had been little and shrewd.

What a portrait, I thought! Like one of those things with a fancy title in a very bad exhibition. And what a title I knew for it now! La Grande Amoureuse!

I almost yelled with laughter at the idea, but I was restrained by the thought that Jane would not only take the *gouache* away from me if I did but probably beat me as well.

"La Grande Amoureuse!" I repeated on my way home, with the vapid, piglike lady before me, and I had my laugh. Also I thought I'd have to tell Geegee Barker, since we were in the same category with regard to the business, and she'd think it was just as funny as I did.

Then I tried to fit the real Mrs. Coggeshall to that title, but she wasn't nearly so amusing. Exaggerations aren't funny unless they're based on some grain of ridiculous truth, and facing it searchingly, to call the Mrs. Coggeshall I remembered La Grande Amoureuse was simply silly.

That relentless, clever, indomitable face the mask of a great, suppressed passion! Never! If Mrs. Coggeshall had been in love with Albert Fleming, she'd have married him if she'd had to kill Mrs. Fleming and both the Fleming girls to do it. She'd have carried him off in a reversal of young Lochinvar, and she would have kept him till the very moment she stopped being in love with him.

And yet that inexplicable legacy! I puzzled about it after dinner as I tried the *gouache* in different places, and it was so interesting to me as a psychological problem that it was not until late that night, when I was actually in bed, that its effect on me, personally, came into my mind.

There was my note. Albert Fleming should pay it now with every cent of interest. Mrs. Coggeshall had practically left me fifteen hundred or so.

I was drifting toward sleep, with a blessing of her on my lips, when suddenly I saw the whole thing, and began to laugh again; and because I am essentially a kind person, I overlooked the outrageous implication of Jane's interview with me and got up and telephoned her.

"Don't worry," I said. "I won't have to lie. You'll see what it was all about. No, I won't tell you, but you'll see. Your mother was wonderful, wonderful!"

Mrs. Coggeshall's will was in the papers three days later, and before the week was up proceedings had been begun to put Albert Fleming into bankruptcy.

It is my impression that there were eight hundred creditors, and not one of them was going to miss his share of this actual money. If ever I saw a soul in hell, it was Albert Fleming; but not even he could convince anyone that Mrs. Coggeshall's estate wasn't good for the full amount of his legacy, or that they would ever have a better chance to get some fraction of payment.

Amazingly enough, bankruptcy did to Albert Fleming what he had said it would. It broke his spirit. He took a salaried position and lives on a cash basis and his sons-in-law.

That hundred thousand, like all the rest of Mrs. Coggeshall's money, did good—good a little more to my taste in that it relieved the feelings of quite a number of the more credulous rich, but also it removed a menace from society. That I am sometimes almost tempted to regret. Albert Fleming did so enjoy his pious roguery! But when I am, I always hear Mrs. Coggeshall's rare, deep-throated laugh. If I could be sure she has been able to see how admirably her joke worked out I should feel better about it.

News of First National Pictures

"The Knockout," "The Half Way Girl" and Greater Movie Season

MILLIONS have thought it. Let's say it! Motion pictures, appealing to more people than ever before, are today being produced on a higher plane of art and entertainment than at any previous time. In celebration of this progress, a Greater Movie Season has been inaugurated, starting in August. It is dedicated to those who idealize heroic, wholesome men and unsullied, inspiring women.

Appropriately, you'll find such characters in two pictures for Greater Movie Season, "The Knockout," starring Milton Sills, and "The Half Way Girl" with Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes and Hobart Bosworth.

You'll live the life of a ring champion with Sills in "The Knockout" and how he revels in it! As strong as a Samson in combat! As tender as a de Bergerac in love! From northern woods to the metropolitan arena you'll thrill to his life—for here's an action picture supreme.

And then turn to "The Half Way Girl," pathetic flotsam of Kipling's Far East where "a woman is just a woman." Persecuted, hounded, beaten into everything but dishonor, she keeps her soul clean. Then there comes the climactic ship explosion that sends her troubles hurtling into space.

The champion (Sills) shows his mettle; lower left, the fight on the trestle; lower right, the champion takes the count from Jean (Lorna Duveen).

Top, the Far East shows its hand to Poppy (Doris Kenyon); at right, Douglas (Lloyd Hughes) battles for his life; above, the climactic sequel, from "The Half Way Girl."

Milton Sills in "The Knockout"

SANDY DONLIN, light heavyweight champion, takes a job as foreman of a Canadian lumber camp to recuperate. What a mirage! His main job is to fight and the paths of fisticuffs lead him back to the ring against his wishes. In a sizzling twelve-round fight he defends his title against the contender. There's more than a title at stake, and under the telling glare of arc lights Sandy makes ring history.

Milton Sills is the champion and Lorna Duveen the enchanting one who really floors him for the count. Realistic scenes—taken with the co-operation of the Canadian government—provide a background of dazzling beauty. Lambert Hillyer, under Earl Hudson's supervision, directed this picture from M. D. Crawford's book, "The Comeback."

You'll Also Enjoy—

"The Desert Flower"—Colleen Moore in a whimsical, modern comedy drama of the West, supported by Lloyd Hughes. Directed by Irving Cummings under June Mathis' supervision. From Don Mullally's stage play.

"Just a Woman"—Eugene Walter's stage success turned into an appealing picture glorifying womanhood. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by M. C. Levee. Claire Windsor, Conway Tearle, Percy Marmont and Dorothy Brock are in the cast.

"The Lady Who Lied"—Edwin Carewe's stirring production of Robert Hichen's story, "Snake Bite." A superb cast headed by Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli and Nita Naldi.

"The Making of O'Malley"—Milton Sills' first starring picture, with Dorothy Mackaill. Directed by Lambert Hillyer under Earl Hudson's supervision. From Gerald Beaumont's story.

"The Scarlet West"—Custer's last fight a vivid climax to this picture produced by Frank Carroll with an unusual cast.

"The White Monkey"—Barbara La Marr in a realistic adaptation of the Galsworthy novel. Directed by Phil Rosen. Produced by Sawyer-Lubin under Arthur Sawyer's personal supervision.

"The Half Way Girl"

POPPY LA RUE, [illegible] American chorus girl, in Singapore, has already been hounded by the police "on suspicion," when she helps a young boy who is killed in self-defense—to escape. To evade the resulting penalty—exile to restful Malay Street—she escapes by steamer. The subsequent plots and counterplots that result in the blowing up of a modern, fully equipped steamer in mid-ocean, furnishes as exciting a chapter as has ever been filmed.

Picture the story that can call for a cast of Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Hobart Bosworth, Tully Marshall, Sam Hardy, Charles Wellesley, Martha Madison and Sally Crane! It was written by E. Lloyd Sheldon and directed by John Francis Dillon under Earl Hudson's supervision.

RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 23)

"I can't tell you more'n what's been told to me, sir. But I might ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Ever 'eard of Diana?"

"Diana?"

"Ah, that's a pet name. 'Er real one is Mrs. Nunez-'Unter. Diana was a 'untress, though before our time, I b'lieve, and that's 'ow she came to be so called."

"Kenedy," I said, "have you the smallest idea what you're talking about?"

"I 'ave, sir; but I'm always reluctant to pass on 'earsay about a woman."

I frowned.

"Are you suggesting that the governor is buying this house for Mrs. Nunez-Hunter?"

"That's the idea. I don't believe there's a bit of 'arm in 'Is Nibs, but I've 'ad experience of how a woman'll play a man up. D'you know, I reckon my wife knew her 'usband was alive; but did that stop 'er taking me to the register's? No, sir, it encouraged 'er."

"Cut all that," said I, "and get on with what you were saying."

"I don't say there's a word of truth in it, but there may be; and if you'd seen Diana as I 'ave, going round in a ricksha and looking for all the world like a burst-up in a paint shop, you'd believe anythink."

"H'm!"

"You see, 'e and 'er was cronies out in Injia, and—well, I dare say 'e isn't everybody's money, and there never was any accountin' for tastes; and, oh, dear, in a climate like that better men than 'im have made fools of themselves and writ letters they didn't oughter, and such! I bin there—I know."

"You suggest she has a hold on him?"

"For 'is own sake, I 'ope not; but the signposts point that way."

"Kenedy, are you making up all this nonsense?"

"No, sir; I'm repeatin' 'earsay. In this island people live by keepin' each other's secrets or not, as the case may be."

I rose and pitched my cigarette out of the window. If there was any truth in Kenedy's story my mission met with a fresh difficulty. Of course, it was possible that Sir Francis might be grateful to a purchaser who would buy the property over his head and save him painful expenditure. On the other hand, he might not. For personal reasons I had no wish to prejudice him against me. But I was not on the island for personal reasons; I was there to get our scheme through as best I could, even though my manner of doing so resulted in open conflict with the authorities. I argued that if Sir Francis were a public-spirited man he would not allow a personal grievance to warp his sense of justice and honorable administration. The presumption was perhaps optimistic, but in common fairness it had to be admitted.

"Kenedy," I said, "I'm going out, and you'd better come too."

Together we proceeded to King George's Way—the narrow winding main thoroughfare of the town, which zigzagged from the shore level to the eminence upon which Government House was situated. A curious street, a hotchpotch of shops and private dwellings, with a sprinkling of cafés, churches, army mission buildings, banks, quartermaster stores, military headquarters of various units and Y. M. C. A. huts. Except perhaps at Gibraltar, there is no street like it in the world. It combined so many interests, mercantile, military and residential. It embodied the architectural features of several periods of history. We found the firm of estate agents and auctioneers without difficulty. It boasted the eloquent title of Blasco, Mackintyre & Cohen.

Leaving Kenedy outside, I went in and rattled my cane on the floor. After a little interval a gentleman of sleek and Oriental appearance came from an inner office to inquire my needs. Before addressing me, I had heard him conversing in fluent Spanish, presumably to Señor Blasco. As I did not hear any of the rich accents which flourish north of the Tweed, I assumed that Mr. Mackintyre was not on duty.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Am I speaking to Mr. Cohen?"

"My name is Mackintyre," he replied in unconvincing Scotch. "What service can I be to you, sir?"

Concealing my surprise, I stated that I was interested in real estate and would be glad to know if there were any properties on the market that might be suitable as an investment.

"Preferably," I added, "something in the Moorish style. I'm not particular as to the state of repair."

"I'm afraid we have nothing of that kind at present. Of course, if you wished to build, I could recommend charming sites."

He appeared to have forgotten the auction which was to be held on the morrow.

"How about the Palazzo in the old town?"

Mr. Mackintyre showed me the palms of his hands.

"Oh, no, sir; that would be no use whatever—quite out of the question. The locality!"

"The locality might improve," I suggested.

Mr. Mackintyre shook his head.

"I could never recommend that."

"And yet," I said, "I take it you are acting for the vender."

He did not reply at once. His flickering black eyes were busy taking my measure.

"Certainly, but that does not place us under any obligation to misrepresent a property to inquirers. One has to consider the reputation of one's firm."

I did not want to put the fellow on his guard, so I laughed and observed that it was pleasant to meet so honest a man, adding, "If anything comes along, you might let me know."

"It will be a pleasure to do so, sir. Good afternoon."

I gave him the name of my hotel and went out.

"Kenedy," I said, "are you any judge of graft?"

"Graft?" was the reply. "When you've been 'ere as long as I 'ave, sir, you'll know the 'ole island is a sea of it. I reckon this is the general headquarters of the graft committee."

I told him what had taken place.

"Well?" said he.

"Well," I said, "an auctioneer lives on commissions."

"Just so, sir; but some ain't overparticular which side it comes from."

"Quite so," I nodded. "In the meantime it might be as well to advertise our presence as little as possible."

XV

THE following morning, in company with a crowd of casual onlookers, Kenedy and I climbed the steps of the old Moorish palace. The pillared courtyard was in brilliant sunshine on one side and deep in shadow on the other. Perching myself unobtrusively on the sill of a small cusped window in the shadows, I settled down to wait events. Had the palace belonged to me, I should have been disappointed with the type of visitor attracted to the sale. Not a man present looked as if he could raise a couple of florins.

A clock was chiming eleven when Leland Boas and three gentlemen of cosmopolitan appearance pushed their way through the loiterers and occupied chairs before the rostrum. Their backs were toward me, and very sleek backs they were. The appearance at the sale of Leland Boas astonished me, as, since my interview with the agent, I had come round to the waiter's belief that for reasons politic his syndicate did not intend to bid. Of course, he might have come out of curiosity; but except for a young gentleman who leaned against a pillar on the other side of the courtyard, tracing the pattern of the tiles at his feet with the point of a cane, there was no one else who looked a likely purchaser. I doubt if I should have noticed this young man had not Boas favored him with a nod of recognition.

The sale was about to begin. Mr. Mackintyre, faultless, gleaming and with a rose in his buttonhole, mounted the rostrum and bowed to the company.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "today's business won't take long or excite much interest. Everyone has had ample opportunity for examining this freehold property, but as a formality I will read the specification."

He did so.

"There is nothing I wish to add and I am ready to take your bids." A silence followed. "Well, shall we start at seven and a half?"

The man who was tracing patterns on the tiles shook his head and murmured, "Five hundred."

"Oh, come, Mr. Levis, one must do better than that; I have a bid tabled for six hundred."

"Six-fifty."

"I am bid six-fifty. I don't want to inflate my own goods, but a property worth fifteen hundred can't be sacrificed at that figure. Now, gentlemen!"

An unseen bidder went another point.

"Fifty better," said the man of the cane.

By slow degrees the price rose to eleven hundred. Something persuaded me the limit was being approached.

I leaned forward and whispered in Kenedy's ear, "Slip round the other side, whack it up to twelve-fifty, then jump two hundred. As long as I leave my stick against this window keep going."

He vanished and reappeared a minute later on the opposite side of the courtyard. Meanwhile the bidding had reluctantly mounted to twelve hundred and fifty pounds and stuck there.

"No advance on twelve hundred and fifty. Going at twelve hundred and fifty pounds for the first time—for the second time—for the ——"

"Fourteen 'undred and fifty pounds," said Kenedy, and he brought every eye upon him.

Mr. Mackintyre leaned forward with an expression of surprise.

"Whose bid was that?"

"Mine, sir."

"May I ask your name, please?"

"After the sale I'll give it to you."

Mr. Mackintyre flashed a quick glance at Leland Boas, who replied with a slightly negative movement of the shoulders. It is astonishing how expressive a man's back can be when he is concealing things with his face. It was as though he had said, "I don't know the fellow. He's nothing to do with us."

Mr. Mackintyre stooped and spoke to his clerk. He seemed uncertain how to proceed. The young man with the cane used one of his black eyebrows as a question mark. In answer, a bearded man sitting next to Boas raised one joint of the forefinger of his left hand. It was a small gesture, but it started the bidding again as a touch on a trigger explodes a cartridge.

"Fifteen hundred."

"Seventeen 'undred," said Kenedy composedly.

"Seventeen-fifty."

"Two thousand," said Kenedy, with whom arithmetic was not a strong point.

Again there was a pause—long enough, in a reputable auction, for the lot to have been knocked down. I had been watching the gentleman with the cane and I did not see the slip of paper which was handed up to Mackintyre. He read it in the palm of his hand and nodded.

(Continued on Page 71)

"A Blind Man Could See That's a Good Shovel!"

MR. S. G. BAGLEY at 919 Forty-fourth St., Birmingham, has been a coal dealer for 20 years in spite of the handicap of blindness.

Not long ago a salesman brought Mr. Bagley a Red Edge Scoop to "look over." Mr. Bagley ran his fingers over every inch of the shovel. He lingered particularly over the pressed steel "D" handle. Then he struck the blade a blow and listened to the ring of the heat-treated, chrome-nickel steel.

"A fellow don't need eyes to see that this is a real shovel," he said. "You can just leave it with me right now."

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Painted from life by
WM. OBERHARDT

My paragon of punctuality··keeping time as accurately as the Gray-Beard with the Scythe

One of a series of little biographies of Elgin Watches

WRITTEN BY EMINENT ELGINEERS

* * *

Gentlemen who make pictures and books and plays and such things for the divertissement of their fellows, are not supposed to work by the watch.

But even an artist has appointments to keep, orders to fill, and the 5.15 to catch. And if he is habitually late for dinner, the cook will not stay.

For many years, I might have been known as a "two watch man." I carried an opulent, turnip-shaped watch bequeathed to me by an ancestor—and another given me by an associate. Between the two, by checking one against the other and striking a happy mean, I managed to secure a fair approximation of the time.

But one day, it dawned on me that it might not be economic wisdom to use two implements for the work of one. So I secured an Elgin—which has since become my paragon of punctuality—keeping time as remorselessly and accurately as the Gray-Beard with the Scythe.

by CHARLES DANA GIBSON

ELGIN

THE·WATCH·WORD·FOR·ELEGANCE·&·EFFICIENCY

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 69)

"I am afraid, sir," he said, "I cannot accept that bid without some knowledge of the identity of the bidder. The procedure may strike some of you as strange, but I think you will agree I am justified when I say that the bidder is known to be a person of no fixed employment who has been loitering about this town for the past six months. I ask him to deny that accusation."

At this point I slipped from the window sill and breasted my way through the crowd to the open space below the rostrum.

"This man," I said, "is my servant and is acting on my instructions. I must ask you, Mr. Auctioneer, to accept the bid."

Leland Boas concealed his surprise marvelously well. After the first start of recognition his face became entirely impassive. He nodded a greeting at me. Mr. Mackintyre, on the other hand, betrayed some consternation.

"This is all very well," he said; "but beyond the fact that you called upon us yesterday, I know nothing about you."

"That," I returned, "may be a matter for satisfaction with both of us. If you want my credentials, Mr. Boas will be happy to give them to you."

Leland Boas smiled agreeably.

"It is true," he said, with great courtesy. "I met Mr. Praed in France, but I doubt if so short an acquaintance justifies me in saying more than that."

"Still," said I, "it will be enough to allow us to proceed with the sale. As I remember, my last bid was for two thousand pounds. If there is any competition I shall be happy to improve upon it."

Mr. Mackintyre whispered something over his shoulder and picked up his hammer. I had a partially eclipsed impression of a man slipping away behind the rostrum. Of this I would have been more sure had I not been looking at the forefinger of the gentleman who was sitting beside Leland Boas. It had crooked upward again.

The young man with the cane said "Guineas."

"And five hundred better," said I.

We had reached the three-thousand-five-hundred mark when a disturbance occurred. A young man with inky fingers and without a hat pressed forward and held up a telegram to the auctioneer.

"Pardon me," the latter said, and read its contents. Then he looked up and faced us.

"Gentlemen, I regret to say I have here a cable from the vendor instructing me not to proceed with the sale. It is my duty therefore to withdraw the present lot and apologize for the trouble that has been caused to you. I wish you good day."

It was unlucky that while pretending to read the wire the sun should have been behind him. The strong rays piercing the paper showed it to be innocent of any written matter whatsoever.

I passed out into the street, reflecting that with a little imagination a man can see anything; but it took more than a little imagination to fathom the inner workings of that particular auction. One thing was obvious—my intrusion had completely upset somebody's apple cart. But whose?

At a touch on the sleeve I turned and found Leland Boas standing beside me. He was the very pattern of smiling affability.

"So you decided, after all, to pay us a visit, and I see you've not lost much time trying to obtain a stake in the island."

"As satire, Boas," I replied, "that remark is not inspired."

"Satire? Rubbish! A mere observation, my dear chap. But, you know, I can't help feeling that your action was a little injudicious. I expect you thought that I wanted the property myself. You were entirely wrong. I wasn't in the running. If I had been, you would have heard some brisker bidding."

"In which case," said I, "the vendor perhaps would not have been obliged to withdraw the lot on a blank telegraph form."

Leland Boas shook his head over me.

"What eyes!" said he. "But in some certain localities it is healthier to use smoked glasses. There are times when one can see altogether too much. Well, good-by. I have a furnished villa on the Shelf. You must come and dine one night."

He got into a carriage in which his friends were waiting.

"That gentleman a very particular friend of yours, sir?" asked Kenedy.

"Not very," I answered. "Why?"

"I was thinking 'e 'ad a lovely dial to put it across. It 'ud mark a treat of almonds."

I agreed heartily.

XVI

GOVERNMENT HOUSE at Ponta Rico occupies the finest site on the island. It is perched on a shelf of the hillside and surrounded by a white crenelated wall splashed as with wine by patches of purple bougainvillea. The Residency, which is fortlike in appearance, is a low two-story building with a great veranda on three sides and a stepped garden at the rear. At the main entrance there is a parade of white posts and chains, ancient pieces of artillery, stone cannon balls, sentry boxes and notice boards. In conflict with this display of military precision is the wild luxuriance of trees, palms and flowers in the garden beyond.

A delicious fragrance of roses and orange blossoms freshened by sea breezes filled my nostrils as I walked up the path to the house. I had been stopped by a sentry at the gates and at the front door a second sentry inquired the nature of my business. It was all very official. I presented my card and was shown into an anteroom.

Herein I found a young man seated at a table. He rose, offered me a chair and gave me a form containing a large number of printed questions.

"If you will kindly fill that up, Mr. Praed," he said, "I will see that it is given to the governor's A. D. C."

"Is this necessary?" I asked. "His Excellency has promised me an interview at noon."

The young man, who had merry eyes and a pleasant expression, shrugged his shoulders and pulled down the corners of his mouth.

"Sorry," he said, "but everyone has to do it. It 'ud be as much as my job is worth to let you through without filling up that paper. I'm not much of a red-tape merchant myself, but you know what it is."

There was something in his manner which inspired my liking.

I said "Very well" and got to work.

There were two pages of questions on that infernal paper and I wasted minutes making the correct answers.

"Thanks," he said when I had done. "I'll be as quick as I can; and by the way, in case you think of having a smoke, I wouldn't do it. The old man's terribly down on smoke and he's as likely to see you in this room as anywhere else."

The suggestion was so obviously well intentioned as to leave no room for offense.

"Right!" I laughed. "Would it be advisable to stand to attention on the off chance of being taken unawares?"

He returned the laugh, but added, "Not a bad notion."

He left me then, and returned slightly crestfallen about five minutes later.

"I'm most frightfully sorry, but the old man said you were eleven minutes late, and so you must wait until he's through with his next appointment."

"Did you tell him I came here before twelve and have been filling up that silly-ass paper ever since?"

"I did not, sir; and if you would like to know why, it's because I'm not such a complete fool as I look."

His manner was extraordinarily disarming, but nevertheless I was roiled.

"What is his next appointment?" I asked.

"Lunch," came the prompt reply.

"He didn't suggest I should join him?"

"He never suggests anyone joining him. He takes lunch seriously and alone. Tell you what, Mr. Praed, you don't seem to have got the strength of our governor. You might find it illuminating to take a squint at him before you meet. You'll think it frightful cheek of me to say that, perhaps, but a good many men have tumbled down heavily by getting on the wrong side of his temper."

"So I believe," said I; "but it's not a personal success I'm aiming at. I'm presenting myself with a letter of introduction from the Colonial Secretary and I'm not enthusiastic about being treated as if I were here to clean the windows."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"That's a beauty, Mr. Praed; but honestly, I advise you to shoot it off at me beforehand. Otherwise you'll never get a hearing."

He was on the point of saying more when a clink of crockery from the veranda attracted his attention. He beckoned me to the window, the lower frame of which was covered with gauze.

"He's just going to begin. Pull a chair over here and you'll see him without being seen."

Out of curiosity, I complied. A table had been laid on the veranda and beside it a servant in livery stood to attention. He became, if possible, even more rigidly attentive as a man, dressed in diplomatic blue, came along the veranda with swift dry steps.

General Sir Francis Prothero was of middle height and as lean as a desert dog. His face, which in some obscure way reminded me of anchovy sauce, was as pink and stiff as a prawn. The skin was drawn tightly over sharp bony contours. Beside the corners of his mouth, a feature which looked as though it had been made by a single knife cut, were two deep seams which ran down beyond the angle of his jaw and were lost in the stringy ligaments of his neck. His hair was sparse and grew far back above the dome of his forehead. He wore a thin and narrow mustache at which he nibbled continuously. Bristling brows overwhelmed a pair of glittering eyes which looked like drops of salt water caught by the sun in rock pools. There was no disputing his good looks or the quality of his soldierly bearing. There was, however, something slightly ridiculous about the man. He seemed too fierce to be real, too exact to be convincing. He was all edge, like a razor thinned by too much stropping.

He came to the table, flicked out a folded napkin as though it were a whip, cast his eyes over the ingredients for a salad arranged on a dumb-waiter and pointed at them with an accusing forefinger.

"Chives," he said. "Where are the chives? How many times am I to insist on there being chives?"

"I am sorry, Sir Francis."

"Damn your sorrow! Where's the gardener?"

"I instructed him to stand by, Sir Francis."

"Told him to stand by! Told! You tell, I instruct. Fetch him! Go on!"

The servant retired, leaving the governor of Ponta Rico to engage in the solemn rite of preparing a salad. While doing so he talked to himself testily.

"Lettuce is too green—much too green. Has the fool put sugar on the table? No—yes."

Meanwhile he tore the lettuce into fragments, casting aside the green leaves and retaining only the broken heart. This he screwed up in his napkin and beat against the side of the table.

The servant returned.

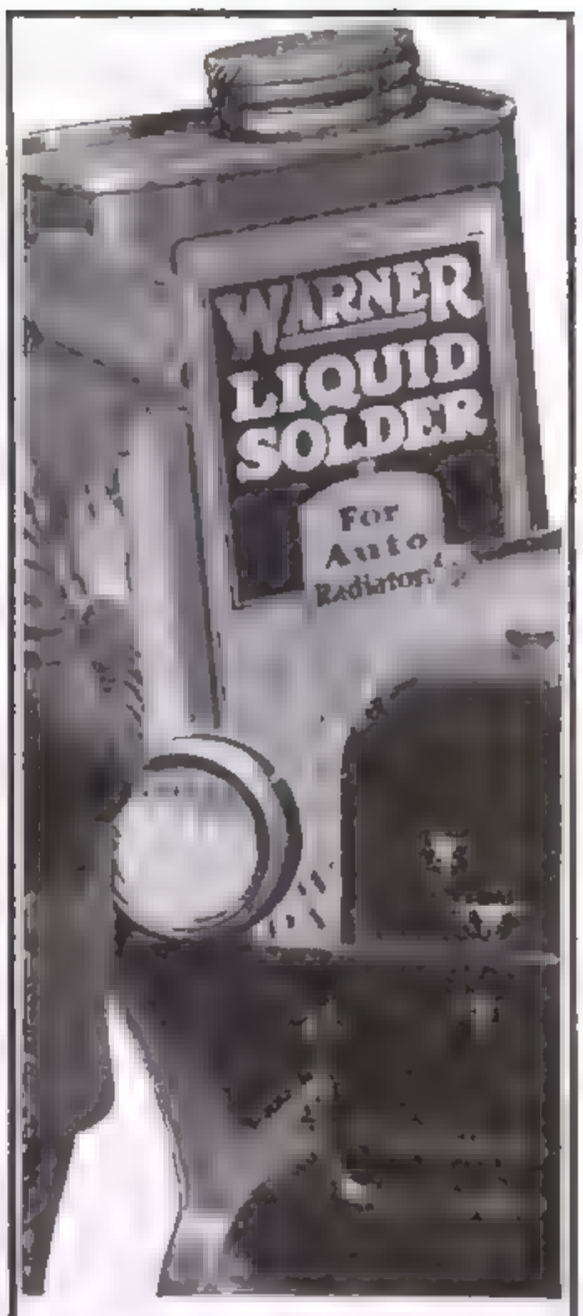
"I have sent for the gardener, sir. He'll be here directly."

The governor made no reply; he was busy atomizing a hard-boiled egg.

He said, "Put that lettuce in the bowl."

It was done, and the chopped egg and a sprinkling of tarragon were added. Next came the tremendous affair of making the dressing. Pepper, salt, a speck of vinegar in a spoon and a whole bottleful of oil poured from a great height.

The gardener, a big broad-beamed Lancastrian, arrived as the governor began to heat and bruise the contents of the bowl.



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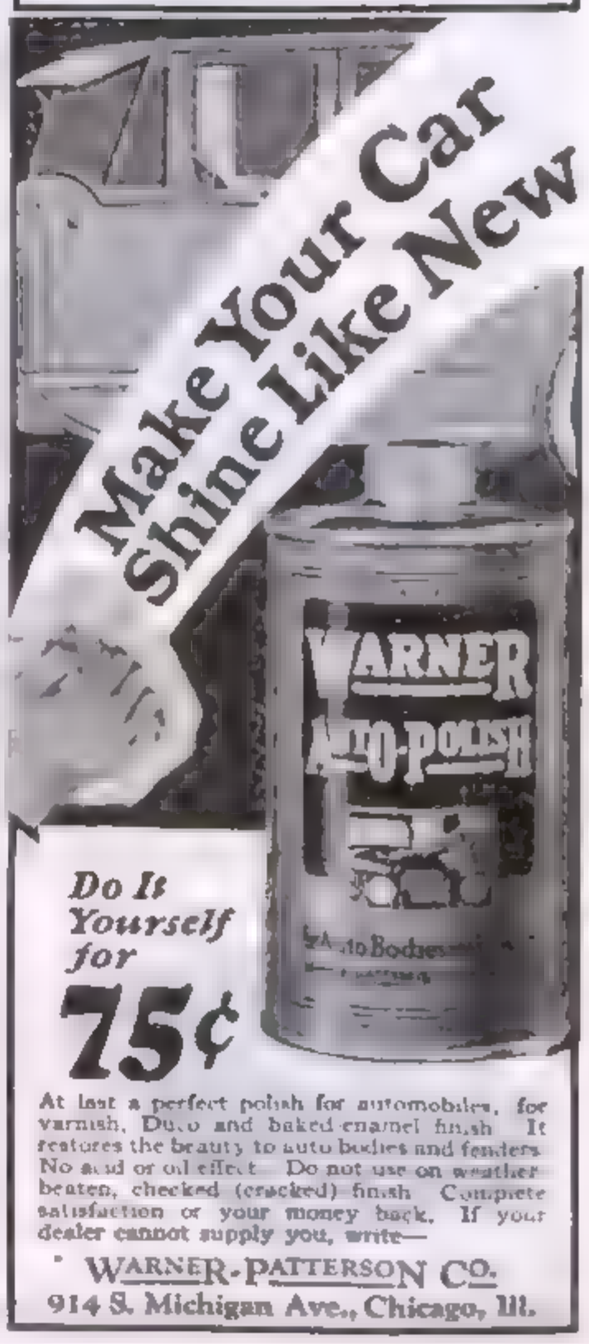

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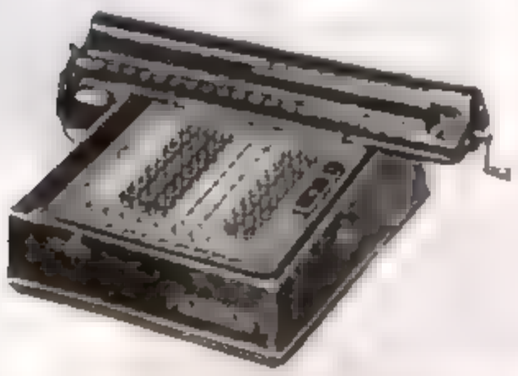

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

It was interesting to note that he did not allow the man's arrival to interfere with the more important task of pummeling the lettuce.

"Chives," he said. "Perhaps you'll tell me you don't know what chives are. Perhaps you don't know that without chives you can't make a salad. Very well, then, grow some. D'ye hear? And see that I'm served with the little shoots cut above the bulb. Understand? And grow some chervil too."

"Aye, sir, but they don't flourish too well in this 'ere ——"

"Don't argue—grow chives—that's your business—and chervil. If you can't do it we'll get somebody who can. That'll do."

The gardener retreated and Sir Francis beat the salad harder than ever.

"The French are the only people who understand a salad," he said. "I must get a Frenchman. I can't be bothered to spend a quarter of an hour every day beating up this stuff. Give me some sugar. Why can't you make a salad? You can't. Ignorance is at the bottom of it—ignorance and no palate. You don't even know why I beat the stuff."

"I believe, Sir Francis, it's to extract the flavor of the lettuce."

"*C'est pour fatiguer la laitue*—to tire it. Give me a thin slice of York ham."

By comparison with the elaborate preparations he had made, Sir Francis took a very short time to dispose of his lunch. The man was an epicure, but not a gourmand. He ate like a bird and took but a couple of sips at a glass of iced hock. When he had finished he rose, touched his mouth with a corner of his napkin, threw it away and lit a *cigarrillo* as long as a lead pencil.

"I'm going to my room. Tell Captain Craven I'll see Mr. Praed. Coffee when he's gone."

He vanished like a dry leaf blown across the street.

XVII

MY FUTURE father-in-law, as I could not help regarding him, was seated behind an office table when my young friend of the anteroom showed me in. The table was impressive, vast and orderly. It boasted a trio of baskets labeled IN, OUT and PENDING. In the center was an inkpot deep enough to plunge a fist into.

He was signing papers when my name was announced, and this he continued to do for some moments after the young man had retired. I shot a glance at the Spartan appointments of the room and noted there was no chair other than the one occupied by Prothero himself.

Having completed signing the papers, he packed them and pitched them into the OUT basket, ran a thumb over his upper lip and looked up, nibbling his mustache.

"Mr. Nigel Praed?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Exactly. You have come with an introduction from the Secretary of State for the Colonies."

I nodded.

"I have other letters."

"Why were they not sent in?"

"They relate to my business, sir, and I preferred to hand them to you personally."

"It is a matter of precedent rather than of preference, Mr. Praed. They should have been sent in with your other papers."

"I'm sorry," I said.

He pushed back his chair and stubbed out his cigarette end in an ash tray.

"I believe you arrived here on Thursday."

"Yes, that is so."

"But you did not ask for an appointment until yesterday. Why?"

"I wanted to have a look round the island before seeking an interview. I needed first-hand information."

"Was it also expedient that you should engage in property deals before presenting yourself?"

"Has the one anything to do with the other?" I asked. "As a British subject, surely I am entitled to bid at a public auction."

Sir Francis bushed his brows at me and rapped a fountain pen on the table top.

"It was a breach of etiquette—both military and civil."

"In that case, sir, I apologize."

"You are not a military man, Mr. Praed?"

"I am not a professional soldier, sir, although I held a commission in the engineers in '14."

"You were with them throughout the war?"

"No, sir, I left them in January, '15."

"Wounded?"

"No, sir."

"Eh—you were transferred?"

"I had other employment."

He fixed me with a suspicious eye.

"What employment?"

I had had enough of these interrogations.

"Employment of a private nature, sir. But I assure you it has no relation to my present business, which is purely commercial."

"As was possibly your employment from '15 onward."

"Possibly, sir."

He looked at me and saw that I did not mean to be drawn.

"Mr. Praed," he said, "I wish to know why you did not come direct to Ponta Rico by the ordinary passenger route."

"Unfortunately it was closed to me."

"Closed to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Steamship companies do not refuse passages to persons of repute."

"There are sometimes exceptions, Sir Francis."

"Mr. Praed, it sounds to me as if you are talking nonsense, and suspicious nonsense at that. I would advise you to show more frankness."

"I will be as frank as you please, sir. A certain syndicate interested in a development scheme for Ponta Rico was determined, if possible, to prevent my coming here."

"Prevent your coming?"

"They thought it might be of advantage."

"Of advantage to Ponta Rico?"

"No, to themselves, Sir Francis."

"Rubbish! Never heard such rubbish in my life! I tell you plainly I am not satisfied by your explanations of yourself or your reasons for coming here by the back door."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"My letters of recommendation are above reproach and the firm I represent is of sufficient standing to warrant the hope that you will give me the benefit of the doubt."

Sir Francis rose and moved toward me.

"I don't like your manner, Mr. Praed, and I don't like the tone you adopt. I am not in the habit of being dictated to."

"No more am I," I replied.

"And I don't propose to listen to *tu quoque* insolences."

It looked as if there was going to be a row and it was only with difficulty I avoided taking my part in it.

"I am here, sir," I said, "on a business matter of national importance, or at any rate of great enough importance for you to give it your consideration, apart from any personal dislike I may have inspired."

The governor turned away irritably. It was evident I had stood up to him longer and more steadfastly than he was accustomed to.

"I know something of this business of yours, Mr. Praed, and I tell you plainly it doesn't appeal to me."

"You know something of it?"

"You heard me say so. Don't repeat my words."

"But I can hardly see, sir, how that can be the case, since I alone have the authority to put the matter before you."

He knew well enough he had made a slip, but was too pig-headed to avoid the issue.

"That's not the point. It's my business to receive information as to what is going on around me."

"Quite so, sir; but information received from rival companies is sometimes inaccurate and always biased."

He spun round and snapped his jaws like a trap.

"Are you accusing me of bias, Mr. Praed?"

"No, sir; I am merely asking you to give my business your impartial attention."

"Leave your papers—your proposition. I'll go through it. You shall have my answer in three days."

His hand went out toward the bell, but before he touched it I had spoken.

"There is another small matter I wish to bring to your notice, sir. It relates to a breach of law at an auction sale held in the old town yesterday morning. The bidding having gone beyond a figure which apparently had been previously fixed upon, the lot was withdrawn from the market on the fabricated authority of a wire from the owner. I shall be happy to place full details of the case in your hands, sir, as I propose to institute proceedings against the agents for conveyance of the property to myself."

Sir Francis looked at me coldly, but underneath I could see he was boiling.

"No action will be taken in this matter," he replied. "The breach of law is entirely technical. I consider the agent acted with good sense and public spirit in refusing to accept bids from a stranger whose *bona fides* was unestablished."

"My *bona fides* having been established," I replied, "may I ask that steps will be taken for the reauction of that property?"

"That rests with the vendor and not with me."

"Very well," I said, "I will cable my company's lawyers to inquire into his intentions."

"You don't know who the vendor is," he replied sharply; then added, "You can do what you please. I have no more to say."

"One question, Sir Francis. Before the site of the old town is disposed of, may I have your assurance that I shall be informed of any offers that may be made, in order that I may improve upon them on behalf of my company? I feel that the public trustee should know that Ribault, Zealer & Palatine have placed no limit on the sum they are prepared to pay for possession of the site. Lately there has been a great deal of comment in the press at home regarding the cost of maintaining Ponta Rico on its present purely military basis."

"I am not concerned with comments of the press, Mr. Praed. I am only concerned in advising Parliament to accept whatever offer seems most likely to contribute to the prosperity of this island. In those circumstances I shall not be influenced by price dimensions but by future advantage."

"Why, then, sir," said I, "I can confidently rely on your approval to our scheme, which not only will supply a source of revenue in times of peace but a fighting one in times of war, which will make Ponta Rico one of the greatest sea fortresses of the world."

Sir Francis returned to his chair, where he sat testily folding and unfolding a corner of the blotting paper. He appeared to be wrestling with a problem outside the one of how quickest to rid himself of me.

"Perhaps," he said grudgingly, "it would save time if you gave me an outline of this scheme. Afterward I can study the matter in detail from your papers."

"Thank you, sir," said I. "May I sit down?"

"Why, are you tired, Mr. Praed? If so, you are probably in no state to represent your case to the best advantage. I do not like sedentary people."

It was all I could do to stop laughing.

"Of course, sir, if I command your attention better by standing I will do so."

Sir Francis grunted and touched one of a row of bell pushes on the table. A door behind his table opened and an officer wearing the uniform of a captain in the Fusiliers came in and clicked his heels.

(Continued on Page 74

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(Continued from Page 72)

"That you, Craven?" said the governor. "I must have touched the wrong bell. I wanted an orderly—a chair for this gentleman."

"I'll see to it, sir."

"Yes—er—Craven ——"

"Sir?"

"This is Mr. Nigel Praed."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Captain Craven, my aide-de-camp."

Captain Craven shook hands with me. It struck me he was taking very particular stock of my features. The impression was so strong that I returned his stare with interest, and in so doing a half flush of recognition came to both of us—came and went, losing itself in puzzled lines. In some not very distant past I was certain I had met this young soldier, but for the life of me I could not recall when or where. Coupled with the impression was a certainty that the circumstances in which we had met were strange and distorted. He had a relation to something painful. His searching blue eyes, resting upon mine, stirred me with a feeling of discomfort that I could not explain.

"Are you acquainted?" Sir Francis rapped out.

"N-no, sir," came the doubtful reply, "and yet there is something about Mr. Praed that's familiar to me. I am almost certain I have never heard his name before. Well, perhaps it will come back. I'll send in an orderly with a chair, sir."

He clicked his heels and went to the door. Across the back of his head was a white scar over which the hair grew thinly. I knew he would have a scar.

The chair was brought in and I drew it up to the table. I believe I explained the principles of our scheme clearly and with brevity. I must give Sir Francis credit for hearing me without interruption. When I had finished I handed him the letters from the First Sea Lord and the Air Marshal. He read them through in silence.

"That, sir," I said, "concludes our case, except, of course, the financial side, which is open to discussion."

Sir Francis nibbled his mustache for a full minute before offering an opinion.

"Why," he asked, "have you fixed on the site of the old town for the aerodrome?"

"Nowhere else is suitable."

"And nowhere else suitable for the development of a new residential area. And nowhere else suitable for a parade ground for drilling troops."

"The traffic of planes would not be so continuous as to preclude troops from drilling on the aerodrome."

"By arrangement, I suppose, with a commercial company?" His tone was bitter.

"Why not, as part of the terms on which the ground is allotted?"

"Humph! An aerodrome would mean the erection of hangars and sheds."

I nodded.

"Where do you propose to put them?"

"Under the shelter of the cliff."

"Precisely—and destroy the whole of my firing curtains."

"That would hardly matter in times of peace, sir. In war, when the air force took over, they would provide their own defense against naval attack."

"I see, Mr. Praed, you are one of those cranks who believe the aeroplane is a match for the superdreadnought."

"I believe it will prove a better match in future warfare than a few shore batteries that can be knocked out by night fire at fifteen miles' range."

"Ah, and cannot the weapon that does that blow your precious hangars to pieces and fire every oil and spirit tank in the island? Then where should we stand, eh?—with the whole island enveloped in black smoke. The tanks would be the target, Mr. Praed, and once they went up not a gun would be able to fire a round."

"The tanks," I replied, "would be sunk in twenty-five feet of solid rock, with nothing but feed pipes on the surface."

He rose and paced the room.

"Ponta Rico," he said, "is not a naval base and not an air-force base; it is a military station, and as long as I have any say in the matter it will remain a military station. I will be no party in letting it become a pawn for commercial enterprises to squeeze out dividends for fat-bellied business men. Ponta Rico belongs to the War Office and not the stock exchange. It is a fortress, not a bucket shop. This jargon about handing it over to the air force in the event of war is a bait. One of the only statesmen worthy of the name in the last half century told us to think imperially, and by gad, Mr. Praed, that's what I am going to do!"

Argument only bred opposition in Sir Francis Prothero. He was falling back on his own obstinacy.

"And it is, sir," I replied, "an act of imperialism to turn a military fortress into a cheap gambling hell?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. I imagine, sir, Ponta Rico will be a popular station for young officers with money to burn. When your imperial spirit has encouraged you to countenance the erection of a *plage* - a big white casino and a district of villas for the accommodation of an overflow of professional gamblers and Continental demimondaines, you will have reason to be proud of the monument you have helped to erect to the military efficiency of Great Britain."

I fully expected he would tear me to shreds after that, but he did no such thing. He looked me up and down with a supremely cynical smile.

"You are a prig," he said, "and of all things in the world, I have the greatest contempt for a prig."

"I'm neither a prig nor a hypocrite," I replied, "I like Monte Carlo, Cannes, San Sebastian, as well as another man. It doesn't matter to me whether England puts up a roulette parlor on the end of the Brighton Pier. But I'm not going to pretend by doing so she is adding to her national efficiency and prestige, and certainly I am not going to talk about imperial thinking with one eye on a baccarat table and the other on a bunch of Mediterranean speculators who put the roof over it and fatten on what they can squeeze out of the *cagnotte*."

He crossed to the table, and as he passed me I had an impression that a sudden weariness had come over him.

"I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Praed," he said. "Leave those papers, please, and in the course of a few days you will hear my intentions. As I suppose you will be cabling your directors in regard to this interview, you may say that in my opinion they could hardly have chosen a more unsuitable representative."

"May I add, Sir Francis, that you would wish to express your gratitude to Mr. Leland Boas for helping you to form that amiable opinion?"

The governor of Ponta Rico opened his mouth in amazement and then shut it again. In his eyes shone a light which, in another man, I should have taken for humor, but which I now suppose was the light of battle.

"Mr. Praed," he said, "I almost like you—you're so insolent. Perhaps I should like you if common sense didn't persuade me you were three parts fool and one part adventurer. In my position one is accustomed to having one's own way without argument. You provide me with an opportunity of having my own way plus the argument."

"I see, sir; then I can count on your decision being governed by personal grounds?"

"And suppose that should be so; do you feel yourself big enough to interfere?"

"I am not taking no for an answer, Sir Francis."

"Yes, you look the sort of man who would run his head against a wall."

"Perhaps I am, sir. Not long ago I was told, in respect of obstinacy, you and I had much in common."

The governor laughed thinly.

"And who told you that?"

"Your daughter Philida."

"My daughter?" he repeated. "I was wondering if you would have the nerve to speak of her."

"Why not?" I replied. "One day I hope to persuade her to be my wife."

"Poor young man!" said he. "Did I say three parts fool? I should have said all fool."

He spoke softly, but there was a kick in his voice—like a kick from a mule.

"It needed something of the kind to round off this interview. I'm obliged, Mr. Praed. You are very generous at giving away munitions."

"I have told you no more than you already knew. If as a result you allow judgment to be warped by a personal antagonism, you may have some difficulty in convincing the government that you have acted imperially."

"He threatens," said the governor.

"Not a threat, sir—a warning. I believe in the virtue of that scheme and I believe one day I shall marry Philida. I don't mind who goes to the wall so long as I carry both beliefs to a successful conclusion. You are welcome to any guns I may have provided."

"Would you call that tit for tat or by the simpler name of blackmail?"

"I should call it common sense."

"There is no doubt," said he, "you would have made a capital lawyer. We must have another talk before you return to England."

"I am at your service, sir."

He rose and touched a bell. An orderly came in and saluted.

"Show this gentleman out."

In the anteroom my young friend, the undersecretary, rose to greet me.

"Either you've made a big hit or a tremendous failure," he said. "No one ever stayed so long before."

He handed me a chit.

"Pass out," he explained. "Another of our forms and ceremonies. The guard wouldn't let you go without it."

I thanked him, and also for his courtesy.

"Don't name it! We've been having a sleek crew up here lately and it's a joy to meet someone who looks like a public-school man. If you're dull in the evenings, drop round to the Ypres Club for a smoke and a game of pills. My name's Chalice—Hugh Chalice."

"Love to."

"That's a bet then. Any old night after nine."

"By the way," I asked, "who is Captain Craven?"

"He's the A. D. C. Quite a stout lad. Acts as a memory bureau for the old man. He's an astonishing facility for recalling faces and names. Never forgets. Why?"

"I'd an idea we'd met before."

"If that's so, he'll be certain to tell you where sooner or later. Well, so long."

"So long," I repeated.

As I passed down the avenue to the gates I had a glimpse of the governor and Craven. A fragment of their talk drifted my way.

"Obstinate—cheek of the devil. I didn't altogether dislike him, but I felt I wanted to break the beggar."

And Craven: "Yes, sir. I wish I could place where it was."

His back was toward me, with the scar plainly visible. Inside my brain was a gathering conviction that by some contrivance, willing or unwilling, I had given him a wipe across the head and he owed the scar to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BLUE DIAMOND

(Continued from Page 9)

tub of a taxi, feet braced against the foot rail, back braced against the cushions, thinking of what he should say to Clara Bollman. He had already telephoned her, but without speaking of her father's virtual arrest. That blow had to be softened.

The rain had almost ceased, but the pavements still lay flooded with reflected lights and shadows. Leaning back against the stuffed leather, he thrust his hands down the deep pockets of his raincoat and idly looked out the window.

The car glided along purringly; the heat from the engine dispersed the hint of chill in the air. He was seeing for the sixteenth time Clara's anguished white face when he should tell her, when suddenly he sat up straight and ceased thinking about Clara. At the same time he drew his clenched left hand from his pocket and opened it carefully beneath the light.

"Saint Peter and the angels! How did that thing get into my overcoat pocket?"

He did not ask himself what the thing was, did not seek the light for the purpose of learning. A man who has graded as many rough diamonds as Donovan does not forget the peculiar cold, greasy, sharp-edged feel of them. What he wished to know was, what diamond. He discovered instantly.

The stone could have been identified by almost anyone who had ever seen De Graaf XX, if in no other way, by its blue color.

De Graaf XX was his friend, but its presence frightened him, and he began frantically searching through his other pockets to see if he carried further goods of the kind But he found none. He examined himself to the lining of his hat without finding any companions for the blue diamond.

The possession even of one of the stolen diamonds was disconcerting. How he had come by it he did not know. He could not have absent-mindedly picked it up himself, for the case was kept locked. The alternative was that someone had placed it in his pocket—someone who had it to place and someone who had a purpose in placing it so. What was that purpose? Was it to draw a herring across some trail to mislead pursuit? A less valuable stone would have answered that purpose as well. Had the thief been ignorant of its value? It was among the smallest stones of the collection. Had he been deceived by that fact? How would such a herring mislead pursuit?

But after a moment, when he began to see the larger significance of the act, he ceased asking why it had been placed where he found it and began asking who had placed it there. The building had been searched and found empty. No one had been seen to leave. Yet the slayer of Joe Becket had not yet left the building when Donovan arrived. Sometime between the laying of his wet coat on the table and his resumption of it that murderer had brushed against it, probably on his way to the door. Who had passed out in that interval?

Still a further question demanded an answer. The slayer had thrust this blue diamond down his raincoat pocket. How did he know which coat was Donovan's? Or did he know? Had he made a mistake in the coat? If so, whose had he thought it was? If not, if he knew Donovan's coat by sight so well that he was able to select it out among others, then he must be a man whose coat Donovan knew by sight.

Clara surprised him by her calm acceptance of the disaster. He told her the facts, at first guardedly, then fully. She seemed to understand that she could not see her father for the present and that he might have to stand trial.

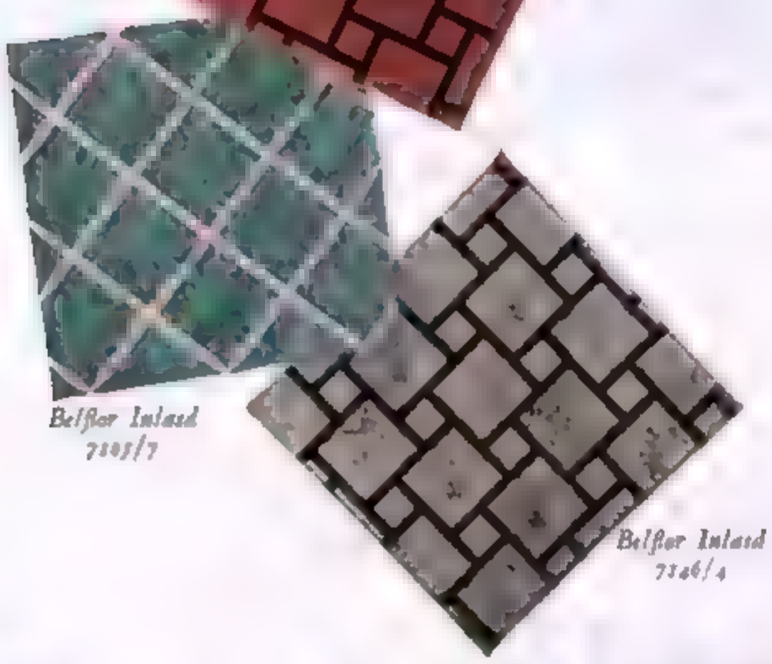
"We'll have a hearing at once," he promised her. "In any case, I think he'll be out on bond very soon."

(Continued on Page 77)

The pattern shown is Universal Inlaid 32/49

The pattern shown is Universal Inlaid 16/93

Universal Inlaid 33/146



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(Continued from Page 74)

He gave her then an account of the finding of the blue diamond, but without speaking of his disquietude. She seized upon the incident hungrily.

"Tell me," she said, "did father come downstairs before you took your coat from the table?"

"Afterward. They were searching him when I left."

"I'm glad, because that will make a point for the defense. It will, won't it?"

"We hope we shall not come to that." He rose to go.

"Do you have to leave so soon?"

"Sorry, but I do."

"If the police found that diamond in your pocket ——" She hesitated. "You could leave it here. I mean, hidden in something. I could soften the wax of a candle and hide it in that way, or I could hide it in a piece of soap."

But he would not listen to that folly.

"I don't doubt you could hide it; but what if they found it here? A Kimberley man would go straight to soap and candles and beeswax. Your father's case might be affected. Anyhow, I'd never let you."

On the way in he debated whether to hide the blue diamond on his own account. The taxicab cushion offered a means. A tiny puncture against a seam and De Graaf XX would be as lost to search as a pin in a pasture. But he decided against the ruse. For one thing, he had not the time just now to keep track of any particular taxicab cushion. For another, upon reflection he did not see how its discovery in his coat pocket by the police or anybody else would embarrass him. It might even be an aid. If the police were to search him he might learn who sent them to him.

"That might be an adventure," he thought, "worth the courting. I believe I will carry it for a day or two just to find out what will happen, seeing that the slayer knows I have it, and where."

He therefore placed it in an envelope addressed to himself, folded this over it carefully and placed it in his watch pocket, where he could keep it within touch.

Donovan had arranged to inspect the skylight at ten in the morning; but at half-past eight Miss Gaylord, Broun's secretary, called him up to say that the director wished to see him privately about an important development. Since the night before Broun had had a wire from O'Day naming Donovan as in charge of the case for Redelos Indemnity, and asking his cooperation.

"Last night after you left I received this," said Broun, handing him a letter.

Donovan looked at the scrawled address, rudely printed as if to disguise the writer's hand, then at the post-office hour of receipt. A special-delivery fee in stamps had been added to the normal postage. The contents proved to consist of a single sheet of cheap paper on which was likewise printed, "Look for lost diamonds 1935 Milwaukee." No other marks of any kind were visible, unless a paraffin blot the size of a dime near the bottom could be considered such.

"What do you make of it?" asked Broun.

"Very odd. Must have been mailed before the murder."

"Yes. Why did he send it?"

"Sheer bravado, I think," said Donovan, remembering a certain youthful missive of his own.

"Minturn thought it might be a grouch tip-off, and sent out to see. Nothing came of it."

"Will you keep a secret for me?"

"Till death," said Broun.

Donovan produced his blue diamond and told how he had received it.

"What do you make of that?" he asked in turn.

"Here in this building?"

"In this building, between the time I arrived and the time I left, I discovered it within five minutes."

"We must have brushed elbows with him," said Broun.

"Yes."

"But why—why did he place it in your pocket?"

"He may have mistaken the coat," said Donovan.

"That only makes it worse. That implies the presence of a paid man in the building."

"Or he may have had some deeper plan. We shall see. Or it may have been bravado again, although it looks too expensive to be that."

"It's a beautiful stone," said Broun. "One of the men I talked with, like as not."

"I don't see how else."

"A police officer? Such things have happened. I ought not to have said that. We mustn't make surmises in advance of knowledge. The police would have just as much right to suggest it might be one of us, without evidence."

"Yes; Dan Bollman, for example. Do you know what I wish? I wish that murdering note writer would send you another."

"He won't," said Broun.

"I'm not so sure."

"About how many notes do you expect a murderer to write out of sheer bravado?"

"If I were the man, I'd write about three," said Donovan.

"The next will be Number Two."

"Number Two, by special delivery, sometime today."

"Why not this morning? Why not now?"

"Any minute," said Donovan.

He said this not because he expected the letter to be written, but because Broun had invited him to say it. As for his expressed wish, he wished for another note of bravado much as a man may wish for another hat. Something is sure to happen to a man in a new hat, even if only a delayed attendance at church.

Its actual arrival startled him even more than it startled the director. Miss Gaylord stood in the door with an envelope. All she said was "Special delivery again. Another of the scrawly kind."

Broun glanced at the address, then passed it on to Donovan. In reality the envelope bore two addresses—an older printed one, which had been scratched out, and a later hand-lettered one, rudely scrawled between the lines of the other. Upon opening it Donovan found instead of the cheap white sheet of the first a printed blank form for return. Both envelope and inclosure bore the name of Black & Co., Insurance.

The wording, in scrawled characters as before, had been strewn along the blank portion of the sheet. It read:

"Hear me chuckle. I said 1935, not 1925, and Milwaukee, not Milwaukee Avenue."

"Lend them to me for the day," said Donovan.

"Take them along."

"I'd like to have you give out the wording, but not the rest of this last. If Minturn asks for them, tell him I have them. I'd like to see what will happen."

"I'd like to myself," said Broun, "when I tell him."

"You don't object?"

"Quite the contrary. Detective Sergeant Minturn did not make a hit with me last night. I don't believe he knows what he's trying to do."

"Fine! Not a word about the blue diamond to anybody; and you've received another letter, but you've given it to me."

"That's it. As Minturn would say, that puts it up to you."

"To the slayer," corrected Donovan.

"To you afterward."

"To all of us afterward, I think."

III

DONOVAN'S private office was hardly as large as a candy box, but it contained a desk and three chairs, a battery of letter files and a card-index cabinet. One of its two broad windows opened upon a fire escape, and its light was not trustworthy; but the other, overlooking an alley at a great height, gave him unobstructed access to clouds and blue sky, sun, moon and the planets of the ecliptic. For of course the planets, like the fixed stars, shine by day as well as by night. While their light by day seems extinguished by that of the sun, in reality it is not extinguished at all, but is added to that light, as you will quickly see if you begin looking deeply into good diamonds.

"Did you see father?" asked Clara, from the chair at the end of the desk. Donovan had asked her to run up in the noon hour.

"No. Minturn is still working on him to learn the name of his accomplice. We've sworn out a writ; either they'll have to book him or release him. The hearing is at two."

"Accomplice!"

"Minturn swears there is one. I think he suspects me of accomplicing. At any rate, he tells me not one thing. Therefore I do not tell him one thing. We're working independently."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I have a feeling that the slayer knows what Minturn is doing."

"And not you?"

"I suspect nobody," he replied evasively. "How can I tell?" He went on, watching her face as he gave her the first of the letters. "Broun received this note last night after I left."

She read it with quickened breath, then again as she pondered upon its significance.

"It must have been written before the—the murder."

"Yes." He gave her the second letter. "This morning Broun received another. What do you make of this insolence?"

"Oh!" cried the girl the moment she saw the scratched-out printed address.

"What?"

"You've found out!"

"Found out what?"

"Who wrote it."

"I haven't the remotest idea who wrote it. Wish I had."

"You're a good insurance man," she said softly, "but not in life insurance."

"Not life insurance—no. What about life insurance? You haven't read the note inside."

But when she turned to the inclosure her spirits fell.

"This is a blank form meant to be signed. I had hoped it wouldn't be. Sometimes insurance people will send you a questionnaire asking it to be returned unsigned, because you will often tell people a good many things about yourself if you think you can never be identified. That gives them an inside line on you they never could have got by direct asking."

"How so, if you don't sign?"

Her eyes danced.

"I'd like a glass of water." She placed the glass he brought her on the desk. "Thank you. I think I shall have to tell you everything."

She did tell him; and for two or three minutes he became so absorbed in what she was saying that he sat gripping his chair arms. When she was through he breathed again.

"Now we shall never know. It wouldn't have proved anything anyhow. The man might have stolen the envelope, or found it. We don't know where he got it."

"The fox couldn't reach the grapes; therefore he knew they were sour. Let's not think about the grapes. Let's think about where the man got this reply envelope. I don't believe he found it. People don't throw away good stamps; they tear them off and use them. His name might be on Black & Co.'s mailing list. That isn't impossible."

"It probably is."

"Couldn't you borrow the list somehow, just for a day, if you hired somebody to guard it?"

"Probably I could."

"Well then!" she said.

Donovan sprang to his feet.

"You mean ——"

"Certainly. Maybe he won't write another, but we can give a good stamp a ride."

He began pacing back and forth across the room.

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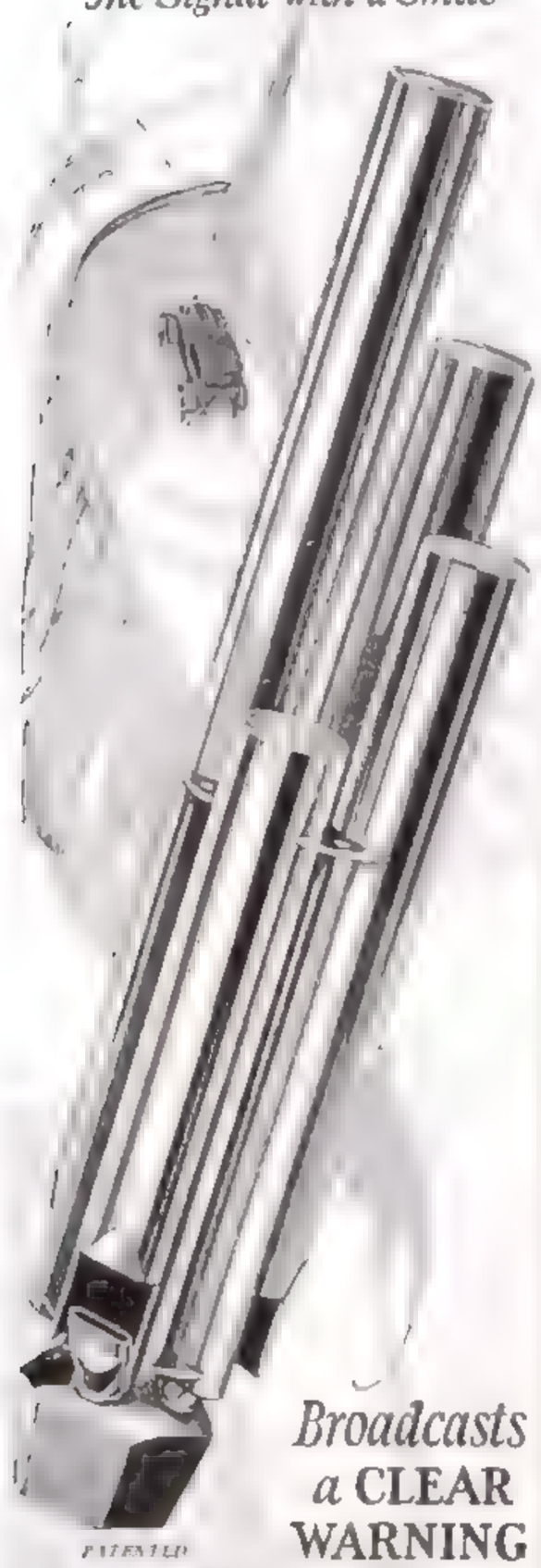

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The "safety-first" accelerator, placed 4" in to right of brake pedal.
Cannot strike accelerator accidentally when applying brake.
Easily attached to *right* side of motor; direct action to carburetor.
Nickel plated. Price only... $1.50

Perfection Pedal Pads

For Fords—per set of three, style DX, illustrated above, $1.25; style D and D Hook, $1. Other cars per set of two, $1.

THE FULTON CO.
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Automotive Equipment
Pace Setters of Quality

"Yes. Mailed tonight, before he's out of the mood." He stopped before her. "I'll arrange about the mailing list and supplies. How many people will you need?"

"That depends on the size of the mailing list. One man working carefully ought to do two hundred an hour. Ten people in five hours ought to do ten thousand. The insurance men would know. Trained clerks could do them faster."

"I'll have them for you. I know a room with tables six floors down I can borrow. We can't work in Black & Co.'s place because the man we want might be passing and see the lights. My place wouldn't do—same reason. This little office could be darkened, maybe, but it's too small. The other will be better. You're having dinner with me tonight, young woman; and for once in your life you'll get no devotion. Maybe your father can join us. Here's hoping."

"If he can—if he can, I shall never forget it."

"It wouldn't do for him to help us, you understand."

"I understand."

"See you at five," he said.

The time was twelve hours later. A man in the street looking upward at the cliff overhead would have seen high above him a row of lighted windows, and would have guessed that somebody was busy this evening.

Sometimes the charwomen turn on the lights so; but their lights flood the entire floor. In this case the windows on either side were dark.

The guess would have fitted the facts, for the room with the tables tonight contained a dozen people, all of whom were giving absorbed attention to their tasks. Donovan was at work with the rest, silent and attentive.

A sharp, peremptory knocking was heard at the door. He placed his fingers on his lips.

"No one need know who is using this room," he had said. "I have arranged with the janitor not to sweep and dust until we are through."

The knocking was repeated; then the man outside went away.

Some time later the telephone began clamoring to be heard. It, too, was ignored. That sound likewise ceased.

These interruptions may have had no significance, but they were remembered by Donovan afterward, together with other incidents not suspicious in themselves. One of these occurred about half-past eleven, when he started upstairs for his hat, which he had left on his desk early in the evening. As he was leaving the elevator he saw a man disappear into the shadows of the stairway beyond. At the time he assumed that someone on the janitor's staff was abroad and gave the matter no thought. Later it seemed important.

Another occurred after he had passed through the outside door. Light came in faintly from the hall—enough to see by. He did not need more light. The mere pressing of a light button might have imperiled nothing, but he felt reluctant to add even remotely to the chances against his success, merely to gain a touch of comfort. Edging his way along the wall, he found the gate, opened that, passed Cranshaw's desk, then Culberson's, then the switchboard, then the water cooler. He made no effort to move noiselessly; indeed, when he entered he was humming a snatch of tune. No one could hear that from the street.

Suddenly as he placed his hand upon the inverted water jug an odd sound seemed to answer his humming. The sound was an odd one for two reasons, the first being that it was an odd-sounding sound, the other, that he first heard it long after it had sounded. Three sharp clicks as of metal upon glass—he had heard them in the elevator as it approached his floor level, two or three seconds before it stopped. The rattling crash of the opened elevator door had instantly drowned them, or perhaps washed them upon the higher ground of the future; now he had them again. But he did not connect them with the man on the stairway.

Still another incident occurred after these remembered sounds had taken their place with the telephone bell and the knocking at the door downstairs. He had instinctively paused to listen to them. Now that they lay in the past, he again began moving forward toward his office door. His fingers found the jamb, then the glass panel, then the knob. He released the catch. His feet crossed the threshold. This time the incident did not center upon an odd sound, but upon the odd fact that as he entered his office he suddenly felt the chill of the night outside—felt it unmistakably, through his hair, on his face, in his eyes, nostrils, lungs, as though a charwoman had left a window open.

"Hello!" he cried, meaning merely that the circumstance, though natural, was unusual.

At the same time he clapped his hand upon his watch pocket to feel for the packet containing the blue diamond. He did not feel concerned for its safety, but merely thought of its presence, as now and then he had been doing all day. The packet still lay behind his watch, where he had placed it.

As he felt the May coolness he glanced at the two windows. The one behind his desk that looked out upon the sky he could see remained closed. The other, the window opening upon the fire escape, he could not see clearly; but it was obvious that if one of the windows stood open, and the desk window remained closed, the fire-escape window stood open.

Not one of these incidents, if they may be called such, had seemed of the slightest importance in the evening's activities; then during the time it takes to draw a breath every one of them became highly important. For as he stood there looking toward the fire-escape window, wondering whether to close it or not, he heard a further sound close at hand; a sound as of a quick step in a heavy shoe. This sound differed from the others in kind. This sound had menace in it. Yet now that he heard it, he knew that it was in sequence with the others.

He thought that it came from a point immediately behind him, and instinctively sprang aside, turning as he did so in order to face the intruder. But his leap had been made blindly. Had he sprung backward or to the left, he might have had a chance. As it was, he leaped into the vise-like arms of a second man, who instantly smothered all hope of defense.

That which followed was the crowding down of his body into his own swivel chair, gagged, roped and bruised. But although his captors went carefully through his pockets, they left him his money and his watch. They did not, however, leave him the blue diamond. It went with its new masters to seek the adventures to which it had been born.

IV

MORNING had washed the clouds of last night from the sky as if by water, so that the broad window behind the desk received light from Orion and the Pleiades, if not as yet from a planet, and not as yet very directly from the sun. The telephone bell began ringing. Donovan took down the receiver.

The call, he learned, was from Broun, at the Marsh Museum.

"You did?" he cried. "That's quick work. In a Black & Co. envelope? Oh, no question! First delivery, and must have been mailed right back from the post office.

"How do you feel after staying up all night? Me—I'm as good as new. I couldn't tell you about this over in your place because of Jacobs, but when I knocked at your door I had just been released from ropes and a gag—in my own office. Miss Bollman got the janitor and looked me up or I should have missed our appointment. I think they slipped somebody in during the day to unlock the fire-escape window. They went through my desk, then through me. Yes, they got the blue diamond.

"Suppose we say eleven o'clock then, in your office. If you will reach Minturn and Gluck tactfully, leaving me out of it, I'll reach the rest."

Donovan at once began putting in a few calls of his own. When he had cleared away the last of these he went out to the vault for a parcel wrapped in brown paper and tied with a bit of string. The parcel contained his automatic pistol. He had not expected his desk to be rifled; but nevertheless he had placed his pistol away early yesterday morning, while his sense of the presence of the blue diamond was still fresh. Now when he wanted it he had it. He placed it in his right-hand coat pocket where he could feel it.

The pistol was less a weapon than a symbol. He now added to its authority another symbol taken from his inside coat pocket; it had been placed there within five hours, along with the note of authorization. This he pinned over the lower inside corner of his heart.

"All I need's a uniform and handcuffs," he thought, "and I could catch a thief."

He also needed a thief; but he hoped that the thief would more or less arrive automatically.

He found Broun talking to Frederick Gluck, apparently about the present and future of the Gluck collection.

"All I want," Gluck was saying, "is to see if my cases are still intact."

"I'm sorry; but I have no power to admit you at present. The room was closed by the police."

"For finger prints. The finger-print men have gone."

"All I know is my orders."

"Minturn will pass me."

"I dare say."

"I'll get an order from Minturn," said Gluck.

Donovan sat down beside Clara Bollman and her father. Bollman looked frightened and Clara worried, despite her confidence of the preceding night. Others present were Henderson, office manager for Black & Co., and his assistant, carrying a disguised file drawer filled with cards. Gluck seemed to take these for newspaper men. Minturn and his policemen arrived a few minutes late.

Broun began by saying he had received another anonymous letter and had been asked by Donovan, in charge for Redelos Indemnity, to show it to those most interested. Donovan believed it might give them a clew to the slayer.

"I said it was sure to," corrected Donovan blandly.

"This is the letter," said Broun, holding it up. "It reads, 'Come and get me.' I will invite Mr. Donovan to answer the challenge."

Minturn sniffed.

"Make it snappy," he said. "When you're through, I have a little entertainment of my own to put on."

"In that case," replied Donovan softly, "why not put it on first? That way you'll be sure of an audience."

But Broun said, "Please!" and Gluck: "Let's have the answer first." Whereupon Minturn grunted, "Oh, go ahead!"

"Could I have a glass of water?" asked Donovan.

He placed the glass at his left upon the desk; Clara smiled to see how nearly he copied her own words and actions of the day before.

"To find the slayer of Joe Becket we have only to find the writer of these three notes," he said. "Looks hopeless, doesn't it? We might not have made the grade; but yesterday the man used a printed-reply envelope. It occurred to Miss Bollman that if he did that once he might twice. Last night we sent him another, using the same mailing list. One of those envelopes came back—the one in my hand. It was sent ready stamped, like the first; but this time we placed an identifying number under the stamp. Mr. Henderson here will identify through this number the name to which it was sent."

Continued on Page 80

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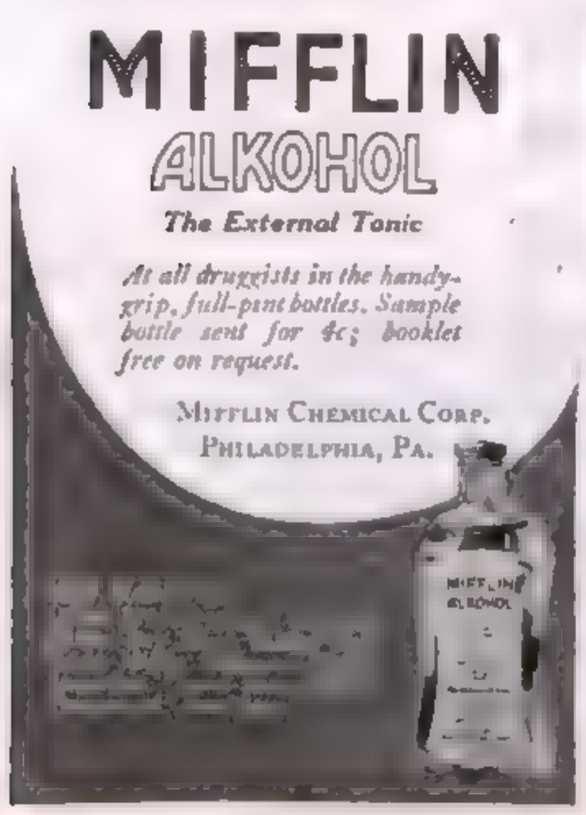


Continued from Page 78

He thrust the envelope into the water, stamp down. There was a long minute of silence; then Gluck began harshly:

"That's an old trick to put suspicion upon somebody else. Suppose it's Mr. Broun's name comes up. What of it? Maybe this envelope in the water never got to Mr. Broun at all, but was fixed up with a number by somebody interested."

Donovan smiled.

"Twelve witnesses," he said.

"Every envelope was accounted for," said Henderson. "I saw to that personally."

"He might have found the envelope," said Gluck.

"Sure," said Minturn; "or had it give to him. You don't know. Even if Broun here said he wrote the note, what would that prove? Not a thing. It would prove who wrote the note. That's all it would prove."

"Find the man with the diamonds," said Gluck.

"Just one of them," said Minturn.

"It might have been given to him," replied Donovan, with the hint of a smile; "or he might have found it."

"Sure, we know."

"All it would prove is that he had it"

The stamp fell away shortly after. He lifted the envelope from the glass. Upon the square that had been covered lay a number, as he had promised, plainly written in lead pencil, which is not affected by water. He held it up for all to see, then passed it to Henderson, whose assistant meanwhile had freed the card file of its wrappings.

"Who sent this, Mr. Henderson? The number is 1785."

"I refuse to take part in such a silly proceeding," Gluck began, rising to leave.

"Sure, you can go," Minturn told him.

"Sit down!" snapped Donovan.

"Number 1785 was mailed to Frederick Gluck, at the Hotel Porterford," replied Henderson.

"It never was. The charge is too silly for words. That statement was made in public. I shall see my lawyer at once."

Donovan's voice again became soft and colorful.

"Not at once, I fear."

"Who will stop me?"

"I will. I'm not through with you."

"Say," roared Minturn, "how did you get that way? Who's running this party, anyhow?"

"I am, at this present moment. This man wrote this note, and he is in possession of the De Graaf diamonds."

"Prove it!" cried Gluck. "Prove it! Where are they? Where do I keep them hid?"

"In your display case in the Jewels Room."

Gluck whirled upon the director in a fury.

"Did you break into my show case in my absence?"

"No one has broken into it. The case has not been opened since you opened it yourself."

Donovan, in his new soft voice, went on calmly:

"The moment I saw your name on the mailing list I knew you were my man. You asked me where. I asked myself that same question—Where had you hidden the diamonds? Most thieves who have diamonds to hide think of beeswax or soap or a square of butter, or sometimes they bake them in bread. Then I remembered your wax heads hung with jewelry. Late last night four of us went up to the Jewels Room to see. We found them there."

"You went into that room that I closed?" asked Minturn ominously.

"I forgot to say that your chief was in the party."

Gluck started for the door.

"I'm going, and I'd like to see you stop me!"

Donovan's hand shot from his pocket clasping his black pistol.

"Stick 'em up, Gluck!" he commanded sharply, at the same time showing his star. "Chief's orders, Minturn. Search that man and handcuff him. I hold a warrant for his arrest." He added darkly, as a policeman went for the wagon, "By the way, I lost a blue diamond last night. I meant to speak to the chief about it, but forgot. It's wrapped in an envelope bearing my name. Somebody told me you found one."

Minturn met his eye, but not very boldly.

"I may have," he replied at last.

"Just hand it over," said Donovan, and Minturn did.

The two of them were seated at table for a cup of coffee and a sandwich—Donovan and Clara Bollman. Her father had returned to work. The diamonds were not to be seized until afternoon.

"But you told him you hadn't opened his show case," said Clara. "How can you be so sure?"

"I happened to remember the X-ray test for broken bones," Donovan replied with a little laugh. "They're there. We developed the negatives in the building. A man named Jacobs did them."

"In the wax?"

"In the wax, at the very center of the head."

"But how could he?"

"False key. He may have sent Joe Becket for something, saying he would watch the room while Joe was away."

"Even so, that does not explain the murder."

"Joe may have returned soon enough to catch him."

"Then why didn't he give the alarm?"

"What he saw might have had no significance just then. Later it might have had an overwhelming significance."

"As for instance?"

"Suppose Joe Becket had seen Gluck pouring melted paraffin into the cavity of that inverted bust? Where would people have looked first for the diamonds?"

"Melted paraffin? But how could he?"

"From a vacuum flask."

"Oh, I see!" said Clara. "He poured the diamonds into the cavity and then sealed them in with liquid paraffin that he had melted up beforehand."

They talked about other matters until further questions occurred to her, then again she began about the diamonds.

"The diamonds were taken first. I see that. Then later on, the shot was fired down from the skylight. Had it been opened?"

"Broun says a pane had been removed, and then replaced, using stained putty. He says the putty was still soft."

"But how about the direction of the bullet?" she asked. "How about that? The surgeon reported that it could not have been fired from above."

"He reported too much. The wound was a head wound. When Gluck called to him from above, Joe Becket naturally bent back his head to look. That made it seem as if the bullet had been fired from the same level."

"One more question and I'm through forever. Why did he do it? This man had given his money and his time to his own wonderful collection of jewelry. Why should he murder a man for a few diamonds?"

Donovan shook his head at the form of the question.

"If you put it that way. But who said Gluck had given his money and his time to collecting these treasures? How do we know who owns them? They're lent in his name—yes. But let me tell you something. When Chief Chandler saw them last night he cried out that he had seen them before, in the Museum of the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg, years ago. They were owned then by the Russian Government. How did Gluck come by them?"

"Why, he may have been a thief already," she said.

"A thief, acting for thieves. Who knows?"

He placed his hand upon his watch, then removed the tiny packet, unfolded the wrappings, turned the diamond contained therein upon his palm.

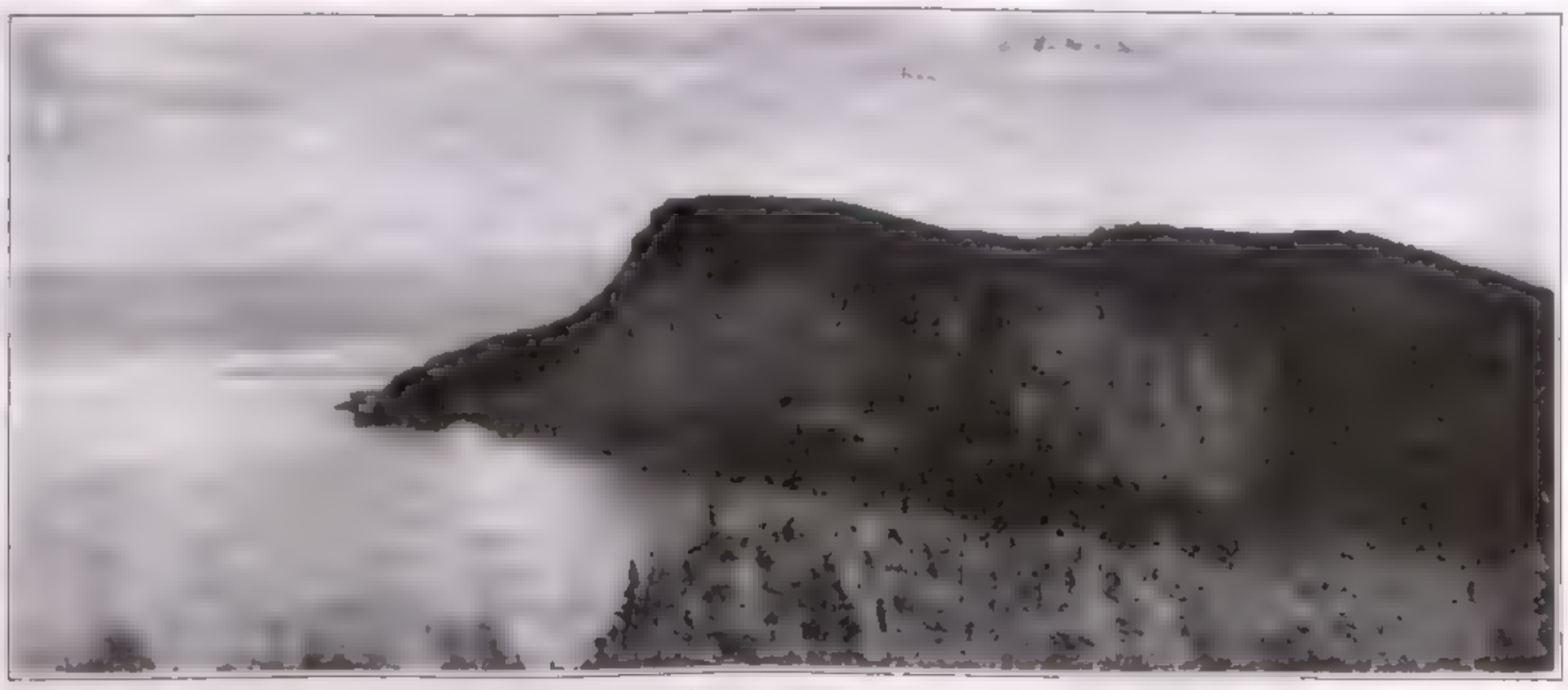
"It's as blue as your eyes," he said. "You are dining with me tonight, young woman. Is that understood? Not your father—he's on duty. Just us two." She was looking at the diamond, so that he could not compare the color of her eyes just then, but had to depend upon memory. "Is that understood?"

"I shall be glad to," she said.

It was then that he addressed De Graaf XX in the words with which I began.

"A good diamond will find its adventures," he said; "but a man has to look for his in the elevator."

And because that was understood, they both laughed.



Cap Bon Ami, on the Gaspé Coast, Jutting Into the Gulf of St. Lawrence

Personalities of Paramount

LOIS WILSON

Some screen stars are neither stunning blondes, nor gorgeous vamps, nor anything else ever classified, but simply — themselves! and they attract the millions. Lois Wilson, heroine of The Covered Wagon, and star in The Thundering Herd, North of 36 and other Paramount Pictures creates interest and affection in hearts everywhere. Miss Wilson's latest pictures are James Cruze's Welcome Home and Zane Grey's The Vanishing American.

JACK HOLT

When Jack Holt swings on to the screen with tightened belt and sleeves rolled up swift action seems ready on sea, in forest or desert. His outstanding Paramount successes are Call of the North, While Satan Sleeps, Bought and Paid For, Nobody's Money, Wanderer of the Wasteland, Empty Hands, North of 36 and The Light of Western Stars. Jack Holt's first new season Paramount Picture is Wild Horse Mesa.

ERNEST TORRENCE

Fans had a wonderful time picking out the bits they liked best in The Covered Wagon, and oh, how they joyed in Ernest Torrence! That tall and sinister figure with the long nose and the gorilla strength! What diabolical expressiveness! Ernest Torrence has gone on to vivid fulfillment in Peter Pan (as Hook the Pirate), The Fighting Coward, North of 36 and Heritage of the Desert. He will be seen in Night Life of New York and The Wanderer.

NOAH BEERY

You would travel far and wide before you would find a human being so perfectly equipped by nature as Noah Beery to play the rough-diamond outdoor types of unquenchable courage and vitality. Paramount fans easily remember Noah Beery in Wanderer of the Wasteland, The Fighting Coward, The Devil's Cargo, and Heritage of the Desert. He may be seen this season in The Light of Western Stars.

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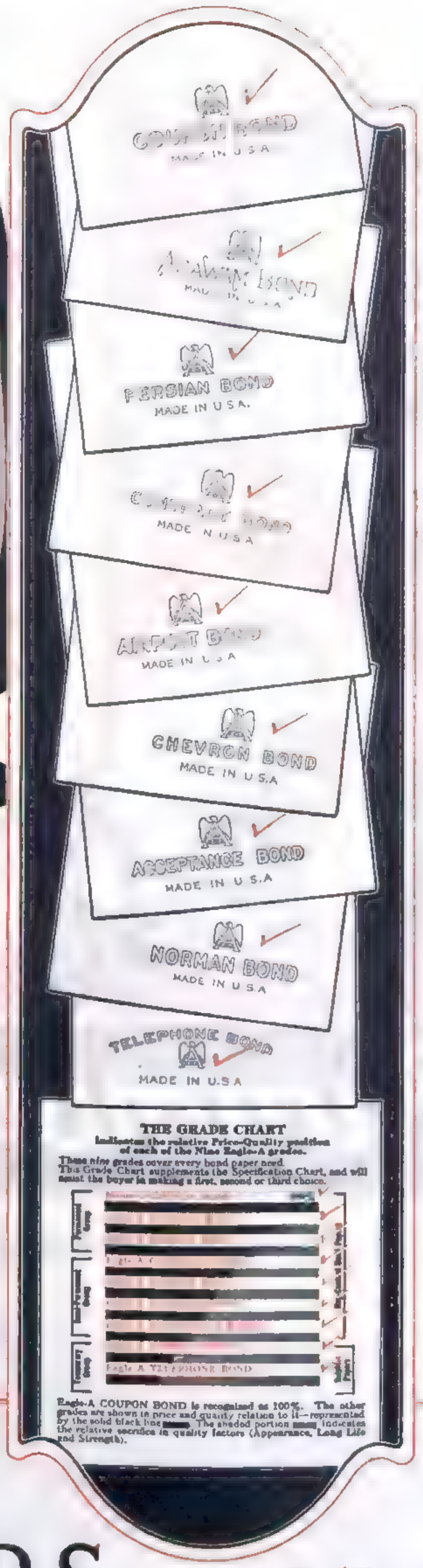
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THE NEW IMMIGRANT

(Continued from Page 25

The six of them stood, facing the crisis as brave men and women should.

"Oh, no, no!" spluttered the guide.

"Oh, no, no!" pleaded the matron.

Then the leading man relented. But six pink slips left the island by the next boat, still proudly pinned on six Americans as souvenirs of what might have been.

"It's all over," the leading man said at dinner over in New York, in conclusion. "No more gypsies at Ellis Island. The immigrants are just like us—even that matron couldn't tell us apart! And neither could I, without a good look."

"Never mind the gypsies," said his wife. "The more those immigrants are like us before they come in, the quicker they'll become good Americans after they're in."

"Yes," said the husband dutifully, and also because he thought so too.

So there you have, in a nutshell, the immigrant of today. He is still coming. But he is more nearly like us, even as he lands, than ever before in our history. And that is the most striking change that our immigration law of 1924 has brought about. As a first aid to Americanization, its value is obvious.

In studying the effects of the first year of this radically new law, we know now to a certainty that our immigrants are better in quality than had been thought possible. The likeness that makes their American assimilation easier is only one point. They are also younger than they used to be. They are cleaner and more intelligent. There are more outdoor folk among them; and by the same token, they are of better physique than those who used to come. We find fewer peddlers in the lot; more mechanics, farmers and servants. The old proportion of five immigrants from the south and east of Europe to one from the northwest gave us sweatshop workers or birds of passage. The present proportion of five from the northwest to only one from the southeast turns the tables in occupational character and permanence of stay just as completely as it does in geographical origin.

The effect of the whole is a year of healthier, more helpful immigration—not yet what it should be, but distinctly better than it used to be.

As the quality of our new immigration is better, so the quantity is smaller. In the years before the war as many as 1,000,000 would settle among us within a single year. Today the yearly number is about 300,000—that is to say, a rate of about 1000 a day for each working day in the year. For my part, I think that is plenty.

Fewer and Better

At Ellis Island we know that quality depends in great part upon quantity. If the allowed quantity goes up, the resulting quality goes down. If quantity is kept within proper control, the consuls abroad can choose better among applicants and the immigration inspectors at home can examine them more thoroughly when they arrive. That is what is going on now. The quality is good, because the quantity is within bounds.

Even as it is, the quantity of foreigners that we Americans allow to come here to stay with us is, to say the least, considerable. Nearly 1000 a day—yesterday, today and tomorrow, the year around, every year—is a number not to be sneezed at. We are more generous than any nation on the face of the earth to which any substantial number of people now desire to emigrate. If ever we become still more generous, there will be plenty of surplus population in crowded quarters of the world to rush in through the broader sluiceway to the last limit of the law. There are aspirants enough today in Italy, Russia and Poland alone to double or treble our present quantity of immigration, once we say the word. If the quantity is ever to be changed, it may well be changed downward rather than upward.

One of the strangest echoes of this new American policy of controlling the quantity as well as the quality of immigration into our country is the reiterated approval of it by foreign-born Americans who visit Ellis Island.

"We got enough of those people here now," said an Italian-born American bootblack to me the other day. He is a man I have known intimately and respected for many years. In the war he did his bit splendidly. "Let 'em wait till we get fixed up a little ourselves," he added.

"What do you mean, Tony?" I asked.

"Well, I tell you," he confided. "There's my father and mother. They live in Italy, in the country, on a hill—ah, it's beautiful!" His brown eyes glistened. "Now they get old, they want to come join me here. And I want them to come." His eyes glistened in a different way.

"Yes—and then?" I encouraged.

He turned, almost in anger.

"You know where I live?" he demanded. "That tenement down below Canal Street. No, but you know the kind—yes, you know them! Well, you think I take my old father and mother to that place? No! I wait till I save more money, get better place; till we get fewer of those people, come in so fast, to fill up all the rooms and boost up rents, and"—he paused—"if I get that money in time." Then he stopped.

Voters of the Future

Last year $70,000,000 that we know of was spent in New York City to try to lighten the lot of immigrants who must live in New York's suffocating tenements, who must live as they do because there are so many of them. An American, for many generations back, put it another way the other day.

"I'm convinced," he acknowledged, after looking over Ellis Island. "A year ago I wanted cheap labor—all I could get. Then you made that remark about ——"

"About your children?"

"Yes. Now I say, fewer and better; that suits me!"

I had only suggested, as did many others at that time, that the dollars my friend hoped to derive from the cheap labor were to be earned for his own children; that his children would grow up to find themselves flanked more heavily than ever by foreigners at heart who would nevertheless vote and direct our Government as potently as though they were really Americans at heart; that his children would live their lives under a government of the voters, by the voters and for the voters. But as to these new voters—of what kind would they be, under the swamping foreign invasion of our country, in time of peace, that was bound to take place unless we put through that law of '24? For in five years these myriad foreigners would become full-fledged American citizens, with votes as good as those of my friend's own children, who, forsooth, must wait twenty-one years—instead of five—for their own franchise.

"I've thought it over," he said. "I've weighed the children's future against my bank account's present—new idea, that was! You bet I'm for my children! And"—he chuckled—"my bank account's all right too."

That idea of interesting ourselves in seeing how well we can build up our country, rather than how fast we can build it up, has come into stronger play not only here at home but in places far beyond our shores. In some of those places it has so securely taken hold that already there is a sharpening of demand for entrance to the United States on the part of foreigners who would not have thought of such a thing a generation ago. America, as a last resort of those who could not make a go of it in their own countries, was long a familiar bait abroad; and as a lure of desperation the new land placed a peculiar and inferior impress upon the immigration that it welcomed. Self-reliant souls held back from association with such a living stream of misfortune and incompetence. They preferred to stick it out at home as a matter of self-respect, and they would not come.

But admission to the United States is now known as a different thing. It is beginning to be understood that we choose with more care those whom we allow to join us; that we choose not only among individuals but also among the different parts of the earth from which they come; and that we will take so many and no more. In other words, our country is no longer common property to all who care to peck at it. Admission here is a privilege accorded only to those who, we believe, are fit to take helpful part in our difficult American experiment of self-government of a vast concourse of people occupying a vast continent.

And it is sought after—this privilege—by those who discern a more self-respecting operation in its acquisition than ever they could see in the days when we let in everybody under the sun just because anybody under the sun wanted to come. By our own boot straps, almost, in this respect, have we lifted the standard of the immigrant. They take our country at our own valuation of it. The lateness and moderation of our self-appraisal is surely enough to acquit us of any vaingloriousness. And surely the whole thing was simple enough for us to see, long before we did! At Ellis Island we are seeing it now, every day in the year—and it looks good!

By virtue of the same world-wide appraisal, we see less than before of the birds of passage—those foreigners who came here to make what money they could out of us, to spend nothing, and then to pack up and get out, with a swift kick of contempt behind by way of a parting paid in full. The birds of passage did us no good. We bought their bodies for a brief period. We never took a tithe of their affections. Insoluble, floating elements in our social whirlpool—the most insoluble of all the insolubles in our so-called melting pot—they formed a curious example of the ultimate expense of cheap labor. For they made more trouble for our police than all the rest of the resident aliens put together. And they not only deterred Americans from honest labor in such company but they also stood with the unfortunates and incompetents of free immigration as a barrier to every self-respecting laboring man abroad who wanted to come here, stay here and make his home here for the rest of his life.

Mary From Kildare

Today the bird of passage is naught but a bad dream. At Ellis Island he is a very rare bird, indeed. The value of admission to America is now such that, once acquired, it is kept for life.

A sidelight on this intention of permanence that resides in the immigrant of today shone out for a moment in a recent conversation between one of our inspectors and a pretty Irish lass, just off the ship and under examination. The inspector is an excellent American, with near threescore and ten of honorable years to his life, but with still an echo of his early Irish brogue that is faint yet sufficiently definite to coax the truth out of any Irish colleen that ever came over the sea.

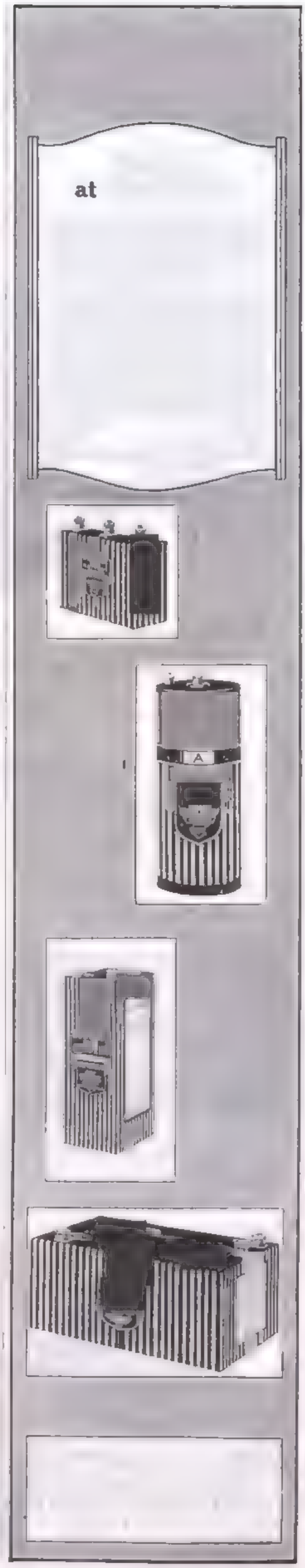
"Well, Mary," soliloquized the inspector, as he looked down at his papers, "I see where you're goin' to Philadelphia."

"Yes, I am."

"An' I suppose you'll have nothin' to do with all them nice young American lads over there."

He was still looking down at the desk as his casual rumination went on.

"I might."



Keds smash all records for long, hard wear!

A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model.

Tested on the feet of world-famous athletes—*Keds mean a big saving for millions of parents*

WORN by the Olympic Soccer and Tennis Champions, by scores of champion basketball teams—by the winners of 13 National Tennis Championships last year—these are some of the recent records made by Keds!

These champion players wear Keds because of the longer wear and better service Keds are built to give. Some of them have written us that they find Keds outwear two and three pairs of other shoes!

It is just this long-wearing quality that makes millions of parents today insist on Keds whenever they buy vacation shoes for the active feet of boys and girls.

Keds are made with springy soles of the toughest rubber—durable canvas uppers strongly reinforced—and a special Feltex innersole that absorbs perspiration and keeps the feet cool and comfortable.

An important point

Every real Keds shoe has the name Keds on it. That's an important point to remember, because no other shoe can give you real Keds value and service.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, and are built especially for long wear. *They come in all the popular styles—and at prices ranging from $1.25 to $4.50.*

If you want the longest wear your money can buy *always look for the name Keds on the shoe.*

Free Booklet for Boys and Girls

The Keds Hand-book of Sports contains information on games, sports, camping, and dozens of other interesting subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. A-90, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

An attractive Keds model designed for general wear as well as for sports.

[NOTE]

They are NOT Keds UNLESS the NAME Keds is on the shoe

The inspector did not see the twinkle of an Irish eye, nor the faint blush that belied the grave response.

"Ah, you'll soon be gettin' back to that lad in Kildare, I think," doubted the inspector.

"No, I've come to stay."

"And you—eighteen years old and all alone now—you've come to stay! Tell me now, how many may there be in your family back in Kildare?"

"Ten boys and two girls, an' me father and mother."

"Well, why didn't you send one o' the boys on here instead o' comin' all this way by yourself—an' me to get the Traveler's Aid now, an' go to the trouble o' gettin' you safe to your aunt in Philadelphia, an' the whole o' the American Gov'nment lookin' out for y' all the time an' ——"

For the first time the inspector looked up over his glasses, most forbiddingly. But Irish knows Irish.

"Because I'm the one that'll save the money for the rest to come after me," proudly quoth Mary of the emerald mists. "Sure, none o' thim ten boys would be savin' a penny over here, what with skylarkin' an' the like o' that. An' then where would the rest be?"

"Are they all comin' over, Mary?"

"Sure, every blessed one o' thim, one after another, as soon as ever I send back the money for the next one to start; an' we're goin' to set up in Philadelphia for the rest of our lives."

There was the faintest suggestion of a far-off twinkle in the eyes of the inspector, who had come the same course near seventy years ago.

"All right, Mary, go along now to your aunt, an' be a good girl. Next!"

And off she tripped for Philadelphia, with the weight of ten brothers and all no more than a feather on her pioneering young shoulders.

In balancing the ledger of our new law of July, 1924, it is not to be supposed that the first year's experience of its resulting immigration contains only the assets of better quality and smaller quantity, with all their distinguishing and qualifying attributes. There is a deal more to be done before we may say that we have established a control that is not only sound but smooth as well, in that it works with a minimum of hardship to the immigrant and a maximum of benefit to the country. At Ellis Island we are in a peculiarly good position to understand this, for here we handle the immigrants themselves, at first hand and every day of our lives.

Where the Aliens Come From

It should be noted that we have to do only indirectly with the border-crossing immigrants from Canada and Mexico. Mostly Canadians and Mexicans, they present problems of their own. In number they constitute nearly half the immigration of the present year. Out of the thousand or so a day that are coming in, nearly 500 are our continental neighbors jogging over the line, free from quota limitation, at one point or another from Canada and Mexico. Then there is a slight sprinkling of arriving aliens from Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, the West Indies and other regions outside of Europe. The aliens from Asia and Australia usually come in through our Pacific ports. The rest come in through Ellis Island. The whole scattered caravan is a slight affair at best.

Barring these odd handfuls, the immigration of today comes almost equally, half from Canada and Mexico on the one hand, and, on the other, half from Europe. It is the distant and diverse half from Europe that is handled by Ellis Island. A shipload of Irish will now and then put into Boston, and there will be occasional European arrivals at other ports; but the bulk of the affair converges at the port of New York. Europe is the other end of the ferry; Ellis Island is our end.

As a matter of fact, there are, all told, about 1,000,000 human beings each year, on 5000 ships, whose examination constitutes a portion of the duties of the Ellis Island field force. About 500,000 of them are foreign sailors; the other 500,000 divides among Americans—whose citizenship must be verified; alien visitors, transients and such; and straightaway immigrants from every corner of the world. As to both immigrant and nonimmigrant aliens, the majority come directly from Europe.

As to every mother's son of them all, if there be in the eye of his plight the slightest mote of hardship to the immigrant or the slightest beam of injury to the country, that speck will loom so large and clear at the other end of our Ellis Island spyglass that we could not escape seeing it in all its aspects even if we would. Of such is this small island—one human story after another, to the end of the skein, to the outposts of imagination and beyond. If the law is working well or ill, we know it here, at once and emphatically.

Consular Examination Abroad

One thing is sure beyond peradventure, and that is that the law works well in its requirement of consular examination of the immigrant abroad, before the journey is begun. It has taken time for our consuls to get a grip on this new duty that was so suddenly thrust upon them. There have, of course, been mistakes. Consuls had to strive to become immigration experts almost overnight; and in every case the consul had to do this all alone by himself, in some corner of the world outside of the United States.

But the consular service has met the peculiarly difficult task with such conscientious ability that the proportion of arriving aliens excluded after a board hearing at Ellis Island has already been reduced from 3 or 4 per cent down to 2 per cent. This is a fact that speaks for itself. Thousands of intending immigrants have been spared a fruitless journey to the United States, bound to end in rejection here at the gate and deportation back to the old country, with the accompanying grief and ruin that have so tried us all. Aliens adjudged unfit are not now allowed to start. So well have the consuls wrought, indeed, that this diminution of tragedy has been accomplished in the face of a stiffer examination here at the gate than ever we were able to give to the hordes that came prior to 1924. The United States and the immigrant share alike in the benefit.

When it is remembered also that the Secretary of Labor admits on final appeal about half the aliens excluded at Ellis Island, it will be seen that only one out of every 100 aliens arriving here is compelled to go back. The other ninety-nine come in.

And that is a result obtained within the space of a single year. It is not only a distinguished credit to the consular service but is also a quiet monument to the foresight of the senators and congressmen who so painstakingly put this humane provision in an American law.

With the development of the efforts that are now under way to provide an American medical examination of the immigrant before he starts, as well as an American consular examination, we may expect in time a still further reduction in the number of those who come here only to be sent back.

In this connection it has been suggested that the examination abroad be made final and that there be no examination at all here at the gate. It is not to be supposed, however, that Congress, which has the say as to that, will consider throwing our country open to the dangers that must attend such a course. The immigrant has four months from the date of the consular visa within which to begin his overseas journey to the United States. Within those four months he may develop any form of insanity, any loathsome and dangerous contagious disease known to man—and there would be no doctor here at the port to detect it and save the country from its intrusion.

(Continued on Page 86)

Will your family be in the *clutch of cold* —— again next winter?

NOT if you get a heating man into your house at once and have him cover your heater and pipes with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

Then, next winter, you will get the heat you want *where* you want it. Improved Asbestocel is the most efficient low-pressure pipe covering per dollar of cost. It literally chases heat out of your cellar and into your rooms. It is shiver insurance.

Have it applied now and next winter you won't be in the clutch of cold, and you won't be in the clutch of the coal man either. Improved Asbestocel means less fuel and more heat.

It will continue to increase your comfort and save your money long after it has saved its cost.

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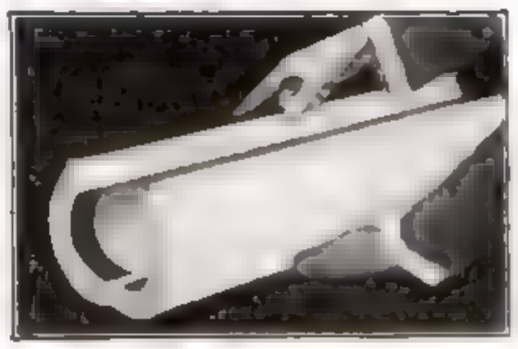


Your heating man will show you the difference

—between ordinary pipe covering and Improved Asbestocel.

Air, circulating within the cells of ordinary pipe covering, cools off your pipe lines and steals your heat.

In Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel the flutings are closed every few inches so that free circulation of air and resulting heat loss is impossible.

Inexpensive!

The cost of Improved Asbestocel is small compared to your annual fuel bill. Sometimes it pays for itself in one heating season.

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Improved Asbestocel saves coal

(Continued from Page 84)

Within those four months the immigrant may develop any one of the nonphysical bars to admission—and there would be no immigration inspector here at the port to discover it and close the door. These nonphysical bars are serious, and, one by one, over a span of 100 years, they have been put in the law for a purpose. They include such matters as anarchy, prostitution, crime involving moral turpitude, professional beggary, white slavery. Oftentimes they exist while the consul is doing his own preliminary examining, yet they are of such a nature that the consul cannot possibly detect their presence. In some such cases, and in many cases of other kinds, it is not until the appearance of facts available only on this side of the water that the defect is disclosed—and in that way we catch a considerable number, right here at Ellis Island, every day in the year.

Beyond these considerations, there is the certainty that, without inspection on arrival, there would be a saturnalia of fraud and forgery in the transferring and manufacturing of passports and visas that would make a nullity of our efforts to protect the country from victimization of that kind. It is hard enough as it is to cope with the international rascality that washes up on our shores. To do away altogether with a decent guarding of our portals would make our country the jest of the foreign underworld, from Havana to Hong-Kong and back. We are just beginning, over late, to get a grip on our immigration problem. It is no time now to throw it to the winds.

Of equal importance is the threatened subjection of the immigrants themselves to fraud and fleecing of every sort. To turn these wayfarers loose on shore—strangers in a strange land, unprotected by the care of our Government—is to invite the most merciless trimming that ever fell to the lot of innocent travelers. Our immigration service exists to help the immigrant as well as to safeguard our country. Its hand is one of kindness as well as firmness. It would be better if every single immigrant arriving at the port of New York should come to Ellis Island for his examination and the protected beginning of his inland journey, instead of only the third-class immigrants, as is now the case. But to turn the clock back, to turn them all loose on the water front, to revert to the bulldozing days of old Castle Garden, would be to inflict an unexpected punishment upon the immigrant that he has done nothing to deserve.

If you would know something of what I mean, you should see the care with which, at Ellis Island, we protect the arrival of every young girl traveling alone—and there are thousands of them.

A Double Service

When you get your nose away from the immigration grindstone for a few minutes—if you ever do, in the service—and stand off to take a good look at it, you see invariably two distinct things that seem separate, and yet go hand in hand and soon become one and the same. One is the protection of the country from too much immigration and from any immigration at all by the individually unfit. The other is the protection of the immigrant whom we do welcome, from discomfort, disappointment, fleecing and trouble of any sort. They seem offhand like conflicting interests. But they are not. And the new law has pulled them closer together than ever.

Nowadays the alien who comes here honorably, as an immigrant and not as a smuggler or trickster, begins the undertaking with a visa in his hand, signed, sealed and given to him by an American consul abroad after a most careful examination. If he is prone to take a great deal for granted, he looks upon the visa as a ticket of admission to the United States, no matter how often he is warned that the final and decisive examination takes place here at the port. If he is sufficiently intelligent, he realizes that the visa is only a token of consular belief in his fitness. But in either event, it is very different from the old days when a consular visa meant nothing at all, and the immigrant knew full well that it would be catch-as-catch-can here at the gate. Now he feels that at least half the battle is won when he becomes possessed of the visa.

If he is excluded then on this side of the ocean, at Ellis Island, after a full and fair hearing, he is likely to wonder—assuming that there be good faith on his own part—what the value of a big red United States seal on a piece of paper is anyhow. He feels bewildered, sold out. Of course he signs his name to an appeal from the excluding decision, and then we send his appeal on to the Secretary of Labor at Washington. Then he waits.

Right there we can do something for the immigrant and at the same time do a great deal for ourselves. The law now requires that all such appeals be decided by the Secretary of Labor at Washington. While the decision is being made, the alien is interned at Ellis Island, New Orleans, San Francisco or wherever he arrived. It takes time to mail papers to Washington from any of these points, to put them through a second filing and recording system upon arrival there, to get them back to the point of internment. The appeals from every port in the country take train to Washington, converge and collect there, compete with one another there for consideration and decision. And then they must come all the way back again to their various starting points.

Unnecessary Delays

At no time have the officials in Washington enjoyed the advantage of seeing and knowing the immigrant himself or herself. They must decide on the basis of a piece of paper recording what the immigrant said at the hearing at the distant port. To make the affair more incongruous, it is almost always a question of fact, not of law, that calls for decision. It is a matter for a jury, not a judge; and jurors should see and size up the persons involved. They do in every other jurisdiction. Capable officials find it difficult to do justice on the present basis. The very press of business prevents any one responsible official from passing personally on more than a very few cases, and in those few he has only the piece of paper to go by.

But the element of time is the most important. While all this long-distance deliberation is going on, while the papers are going to and fro over the railroad tracks and through the files, the immigrant is waiting. There is no privilege of bail or parole. He is interned, although he has done no wrong, until the final decision comes back. It seems as though such internment might considerately be reduced to a minimum. Yet our present law expands it to a maximum.

If Congress will act favorably upon the suggestion that such appeals be decided at the ports instead of at Washington, then by one stroke of the pen there will be as much accomplished toward the alleviation of human suffering in immigration as any other single amendment to the law can possibly bring about.

From Ellis Island some 2500 appeals go to Washington in a year. If these appeals may be decided at Ellis Island instead of at Washington, we can do away annually with more than 2500 weeks of unnecessary human detention at this port alone. For the long-distance arrangement results in an average of at least a week over and above the time necessary to do the same job here at the port. As a matter of wise decentralization that Congress may bring about within the sphere of Federal Government itself, such a step seems amply justified.

To dally thus with the liberty of human beings who are innocent of wrongdoing is to injure not only them but ourselves. Sickness and death have often ensued during the anxious period of delays. Crooks have taken advantage of it to dupe relatives ashore into paying [illegible] for supposed legal services. Be[illegible] S[illegible] it is important consideration that at least one out of every two of the immigrant men and women so detained will shortly be admitted to the United States, to become in time American citizens. Is it a savory start for them—that unnecessary week of internment at the gate? Is it good Americanization? First impressions are strong, and Ellis Island is to the immigrant a first impression of America.

The technical accompaniments of such a transfer of function have already been so carefully considered that safe provision for each is fully assured. They all melt away before the justice of granting liberty—in a land conceived in the cause of liberty—to those who are entitled to it at the earliest possible moment.

Freedom ashore, in the U. S. A., or a prompt voyage back to the old country! One or the other should be decreed at once.

In other nooks and corners of the present maze of immigration statutes and precedents there are changes to be made that will help both the immigrant and the country. They stand out the more sharply because of the general excellence of the controlling law of 1924. We still encounter some hardship and much fraud in the complicated exemptions to quota control with which the law is studded. The unanticipated hardships that call for remedy, here and elsewhere in the law, tell a story of human comedy and tragedy that always seems just a leap beyond us in the analysis. The variety and ingenuity of attempted fraud upon us is a sliding, slithering affair that is almost equally baffling.

The struggle will go on. We must so mold the law and its administration that it will serve as a guard to the country and at the same time a pliable instrument of helpful justice to the immigrant who is about to become a part of the country. We are not there yet. But we have come a long way on the road, and it is all work that is worth doing.

Straight Tips

Of a different kidney is the pocketful of changes in the law that we badly need to strengthen our work of catching and kicking out the smugglers. There is no mutuality of interest here. We are not dealing with immigrants honorably hopeful of admission. We are handling sneaks and second-story men who propose to break into our nation's house whether we like it or not—and they do break in. Letters like this, with real names for the blanks, come here every day:

"POLICE DEPARTMENT,
"New York City.

"In the boat —— of Company —— to have men Spanish, to work of wipe. This men to deserter of an steamship, last six months, you name is ——

"This men have before to make five years, but now to violate the law Immigration.

"Yours very truly, O. K."

Or like this: "Num—— —— Street
"America

"A bigya der Russia fight all dere in our house he say Amicano no godda he says Russian Besta Amicano I show him my Amicano papers he say no gooda Russia better he says he says bulvicki is best he no like our Prsident he beat his Amicano woman up ever day he no good Amican please take out of our house he no good for Amicans him nam ——"

These are straight tips. There are plenty of smugglers at large in the United States. Whether they came on ships as stowaways or deserting sailors; or whether they were smuggled ashore by rum boats or over the border by automobile, they have come in great numbers.

And only a fraction have gone, although we deported twice as many this year as we did the year before. The problem is still with us, after a year of the new law, as acutely as ever.

Of course the first thing is to prevent the smuggler from getting in. It is hard enough with our thousands of miles of land borders. It is even harder along our thousands of miles of coasts. We deter some and catch others. But still others get by.

A week or two ago the Ellis Island searching squad, which rakes the incoming ships for stowaways, became unexpectedly a life-saving squad. To pull a stowaway out of a coal bunker sometimes saves his life, for the going is not good underneath the coal, and food is as scarce as air. To fish a stowaway out of the bay when he has made a dive for it is usually a life-saving feat. But on this occasion the squad did the trick in a new place. It is one thing to search the bilge of a ship. That is usual. It is quite another thing to save a stowaway who has dived, not overboard, but into the bilge itself, into the lowest depths of the ship, down in the dark where the dank air over the keel takes poison of bilge and rats and all that is refuse. The inspector thus tells of the adventure:

"When the vessel arrived at the pier the crew was mustered and a complete search was instituted. Commencing with the forepeak, we searched the chain locker, forecastle, lazareta, with no results; then the first, second and third class passenger quarters and the compartments aft; but no stowaways or evidences of their presence were located. Accompanied by ——, —— and the guards, I proceeded to search the engine room. The coal bunkers and atop of the boilers produced no one, but under the plates below the boilers I discovered one stowaway, an Italian.

"Leaving —— and the guards to continue in this section, —— and I went to the stern of the ship through the shaft alley. We tore up a section of the plates covering the bilges and discovered food, indicating the presence of stowaways. Working further forward on the port side, I saw first one and then several other swarthy, unclad men concealed in the bilges, and brought them out, all Portuguese stowaways. —— had meanwhile uncovered the starboard plates and had brought forth two more Portuguese stowaways. While flashing my light in and around the bilges I saw a figure plunge into the bilge water and called —— to assist me. We hurried to the spot over which he had fallen, ripped off the plates and pulled him out. In recovering this man a plate fell upon Inspector ——'s forearm, inflicting a painful but not serious injury, which was dressed by the ship's surgeon.

"This made in all eight stowaways, of whom seven were found under the shaft alley plates and in the bilges."

To Check the Smugglers

We need no law for that sort of thing, but we do need law to aid us in kicking out those who got in and are still here. This task is just as important as that of attempted prevention. If a smuggler knows that, once in, he is immune, he will get in. But if he knows that his life here will be that of a hunted animal, he will think twice before coming in.

For instance, as the law now reads, an alien who smuggled in more than three years ago cannot be put out unless there is another ground for deportation beyond that of entry without inspection. That statute of limitation should be abolished altogether.

Or again, if we catch a smuggler we cannot, in some jurisdictions, put him in prison. We can only give him a free ride back to the country whence he came. There is little deterrent in that. We should be able to give him a good stiff prison sentence as a curtain raiser to his departure.

There are other amendments that are equally necessary if we are to be enabled to cope with the smuggler as we should. They were well enacted by the House at the last session of Congress, but the session was so short that it was impossible to consider them in the Senate. There can be little doubt that they will come along again before another Congress has adjourned. Then, with a needed addition to the force available, we can promise a run to the smuggling gentry that will keep them hopping. We are looking forward to it.

It is bringing people together

All those common interests that bind us together in communities and, in turn, unite us as a people, are fostered by the use of the Ford Car.

Wherever men congregate for work, for worship or for play, you will find this familiar and trustworthy motor car. Its service extends to all classes and all localities, because it is both a *reliable* and *inexpensive* means of travel.

More than half the automobiles in use today are Fords. That fact alone is sufficient to drive home the significance of this car, and to explain the universal good-will that it has earned.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY .·. DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Runabout . .	$260	Tudor	$580
Touring . . .	$290	Fordor	$660
Coupe	$520		

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit

On Open Cars Starter and Demountable Rims $85.00 Extra
Full-Size Balloon Tires Optional at an extra cost of $25

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

MAKE SAFETY YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

From Her Very First Smile

Cherish that "Schoolgirl Complexion" in this gentle way which authorities advise, and thousands of mothers follow

CORRECT skin care starts in infancy. It is a duty that every mother owes her child. "Schoolgirl Complexions" come then as a natural result.

To assure your child's having one through the years, you must take proper steps now. That means gentle methods of cleansing. Methods that will protect, that will not endanger delicate skin tissue.

For that reason, the use of Palmolive Soap is today widely urged for infants. Its balmy lather, your doctor will tell you, is ideal for protection and for gentle cleansing.

The right bath—How to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up will be the reward.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Which Soap for Baby?

hat soap used to be "castile." But
ay, it's Palmolive.

hat's because so-called castile soap is
le by so many makers, under so many
rent formulas, that not even an ex-
can tell simply by "looking" which
stile" is too harsh for baby, which
stile" is mild enough.

hus, on the advice of experts in skin
, Palmolive Soap, uniformly mild and
le, became the leading baby soap . . .
as it's the leading toilet soap of the
ld.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Norma Talmadge, Princess Yetive of "Graustark," whose wistful charm supplies the love story. At right—Miss Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien.

Madcap Constance, who takes you through Europe's capitals in "Her Sister from Paris." At left Miss Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

Norma Talmadge

IN

a Modern Version of

"Graustark"

Bold adventure—the fight of a brave man for the hand of the woman he loves—will live forever in the public heart. Romance never dies—and no better proof could be offered than the popularity of George Barr McCutcheon's breathless story "Graustark."

Millions have read the story and thrilled to it. "Graustark" is the story of a he-man who falls in love with a beautiful girl whose presence in America is a mystery. When she crosses the sea, he follows—to discover that she is a princess whose throne is in danger. This glowing, gripping love story has been dramatized for the screen by Frances Marion and produced by the famous European director, Dimitri Buchowetzki.

That the wonderful story of "Graustark" could be dramatized with so superb an artist as Norma Talmadge as the heroine princess and so imposing an actor as Eugene O'Brien as the American hero—and with such favorites as Wanda Hawley and Marc McDermott heading a great supporting cast—shows how fittingly the unforgettable novel has been turned into the unforgettable photoplay.

Constance Talmadge

IN

"Her Sister from Paris"

Follow Constance Talmadge to Paris—city of endless revelry—of beautifully gowned women and the naughty Follies Bergere—of nights gay with wine and song and dancing till dawn.

Then to Vienna—city of ironic laughter—of hearts breaking on the whirling wheel of life.

On the magic carpet of Gayety let the madcap Constance take you through Europe's capitals of revelry with "Her Sister from Paris"—her most delightful comedy drama.

"Her Sister from Paris" is the story of a modern housewife and woman of fashion and her daring plot to win back the husband who had tired of the dull virtue of matrimony. Presented as a Sidney Franklin production with the popular Ronald Colman and a great supporting cast.

Hans Kraely, Europe's noted scenarist wrote this intriguing comedy, building the situations around the personality and deftness in the handling of spicy comedy for which the name of Constance Talmadge is supreme.

Presented by JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

TO BE SEEN IN THE BEST THEATRES, STARTING IN AUGUST. WATCH FOR THEM.

Distributed by

First National Pictures Inc.

SOMETHING GOOD

Continued from Page 19

answered it without her opening the envelope. He proffered cards and envelopes and pencils to those who had questions to ask, and by the time the hymn was done everyone had sent up a request. And everyone sat up and looked very keen and eager as Bub stopped the music and Mrs. Ilyane prepared to start the messages.

These she delivered in the order in which her audience had entered. First come, first served. If she was at a loss for the order of precedence, Bub indicated it with a stubby forefinger. Tonight, however, she had no need of Bub's assistance. Old Mr. Carlson—the old man was slightly senile—was told, as always, that he was being led up a stairway by kindly spirits, and that a stairway going up meant rising to better, happier things. If he had been going down, now—but he wasn't. Oh, no! Mrs. Ilyane was very reassuring as to that. And a spirit named William wanted to speak to him. Did he know anyone in the spirit world named William? Old Mr. Carlson had a flash of intelligence and said it was his father. Of course—his father, a fine-old-gentleman spirit with a white beard. He wanted to tell his son how happy he was in the spirit world, and how many friends he had found there; and he particularly wanted to warn against giving money away to false friends, people who tried to wheedle him out of loans. A consciousness of guilt overspread Mr. Carlson's wrinkles as he listened to this. That handsome widow lady in whose flat he had a room was always coming to him in tears just before his annuity check was due, and he was always so sorry for her, poor thing, she had such financial difficulties. Latterly the widow's financial difficulties had been such that old Mr. Carlson sometimes found himself without the fifty cents which represented Mrs. Ilyane's collection, and he had been coming more infrequently. But, of course, there was no way Mrs. Ilyane could have known this. No, it was a genuine spirit message.

Mrs. Ilyane took Mr. Carlson's sealed envelope with the question between her two plump hands, shut her eyes and concentrated. At last she opened her eyes, fixed them solemnly on Mr. Carlson, and said, "Yes, it will be for the best."

She picked up Mr. Wessell's lucky piece next, and holding it, gave him the message the spirits had brought for him. It appeared that the spirits were particularly numerous and kindly this evening. They offered Mr. Wessell fruit and flowers—yes, they were Hindu spirits, of a very advanced and chemicalized type, to use Mrs. Ilyane's own cryptic but encouraging phrase, and they offered Mr. Wessell fruit and flowers in abundance—a splendid sign. Perfectly splendid! And right above Mr. Wessell's head Mrs. Ilyane could see the figure four, which meant that something nice was going to happen to him in four of time—four days, four months or four years. Everything looked rosy for Mr. Wessell. The answer to his question was, "We are sure of it."

On and on Mrs. Ilyane went, exuberantly dealing out stairways, fruit and flowers, sounds of music, spirits building and destroying walls, Hindus, Indian chiefs, psychic powers and all the rest of the regulation patter. Only to one of the fluffies, who had shown a tendency to giggle, was she the least bit severe. It appeared that someone in the spirit world deprecated the fluffy's use of bleach and wanted her to let her hair come back to brown. And the answer to the question of the fluffy, who had come with another fluffy, was urgently, "Do not trust him. He is not true to you."

Everyone else in the audience craned around to look at the one who was receiving a message, and watched the expression on the recipient's face. The message about the bleach created considerable excitement, particularly as the overfair fluffy became red with fury and then white with fear. She remembered how much her mother had disliked bleach. Could it be —— It made her afraid to think of it.

It was now the turn of the two ladies, the mother and daughter, newcomers to Mrs. Ilyane's circle. While she had been delivering her address, her face in shadow, Mrs. Ilyane had studied them carefully, and when she spoke it was with caution. It did not do to say to gentlefolks, however shabby, the things one said to fluffies. Her manner and voice softened as she addressed the mother.

"You have seen much trouble," she began. Both mother and daughter nodded eagerly. "You have suffered bereavements; dear ones have left you to go to the spirit plane. I seem to sense a lot of sickness. But you have known other sad things. There has been a lot of bad influences by people who ought 've done the right thing by you." More eager nods. Mother and daughter exchanged awed glances, caught at each other's hands furtively. "The spirits tell me," went on Mrs. Ilyane, "something about money—but it's all confused. Yes, it don't seem to come clear. Does it mean anything to you—this confusion about money?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said the mother, in a scared little thread of voice; then, trying to be courageous—"Do—do the spirits say—will we ever get it back?"

Mrs. Ilyane had her lead now. She gathered confidence, but proceeded slowly.

"It's all very confused," she said, making elementary swimming motions with her hands. "Very confused condition, indeed; I've seldom experienced it so confused. Clouds, you know, clouds. And yet—there's a ray of sunshine breaking through, clear and bright. And the spirits are happy, they're clapping their hands. Did you ever know anyone whose name begins with E, or maybe F, who'd passed on into the spirit world? There's someone here whose name might be Edward, or Fred—or Frank—who wants to speak to you, but he's not sure if he's welcome." She awaited another lead.

Mother and daughter whispered together in trembling excitement. The mother could not speak, but the daughter did:

"Yes, we know who he is, and it's no wonder he's afraid he isn't welcome. It's Mr. Fred Peters, one of the trustees that invested the money."

"Ah, that's why he looks so sorry and sad now. He's holding out his arms, asking you to forgive him. He wants you to know that he thought he acted for the best, only things are clearer to him now he's in the spirit plane. He's very sorry, but he says —— Oh, he's growing fainter! What is it? He says, I hear him far away, sort of whispering it, 'All may yet be well.' There! My! It was an awful strain for me to get that. You know, friends, when a spirit's sorry or upset about anything, all their feelings act on me with double strength. They make me weak's water. But that's what he said, 'All may yet be well.' You see, the spirits know so much that's denied to us here in the mundane. There don't seem to be anyone else here for you tonight. . . . Oh, yes, your question."

She took up the envelope.

"'S queer," she said. "'S very queer. That spirit Fred seems to be coming back. He nods his head—he wants to speak. Seems 's if he wants to tell me the answer to the question. He's standing right behind you, and holding out his arms over your heads, like he was pertecting you. And he says—he says, 'Be patient a little while longer.'"

"Oh, please, please ask him," cried the mother—"ask him how long. It's been more than fifteen years now and ——"

"'S no use," said Mrs. Ilyane, opening her eyes. "He's gone. That is, he's gone for tonight, and 's no use trying to bring them back once they start to go. Spirits do their own way. But, of course, it's only temp'rary. He might be willing to come back soon again and say a lot more. You know, when they're not used to coming back to communicate with the mundane, they find it hard at first, sometimes."

She picked up Miss Rosy Greet's carnelian ring and turned her attention to that lady, who was impatiently awaiting her turn. Some of the earlier comers began to slip out, and the mother and daughter, seeing this, rose and went away also. They wanted to talk about it; they were agitated and amazed and not a little elated.

"I don't care what Cousin Drina says, she's a very wonderful woman, and I don't consider the dollar wasted at all." It was the mother who spoke. "Emmy, do you really believe—do you—do you think it could 've been Mr. Fred Peters? He was the one urged your pa to invest in all those foreign things—he and your Uncle Will; they said there was millions in it."

Emmy Andrews tried to be calm, but she, too, was bitten with the excitement of it.

"I don't know, mother; I never did believe in the dead coming back; but if their consciences hurt them, I don't see why they shouldn't. I wish father had come, though. Seems as if he ought to have something to say to us, more than Mr. Fred Peters."

"I know. I thought of that. But maybe he's in one of the farther-on heavens she told about and don't come back so easily. Emmy, you know, I honestly felt as if I could see Fred Peters standing behind us there. You know how kind of fat and pudgy and red-faced he was."

"I don't remember him so well. But wasn't it strange, mother, that she should have hit on him right away, so? And then the answer to the question. I'm glad we had the question all written out and sealed up, like Mrs. Tennison told us to, for if we'd 've written it there as some of them did, I'd 've suspected something."

"Oh, Emmy, if we could only get that money back—even a little of it! You could stop slaving in that office."

"I don't slave. It's a real good job. I was lucky to get it."

Not for worlds would Emmy Andrews have admitted to her mother the weight that office was on her soul and spirit, and so well and bravely did she lie that her mother never suspected the truth.

"I know; but you work too hard. I want you to have fun like other girls, pretty dresses and an apartment where we could see the river. Then we could entertain."

"I don't know who we'd entertain."

"There's ever so many people at the church I'd like to ask in; and if we had a place where Cousin Drina didn't have to be right on top of us every minute—not that I begrudge taking care of her; you know it, Emmy—why, you'd be able to have young men callers, as you should."

Mrs. Andrews' voice was gloating and resentful at once, impossible as such a combination may seem. The vision of Emmy entertaining beaus was ever present to her mind.

"Mother, that's absurd," said Emmy honestly. "I've never had a young man want to call on me, and you know it—and I'm twenty-six."

"You'd have had them if we didn't have to live the way we do. It all comes back to the money. Oh, why, why was your father so foolish as to trust Fred Peters and your Uncle Will? I go just about wild when I think of it."

"Mother, Uncle Will's spirit didn't appear tonight," said Emmy thoughtfully.

"How could it? Very likely he's not dead. I haven't seen or heard of him in years, but I've never heard he was dead. Not that I'd care. Good-for-nothing scamp, always up to some deviltry or other."

There was so much indignation in her gentle mother's gentle manner that Emmy could not forbear a little chuckle.

"If he is dead, then he'd 've had to come from somewhere not like the heaven Mrs. Ilyane talked about, I reckon."

"Hush, Emmy—don't say such things. He's not dead, I'm certain of that. Emmy," she went on hesitatingly, "what say we go again sometime real soon?—to Mrs. Ilyane's, I mean. Oh, I wish I had the five dollars for a private talk with her! Then we'd find out something."

They had gone three blocks and come to the door of an old-fashioned walk-up apartment house. Once it had contained fairly comfortable flats; long and attenuated, to be sure, but not bad, even so. Under the stress of the housing situation the landlord had decided to cut each flat in two, charging the same rent for the half as he formerly had for the whole—five dollars less for the back flats, five dollars more for those in front—thus doubling his income. The Andrewses had taken one of the back flats, three tiny rooms and a bath, with an outlook on fire escapes and brick walls and the minimum of fresh air or light. They could have done pretty well, nevertheless, had it not been for Cousin Drina, the old relative who had no home, no one to care for her save Emmy and her mother.

Cousin Drina was not one of the silvery-haired old dears of fiction, who sit by the fire and gently distill wisdom and kindness. She was a bad-tempered, unhappy, sharp-tongued creature with a genius for finding out the senaitive spots of others and applying the cayenne of her speech to these spots. Emmy and her mother escaped from her as much as they could, and for the rest dealt with her as she most certainly did not deserve—with charitable goodness and long-suffering patience. When she goaded them insufferably, they went out for a walk, or to the cheapest of the movies; and this evening a chance talk across the dumbwaiter with Mrs. Tennison, their neighbor, had decided them to go and hear Mrs. Ilyane and ask the great question that had darkened and warped their lives—Would they ever get back any of the money?

When Emmy was a little girl her father had died, and his trustees had invested his life insurance and the sum for which the house sold "in foreign lands, somewhere"—which was the phrase Mrs. Andrews used to describe the venture. For some years there had been an income, and Mrs. Andrews had managed on it; then Will Andrews disappeared and later Mr. Peters died, and there was no money at all for Emmy and her mother.

Buoyed up by the courage of ignorance, they had come to the city, and for two bitter years Mrs. Andrews toiled as a drudge manager of a rooming house, while Emmy studied at business college and helped her mother nights and mornings. Emmy's first job was coincident with her mother's breakdown, and thereafter they had lived on Emmy's earnings. They sold Mr. Andrews' gold watch and chain and brought up their furniture from Monraylia, the little home town in West Virginia, and took an apartment. They learned everything there is to know about economical living, but somehow it did not make them mean and hard. Then came Cousin Drina—it was either taking her or letting her go to the poorhouse, and they could not do that. They reduced their food budget to the vanishing point for a month to send her the price of a ticket, they welcomed her, they shared everything they had with her But she tried them to the depths of their gentle souls. Only the mirage of the Andrews money "in foreign lands" upheld them. And to Emmy that mirage had worn very, very thin. Their lives were narrow, circumscribed by their poverty and timidity They knew almost nothing of the city or the world outside save their own meager daily round

But something very sweet and childlike in Emmy, something which was fostered by her constant association with her mother, kept her from despair. Oh, how she hated her work! Her boss, as he liked to be called,

(Continued on Page 93

Some Prominent Users of U. S. Bus-Truck Tires

Columbus Light and Power Co.
Columbus, Ga.

Connecticut Company
New Haven, Conn.

White Stage Line
Tampa, Fla.

Pacific Electric Railways Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Motor Bus Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Detroit Street Railways
Detroit, Mich.

Greeley Sight-Seeing Co.
New York, N. Y.

Utah Parks Co.
Zion Park, Cedar City
Utah

United States Bus-Truck Tires are Good Tires

Taking Responsibility for the Invisible Track of the Modern Motor Bus

SO astounding has been the development of modern motor-bus transportation, that millions of Americans have been fairly swept into its luxury, safety and convenience.

Not having to follow a rigid track, these great vehicles are able to bring their service to the very doors of their passengers.

Credit for this trackless flexibility with its comfort and safety is in a large measure due to the makers of the pneumatic tires on which the buses run.

When U. S. Rubber Company engineers saw this era of bus transportation coming, they set to work to build a tire *specifically* designed for bus service.

The U. S. Royal Cord Bus-Truck Tire was the first pneumatic tire definitely built for buses—the first to carry the word "Bus" on the tire.

With the advantage of such a flying start, it is no wonder that this tire is recognized by bus operators as the ideal tire for their particular needs.

U. S. Royal Cord Bus-Truck Tires are built of Latex-treated Web Cord, a patented construction developed and owned by the makers of United States Tires.

Web Cord is the only cord construction in which the individual cords are webbed together with pure rubber latex without cross-tie threads.

This gives a very smooth, strong, flexible construction, minimizing the effect of internal friction when the tire is flexing under load.

The tread is built of Sprayed Rubber, the purest rubber known, another patented United States Rubber discovery.

You can be sure of safe, dependable service when you see the famous Royal Cord White Stripe on the tires of the buses you use.

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

¶The United States Rubber Company, in order to keep pace with the latest developments in the bus field and discharge its obligation to bus operators and the public, maintains a crew of tire experts in every part of the country who are making a day-to-day study of bus operations. The results of this study are being utilized to keep the Company's bus tire development up-to-date, and to assist bus operators in getting the most efficient service from their tire equipment.

This fleet of buses operated by the Inter-City Bus Line of St. Louis, Mo., is completely equipped with U. S. Royal Cord Bus-Truck Tires.

(Continued from Page 91)

Mr. Pruitt, manager of Jay's Multiple Products, Inc.—vanilla, lemon, orange and maple flavor, triple strength—was a man who ruled those beneath him by loud rough bullying. Nor was there any heart of gold concealed beneath his rough exterior. In him, concentrated self-interest and distrust of the entire human race were added to a keen, calculating mind accustomed to grab by instinct at even the least advantage. He yelled at Emmy Andrews, just as he yelled at everyone else in his office and in his factories. He cursed before her—once he had even cursed her. He had cunningly fostered in her the distrust of her own ability which was already hers by nature, so that she was certain if she left him she'd never get another job as good, if she managed to get one at all. Day by day she went to work as the victims went to the Minotaur, and time did not lessen her dread nor thicken her sensitive skin. Mr. Pruitt constantly shocked and revolted her; and if she had known what sort of man he was, she told herself twenty times a day, she would never have let the manager of the secretarial agency send her there, even if it was an advance of four dollars a week over what she had been getting—and with the coming of Cousin Drina, that four dollars was a life-saving margin.

Drina! How happy, how comfortable life might be without Drina! Emmy and her mother never came home without a sinking of the heart. They stopped this evening before the door, and while Emmy fitted the key in, Mrs. Andrews whispered, "Don't tell her where we've been, after what she said about Mrs. Tennison at supper."

They were later than they had thought. Drina had gone to bed. She and Mrs. Andrews shared the tiny bedroom. Emmy slept on the couch in the sitting room. There was an infinitesimal kitchen, and a bath. Without Cousin Drina, it had been a home; now it was only a shelter.

Emmy lit the gas lamp on the table, turned it low and the two women sat down close together. They had had too many thrills this evening to go to bed at once. They talked in whispers.

"I've had a sort of feeling that something good was going to happen. Emmy, I believe I'll write a letter back home to Mr. Bart Taylor—he was Mr. Peters' lawyer—and ask if he's heard anything. 'Twouldn't do any hurt. I'll do it tomorrow afternoon when she's having her nap, and you can read it over tomorrow evening, in the bathroom, when you're washing your face. What do you think?"

"I don't see why not. You know, the more I think of that woman's naming Mr. Fred Peters the way she did, and saying we'd had trouble, and it wasn't our own fault——" Emmy had forgotten that Mrs. Ilyane had not given more of Mr. Peters than the initial of his first name. "Well, it's strange."

"Emmy darling, I can't help hoping."

"What are you two so secret about?" broke in Cousin Drina's sharp old voice from the bedroom. "I don't see how you expect anybody to sleep with the light lit and all that talking going on."

So Emmy and her mother went to bed. They knew that if Cousin Drina was awake, they would have no more privacy. But all night long they both dreamed of fruits and flowers and a beneficent Mr. Fred Peters hand in hand with a knowing Mrs. Ilyane, all bathed in a golden light of prosperity.

In the meantime, Bub Ilyane had put out the lights of the little meeting room, drawn the blinds, locked the door and with his stepmother had retired to the room behind, which was their combined living room, kitchen, laundry and Mrs. Ilyane's bedroom. Bub had a cot up on the top floor of the rooming house, along with the son of the landlady.

In this back room their friend Mr. Fridlman awaited their coming, while he played solitaire on the kitchen table in the center of the room. He swept the cards together as they appeared.

"You went big tonight, Minnie," he said brightly. "I near about forgot to play, listening to your main spiel. Good house?"

"No, not so good," said Mrs. Ilyane, tying a kitchen apron over her gray robe. "How much was it, Bub?"

"Six-fifty," said Bub. "Here it is." He gave a well-managed start of surprise. "By cripes, one of the boobs stuck me with a bad fifty-cent piece! Whad d' ye know!"

Mrs. Ilyane took the money and looked ruefully at the bad coin.

"And we wanting every cent we can get! Bub, why in time didn't you look closer?"

"That's right, blame me. I'm the goat. I can't do everything, can I? I got to answer the phone and run the phonograph and be on the door and see who comes in first and—and ——"

"Yes, you're worked to death," said his stepmother sarcastically. "I wisht I was sure you didn't have that plugged piece in your pocket all the time, and changed it on me a-purpose."

He made loud outcry of injured innocence.

"Oh, can it, Bub!" said Mr. Fridlman at last. "Let's eat, Min. I brought a loaf of rye bread and a couple Bermuda onions."

"I got some sardines," said Mrs. Ilyane hospitably. "And I'll make a pot of coffee. Get the can opener, Bub, and do something."

They became more cheerful as they ate. Even Bub, confident that he had got away with his trick about the money, turned smiling and amiable. Mr. Fridlman was always so.

"Anybody new tonight, Min—I mean, promising?"

"No, not a soul"—Mrs. Ilyane spoke with her mouth full—"unless it was the two little ladies. Nice little folks, seen better days, but up against it now. I don't believe they could scrape together enough for a private séance. O' course, now and then some one of these fellas and girls that comes in together comes back sep'rit, but not so often. Young people nowadays is light-minded; they'd rather see a fillum than come to something that's uplifting and inspiring. Ever since that movie house on the Avenue opened up, my business has been on the fritz. Where next month's rent's coming from I do not know. . . . How's tricks with you, Ignace?"

Ignace smiled.

"Couldn't be worse. Everything I touch is a flop. If anybody'd show me a ten spot I'd cry like a child. But you know me, Minnie. I keep my nerve and trail along, and something always turns up before uncle gets my benny."

"Ain't it so! All the same, you're smart. You got lines out in lotsa places. As fer me I got my perfession, and I got nothin' else, except Bub here, and he's more of a handicap than a help."

"I wisht you could find something to pick on besides me. If you had to hire somebody to do what I do, you'd sing a different tune." Bub was resentful.

"Not if I had to feed him, I wouldn't. Bub, you was born with holler legs, and I know it. Well, now I nearly forgot. You scout round the neighborhood groceries tomorrow morning—the cheapest ones—and see if you can't see one of the two little dames who was here tonight, and watch her go home, and find out all you can about her. They might be back—you can't tell. I've got an idea you'll see 'em round at Lucher's Cash Market, and you got to go round there anyway for me, so keep your eyes peeled. It never pays to neglect chances."

"Min, you pulled a wise one there," said Mr. Fridlman admiringly.

"Well, you know—folks that have once had money most always have some rich relatives or friends to fall back on, and you never can tell what might come your way out of it."

"Oh, they had money, did they?"

"Yeah. Old stuff; some fella invested it for 'em and it all went flooey. Just by luck I hit on his first name, and the old lady give me the rest of it. I said 'Fred or Frank' because I'd kinda overworked John and William this evening, and sure enough, Fred it was."

"That was your spirit guide," said Mr. Fridlman facetiously.

Mrs. Ilyane laughed.

"Sure it was. And he told me the old lady had seen better days, too, and lotsa trouble, not her own fault. I'd get myself a new spirit guide if he couldn't see as much as that when it's written all over 'em. Honest, I don't know what to think of folks sometimes, they're so simpy. Women come in here all wrapped up in crêpe veils, and I say, 'You've suffered the loss of a dear one,' and they think the spirits told me. Ain't it the limit?"

Mr. Fridlman rose and prepared to go.

"I must be pushing it. Let me know if something good turns up, Minnie, and I'll do the same by you. I'll be round some evening soon again."

"You're always welcome," said Mrs. Ilyane.

Bub had slouched upstairs. Mrs. Ilyane, yawning loudly, took off her shoes, hid her six dollars in the toe of one of them, crawled out of her dingy clothes and into a dingy nightgown, and prepared for slumber. Her dreams were charmed by no golden visions. She slept heavily and snored like a trumpet blast.

Of all the persons concerned in these two groups, Emmy Andrews was the first to awake in the morning, and to begin the routine of another day. She bathed and dressed silently and quickly; she folded her bed covers and stowed them away and put the striped chenille piece over the couch, thus restoring it to its daytime status. She was drawing up the dumb-waiter for their morning pint of Grade B when her mother appeared.

"I overslept," explained Mrs. Andrews. "Here, child, you set the table and I'll get the coffee and toast." She kissed her daughter affectionately. "I feel all chirked up this morning. You know why. And I'm going to write that letter today sure's fate. Oh, Emmy, I do wish—I do wish I could go over and see that woman privately! But five dollars ——"

No, she and Emmy both knew that five dollars ought not by any means to be thus expended. And they must hurry. If Emmy should be late at the office, Mr. Pruitt would be terrible. She never had been late, but she had heard him talk to other tardy members of the office force.

Cousin Drina was up, also, and waiting for her breakfast. Her piece of toast had to be soaked in hot milk, and buttered, and she had the top of the pint in her coffee. She was not in a favorable humor this morning, and commented sourly as Emmy hurried the dishes on the table.

"I didn't get much sleep last night, you two traipsing in, and sh-sh-sh-ing for a couple of hours before you went to bed," she said grumpily.

There was no use arguing with her, and Emmy changed the subject.

"They say Mr. Jay himself's going to take hold in the office. He's been out West for his health so long. But they say he's real well now."

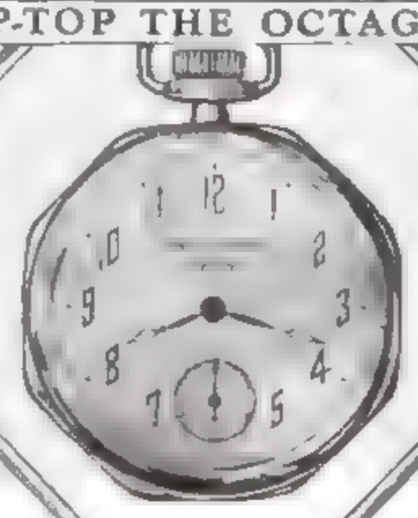
"That'll be nice!" mocked Cousin Drina. "Widower, isn't he? Maybe if you try you could get him. When I was a girl I had a dozen, and I could have taken my pick when I got married. But you're so quiet—men like a woman with a little snap to her. You're a regular little old maid."

"Yes, I am," said Emmy. "I don't mind, though, Cousin Drina. As long as I can keep my health and strength and can hold my job, nothing matters much."

"Well, your mother didn't have any luck in her marriage," said Cousin Drina; "so you're just as well off as you are compared with her. Gid Andrews didn't show much foresight the way he left his money, I must say."

Mother and daughter exchanged amazed looks. How did it happen that Cousin Drina should bring up this topic, so pat with their own thoughts, their excursion of the night before? They were silent, more

TIP-TOP THE OCTAGON



White dial $1.75
Radium $2.75

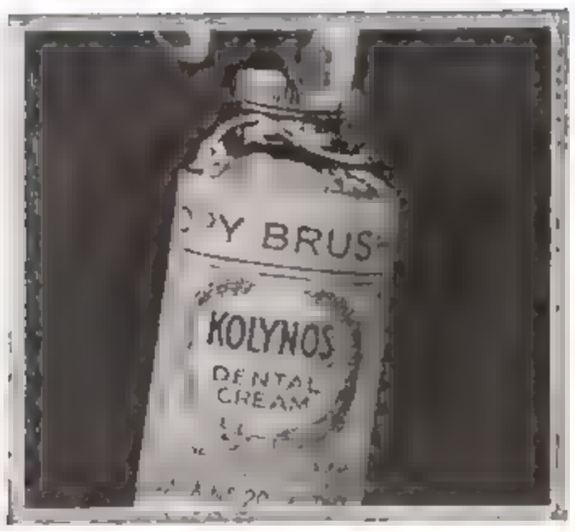
Tip-Top—the watch with the *New England* conscience

THE balanced wheel-mind of Tip-Top the pocket watch won't let him tell a time-telling lie. He is as accurate and steady-moving as time itself for 30 hours after each winding. He is as sturdy as a nugget, and as quiet as a ghost. And handsome! Tip-Top is an *octagon* True Time Teller. Eight sides frame his clear beveled glass crystal. Cubist numerals, pull-out set—Tip-Top has not only sturdy New England quality, but rock-ribbed New England economy is in his use. $1.75 only. Ask your dealer to let you examine Tip-Top the pocket watch.

See also Tip-Top the wrist watch, the smallest low-priced wrist watch made. Another *octagon* True Time Teller.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Tip-Top wrist watch
Silver dial $3.75
Radium dial
$4.50



What would you give to be immune from Tooth Decay?

If you want sound teeth—kill the germs that start decay

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH FAITHFULLY. You brush them carefully. Yet when you visit your dentist you are often surprised at the number of cavities his instruments reveal.

You feel baffled. Others seemingly no more careful than yourself enjoy the blessing of sound teeth. What is the trouble?

The trouble is that your teeth require a certain kind of protection which you are failing to give them—the protection they need is adequate dental care and the daily use of a *germ-killing* dentifrice.

The protection they need is the germicidal protection of Kolynos Dental Cream. Kolynos not only keeps your teeth white and glistening, but its main properties are highly antiseptic—extremely important properties if you are to have sound teeth, teeth free from dangerous, offensive, and painful cavities.

FREE—Enough Kolynos to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.

THE KOLYNOS COMPANY, Dept. 3-C
New Haven, Conn

Send sample tube to:

Name

Street

City

than ever sure that they were in the hands of a vague unseen power.

"Everybody always called Will Andrews the black sheep, but I don't see that he did any worse than Gid, come right down to it."

Emmy drained her coffee cup and ran for her hat. Her mother followed her to the door and they kissed again. Two waifs, clinging together, the one secure thing in their lives was their love for each other. Emmy gave her mother a soft pinch on the arm to remind her to write the letter and Mrs. Andrews nodded significantly.

Emmy joined the Subway crush, and reached her office in time to have her own and Mr. Pruitt's desks open and dusted and the morning mail ready for him before nine o'clock. Mr. Pruitt dwelt in a clear glass-inclosed cubicle at the head of the floor, where he could have everyone under his eyes. Another cubicle, but with walls of wood and translucent glass, was Mr. Jay's office. The door was open, and Emmy wondered as she worked whether he would come in today. She had no intimates in the office and was too timid to ask many questions. The fact that she was Mr. Pruitt's secretary kept the others afraid of her—they were afraid she might spy on them.

Emmy was still excited this morning. Last night—the letter her mother was going to write, the ghost of Mr. Fred Peters, the coming of Mr. Jay—it seemed as though her life, so colorless, so dreary, was taking on all sorts of bright responsibilities. She sat clicking away at her typewriter in her neat little old blue dress, with neat paper cuffs adjusted on her slender wrists, her neat white collar edged with her mother's tatting round her neat round little throat, her hair neat and shining and plain—a perfect picture of what a secretary should be. But usually she was too pale. Today a little color bloomed in her cheeks like a timid rose. And her eyes, usually so quiet, shone and sparkled with nebulous hopes and anticipations. She looked quite pretty and much younger.

Mr. Pruitt came banging in, dashed off his coat and hat, kicked the wastebasket and subsided in a great rustling and rumpling and flinging about of the letters she had laid out for his inspection. He never said good morning; but today he looked uncommonly cross. Emmy felt sure that it was Mr. Jay's coming that annoyed him. He had been the sole power for so long, with so few obligations laid on him save to produce dividends, that the prospect of Mr. Jay's constant presence and possible interference rubbed him raw.

He was in the midst of barking and snarling his dictation at Emmy when there was a stir at the end of the office, and he broke off a sentence in the middle and hurried down the room to meet an oldish man who had just entered. Mr. Pruitt put on an effusive welcoming manner, shook hands and escorted the newcomer ostentatiously through the working force—who did not stop working for a second while he was in their midst, but who nevertheless were acutely aware of all that was going on—right down into Mr. Jay's office, and shut the door behind them both. Emmy stole a glance at this progress through the glass partition. This must be Mr. Jay, the owner of the business, who for so many years had been out West with poor health. He looked rather sickly still, thought Emmy, beside Mr. Pruitt's beef and floridity. She didn't dare take a good hard stare at him, as she would have liked, for fear of Mr. Pruitt. Along with everything else, Mr. Pruitt had as many eyes as Argus, and was particularly keen to detect what he called "wasting time gawping round."

Presently he came out, stamped into his own office and ordered Emmy curtly, "Go on in there—he wants to write some letters."

The flower in Emmy's cheek bloomed more brightly. Life became more and more surprising! She managed to take her notebook and pencil and go to Mr. Jay's door.

"Come in," said Mr. Jay, in response to her tap. "Oh, you're Mr. Pruitt's secretary?"

"Yes, sir," said Emmy, feeling like a scared little girl.

"He very kindly said you'd take my letters until I got a secretary of my own. Now if you'll just sit down, please, Miss—Miss ——"

"Miss Andrews."

"Miss Andrews, thank you. Tell me if I go too fast for you, won't you?"

Too fast for her, after Mr. Pruitt's whirlwind shouts! Emmy would have smiled had she dared. But wasn't he a nice man, with his "please" and his "thank you"? And so quiet-spoken. A gentleman. He dictated very slowly, with pauses for thought between sentences, and during these intervals he turned away from her and looked out of the window. This gave her a chance to see that he must be nearly fifty years old, that his face was plain, his expression kindly. Not a remarkable person in any way, but nice.

When he had done three letters, he asked her, "When can you find time to write these? I don't want to interfere with Mr. Pruitt's regular work, you know."

"I'll do them right away," promised Emmy. "These aren't anything."

She knew very well that if there was more of Mr. Pruitt's work than she could manage in the regular working hours, she would have to stay overtime. She had done it so often it was a commonplace, although there was no extra pay for overtime work.

"Thanks," said Mr. Jay again; then—"Have you been here long, Miss Andrews?"

"Three years," said Emmy.

"Then you came just after I had to leave. You'll have to help me get in the swing of the business again. I haven't bothered with much but the balance sheets. Out in Colorado I did a little in the real estate way these last two years, but it was more to have something to occupy my mind and keep me outdoors than a real business. I'm glad to be back, I can tell you."

Emmy's cheeks glowed with the pleasure of receiving this confidence.

"We're glad to have you back, and real glad you're well," she said softly, as she went out.

She made haste to type the letters in her very best style, which was excellent. And when she added, at the bottom of each, the inscription RLJ/EA she tingled with the felicity of it, very much as the mouse must have tingled when he had gnawed the last strand to release the lion. She didn't even mind Mr. Pruitt's browbeatings as much as usual. To tell the truth, they were somewhat subdued. He knew very well that his customary outbursts would not be approved by his employer. So for the most part he confined himself to dark frowns and menacing looks, but kept his voice down and soft-pedaled his choice of invective.

She felt the awful homeward rush in the Subway less than usual, she had so much to tell her mother. A day like today made a feast of narrative. It was a relief that she would not have to lie about Mr. Jay as she was obliged to do about Mr. Pruitt. To Emmy's mother, Mr. Pruitt was pictured as a stern, reserved man, but not as a domineering tyrant. Since she could not speak of him as he was, Emmy said very little about him, having small faith in her powers of dissimulation. But Mr. Jay—why, she could talk about him all evening and not keep back a thing! A nice man! What a nice man!

When she did at last get home she found her mother in high spirits, making corn-meal mush for their supper. It was a staple of the Andrews meal, corn-meal mush. So cheap, so sustaining. Just add a few raisins or prunes and a little butter, and you have a perfect meal. Luckily Cousin Drina liked it too. Emmy went out in the kitchen, where her mother was stirring the mush pot, and Mrs. Andrews slipped a hand into her pocket and passed her a letter—the letter

"See if you think I've said enough," she breathed.

So Emmy went into the bathroom, and before she washed her face she read the letter. It was short. It merely set forth that Mrs. Andrews had been thinking about that long-ago foreign investment again, and wondered if there had ever been any word since Mr. Peters' death, or if any further papers might have been found. It sent good wishes to some of her old friends, and intimated, rather than stated, that times were well with herself and Emmy—for one must hold one's head up—and ended that she was very truly, Jane Andrews. It was a very good letter, Emmy thought. She could suggest no improvements. She tucked it away in her hand bag. She and her mother would get a stamp at the drug store and mail it tonight when they went out to take their evening walk.

Which was exactly what they did. After the letter was mailed, their steps unconsciously led them past the house where Mrs. Ilyane held her meetings. They could see the bright light around the drawn blinds, and hear the phonograph.

"I wish we could go again, but we can't spend another whole dollar so soon," said Mrs. Andrews wistfully.

"We might go next week though," said Emmy, longing to indulge her.

"Don't you go cutting down on your lunches. You don't eat enough to feed a canary bird as it is."

"But, mother, I don't need a heavy lunch, because I have a good hearty breakfast and a good supper when I get home. Most of the girls in the office come without a thing but a cup of coffee. Now I always have fruit and toast, and sometimes eggs, and sometimes fried mush—a real good sustaining meal. Besides, if I eat too much in the middle of the day, I feel dull and logy in the afternoon."

"All the same, you eat your lunch. You know, this has made me all twittery with nerves. Half the time when Cousin Drina was talking today I answered her at random. Think of Fred Peters' spirit coming back to tell me to be patient a little longer! If only your father had come too! Emmy, you know, I was thinking ——"

"Now what?"

"I was thinking"—she was almost afraid of her thought—"you see, it wouldn't make any difference when we got the money—how if I went to the savings bank and took five dollars and went and had a private talk with the lady, a real good private talk, and got her to find out a lot more ——"

The Andrewses had a small sum in the savings bank—money that they had saved nickel by nickel from their meager living in the days before they added Cousin Drina to their household. This sum represented a sort of desperation last-resort fund, to be used in case of severe illness or death, nothing less. That her mother should have proposed to subtract anything from it showed Emmy how high her hopes were raised. Perhaps if Emmy had not been through her own stirring day she might have advised caution. And last night—oh, she had thoroughly believed Mrs. Ilyane.

"Go ahead and do it, mother," she said. "My soul, why not? 'Tisn't as if we didn't scrimp and pinch and save every minute, and 'tisn't as if we ran to the bank and drew out money every day or so. Let's be reckless just this once."

"But, Emmy child, 'tisn't recklessness. It's just—to find out! Oh, my, if I had that woman's power, how happy I'd be! The wonder is to me that she doesn't charge more; but there, she looked real good-hearted. I dare say she likes to help poor folks more than rich ones who can pay her better. I know I would if I could do what she does. Emmy, when we get that money, I'm going to do a lot of nice things for poor people, just remembering the days when we were poor ourselves."

"Yes, let's." Emmy joined wholeheartedly in the dream.

"And you can give up working."

Emmy made unexpected demur.

"I don't know as I want to, now that Mr. Jay's back."

"Well, I want you to. Emmy, tonight's the night the savings bank keeps open.

Continued on Page 97

A NEW SUIT EVERY DAY!

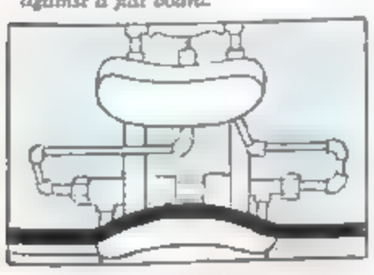
...that's what this finer *pressing-shaping* service gives you

MAN!—the thrill of pride that runs up your spine when you "step out" in a brand-new suit! The trim set of the shoulders, the rolling curve at the chest, the straight hang of the trousers—just the right effect of "careful carelessness"!

The difficulty comes in trying to retain this good appearance. Ordinary pressing can smooth a garment, but it cannot restore the original shape—it cannot bring back that first "zip" and smartness.

That's why you will be glad to hear about Valeteria. This finer pressing system—the same system that put the shape into your clothes—restores the shapeliness to them. For Valeteria is a system of specialized pressing—there is a special press for every part of your suit. The collar ① is pressed on a collar press; the shoulders ⑤ on a shoulder press; front, waist, back, sides and sleeves ② ③ and ④ on forming presses; trousers ⑥ on a trousers press. The clothes-shaping method used by the maker of your clothes—now available, right in your own neighborhood—to *keep* them in shape! No more suits with flat chests and shoulders. Instead, clothes always like new!

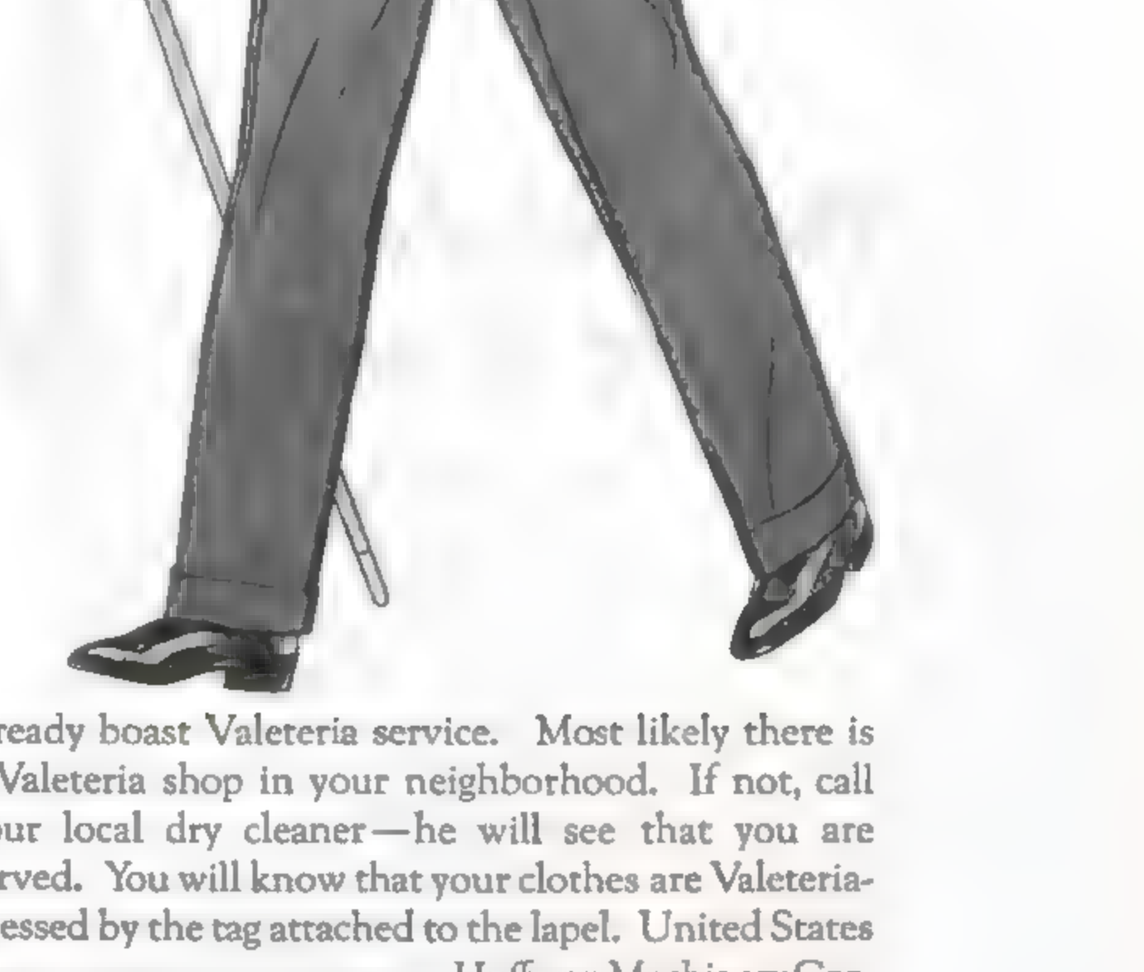
The tendency of hand ironing is to flatten the clothes—a flat surface against a flat board.



The lines of all Valeteria presses are curved lines—the same as the lines of your clothes. The shape is restored—your suit pressed the same as when it was made.

The reason is simple: The lines of your clothes are curved lines—that's where the style comes from. Press these lines with a flat hand-iron—the curves are crushed out, the style vanishes. Valeteria is a system of *curved* pressing—it does not merely erase the wrinkles, it puts the curves back in. As long as you wear a Valeteria-pressed suit, it will have the swank appearance it held when you bought it.

Scores of dry cleaners throughout the country already boast Valeteria service. Most likely there is a Valeteria shop in your neighborhood. If not, call your local dry cleaner—he will see that you are served. You will know that your clothes are Valeteria-pressed by the tag attached to the lapel. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



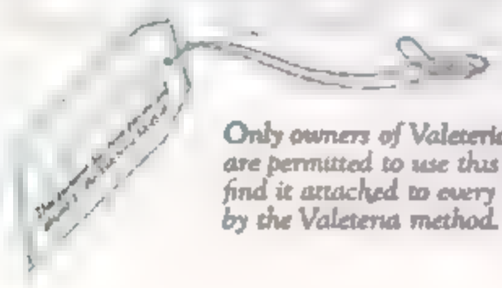
When you have your clothes dry cleaned...*specify Valeteria pressing*

'Twould be difficult indeed to get through the summer without the dry cleaner's aid. For light summer clothes will show soil.

But cleanliness is only half the picture of correct appearance. Clothes must be well-pressed—and that means well-*shaped*. When you send your clothes to the dry cleaner, be sure to specify Valeteria service. Then your suit will come back, not only spotless—with the color revived and the fabric freshened—but faultless in shape as well. *New* in the full meaning of the word!

Valeteria

THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT SHAPES YOUR CLOTHES



Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You'll find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method.

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Models for every need
50¢ to $6
Also made in solid gold
This model $5
Gold or silver filled or sterling
$3 to $10
Also made in solid gold
This model $9

The pencil choice of 20 million

There have been only three or four advances in pencil making since the ancients began using charcoal sticks for writing and drawing.

Eversharp, with its famous rifled tip, is the modern idea in pencils—and already is the pencil choice of twenty million.

Twenty million users know Eversharp as the most economical, and an everlasting, ever sharp and ever ready writing tool. Made with jeweler's precision and beauty of finish.

A pencil that not only serves best, but looks *better*.

The big new idea in fountain pens

Wahl precious metal construction is the first real advance in fountain pen making since the self-filler was brought out.

Far more than a mere refinement in pen manufacture, it is a basic yet simple new pen principle.

It gives you a pen that is practically indestructible, lighter in weight and better balanced, smoother writing, greater in ink capacity—and really beautiful.

To be sure you get Eversharp and Wahl Pen, look for the name marked plainly on each pencil and pen for your protection.

Wahl Pen and Eversharp carry the responsible guaranty of The Wahl Company, foremost manufacturers of fine writing equipment.

Red Top Eversharp Leads are now made in three thicknesses—for standard Eversharps—for "75 s"—and for Eversharp checking pencils. All sizes in black, blue, red, green, yellow, and purple copying. Illustration shows approximate thickness of each variety.

The New WAHL EVERSHARP PERFECTED and WAHL PEN

Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL CO., Chicago
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto
Prices same in Canada as U. S.

(Continued from Page 94)

What say we go right around there and draw the five dollars? I got the book in my bag. Then I could go see her in the morning. Cousin Drina wouldn't know but I'd taken a little longer to do my marketing."

Daring is contagious. With one accord, Emmy and her mother turned into the wide avenue where, a few blocks down, the guardian of their treasure reared his steel and granite walls. It gave them a pleasing feeling of importance to enter the wide doors, to tread marble beneath their feet, to speak to obliging young men behind bronze grilles, to fill out forms and to wait on a cushioned bench until their names were called. There was such an atmosphere of money and ease that they unconsciously accepted it as an omen of good fortune. They saw people coming up to the receiving teller's window and handing in impressive sums, bills, currency, checks.

"We'll be doing it, too, before long," said Mrs. Andrews proudly.

"You feel like a million dollars, don't you, mother?" teased Emmy.

"I wouldn't be surprised if there was a lot more than a million coming right along," maintained Mrs. Andrews. "Anyway, I'll know tomorrow."

No one could have been more surprised than Mrs. Ilyane when her shabby little lady of two nights before appeared to demand a private séance. But she rose gallantly to the occasion. She got off her morning wrapper, dried her hands—she was peeling potatoes for lunch—and flung on her impressive gray robe. Meanwhile Mrs. Andrews waited impatiently in the meeting room. It was strange there in the morning, the cool light giving it an eerie bleakness and emptiness. But Mrs. Andrews fingered the five-dollar bill and fixed her mind on the multitude of things she wanted to find out.

"This is certainly queer," beamed Mrs. Ilyane, entering, "for you been in my mind ever since you was here the other evening." She became very impressive. "I got a message for you. The spirits haven't given me a minute's peace, I do assure you; and if I'd known where to find you I'd 've sent for you, I really would. It all comes like it was predestined—you know, I had an appointment this morning with a s'ciety lady whose jewels have been stolen, and she called me up just the minute before you come to tell me her little girl had measles and she wouldn't be able to get here. And then you rang the bell. Now sit in front of me—there." She placed her visitor with her face to the light and sat down before her.

"Into the silence a minute, please—into the silence! Something is telling me your name—your name—I see the letter A, very large, over your head. Andreson—Andrew—Andrews—there, the spirits are pleased! I know I am right. Your name must be Mrs. Andrews."

Mrs. Andrews, naturally unaware of Bub's investigations following her appearance at the meeting, was sincerely awed.

"Yes, my name is Andrews," she cried joyfully. "Oh, you're simply marvelous!"

"It's not me, it's my spirit guide," said Mrs. Ilyane modestly. "Now—you've come about the money, the money that is due you and which somebody got away from you wrongfully."

"Yes, that's it—the money Mr. Fred Peters and my brother-in-law Will Andrews invested in foreign lands after Mr. Andrews died. Oh, Mrs. Ilyane, hadn't I better tell you the whole story and then you let me know what the spirits think about it? I'm so anxious to find out if Gideon—that's my husband, Mr. Andrews—approves of my writing to the lawyer, and everything."

"Why, that's who the spirit is then that's been pestering me the most! I could get G of his name, but it wasn't George and it wasn't Guy. It's difficult for him to communicate—you know, the higher they go in the spirit plane, the longer it takes them to come back. He must 've been a very good man, for he's high, high up in the spirit world."

Her sympathy broke down the last of Mrs. Andrews' barriers.

"He was, indeed he was! And if he knew what Emmy and I have gone through since his death ——"

"Go on and tell me all about it," said Mrs. Ilyane, almost tenderly. This was going to be good.

Mrs. Andrews needed no further invitation. Like most human beings, she enjoyed more than anything in the world talking of herself and her own affairs, especially to another woman of her own age, yet with no claim on her. Mrs. Ilyane's prestige as a confidante increased the charm of the opportunity. She opened her mouth, and in a long consecutive stream of words, omitting no slightest detail, she explained the Andrews family, its ramifications, its peculiarities, its acts and their possible motives, its physical peculiarities, its fat years and its present lean ones from A to Z and from alpha to omega. And Mrs. Ilyane listened with an attention that was truly flattering. Some little points she asked questions about—for instance, what were the investments exactly that Mr. Peters and Will Andrews had made? But Mrs. Andrews didn't know. "Foreign lands" was all she ever got out of it.

"Bonds, maybe," hazarded Mrs. Ilyane.

"No, I don't think so. People cut coupons off bonds, don't they? I never saw any coupons," said Mrs. Andrews.

And then about Will Andrews—what sort of a fellow was he? The reason she asked, she explained, was because there was one spirit whom she couldn't identify who showed a great interest in the Andrews money. It didn't answer to the name of Will though. More as if its name was Dan or Don or Dave. It began with D, Mrs. Ilyane thought.

"Oh, that must be Fred Peters' brother Dave," said Mrs. Andrews. "I remember now, he was all against the trustees making that investment; but Will said it was because he wanted them to make him a big loan on his old mill. I'd forgotten all about it. My, just think of him. Why, it makes me feel almost as if I'd had a visit back home."

"He keeps on saying he's kin of yours though," said Mrs. Ilyane. "Was this here Will Andrews a big fleshy man with a mustache?—for that's the sort of body this spirit had when he was on the earth plane."

"Oh, no, Will Andrews was a small man, dark—I suppose he'd be gray now, if he's still alive. And I've never heard he was dead. He had a bad scar over one eye where a mule kicked him. That surely sounds like Dave Peters, though why he should pretend he's any kin of mine—why, I know; his wife, Sally Peters, was a connection! But not near. Now imagine that!"

"Nothing is hidden from them," declared Mrs. Ilyane. "Now, dearie—you don't mind my calling you that, because I do feel so drawn to you—we got to go into the silence again for a few minutes, for I got a feeling like your husband is trying to communicate and I want to get him for you. Hold tight to my hands."

Mrs. Andrews laid her thin work-worn hands in Mrs. Ilyane's mighty clasp. Mrs. Ilyane swayed, a thin strained voice, unlike her own, came from her lips.

"You did—you did right—all the time," the thin voice said hesitatingly. "You only got a little to wait—don't be—don't be afraid—to—to trust—when—when the time comes—it will be—it will be very soon—very soon—in the next few days—my love to you and to Emmy—I am happy—it is very—very hard—to ——"

The voice died away and Mrs. Ilyane sat up with a jerk.

"Oh my," she exclaimed breathlessly, "when any spirit takes control of me completely it wears me all out! I hope you understood the message. You did, didn't you?"

Mrs. Andrews was crying.

"Oh, yes," she said, between sobs. "Oh, yes. Oh, to think that Gid himself —— Oh, Mrs. Ilyane, you don't know what this all means to me!"

"There, there," said Mrs. Ilyane, patting her on the back. "Don't cry, don't cry. You ought to be singing with joy, honest you ought. There's very, very few people the spirits are so interested in, I tell you. But you got psychic gifts yourself—I felt that the other evening. Now you go along home and lay down and think things over, and don't forget the message—you're not to be afraid to trust when the time comes, and it will be very soon." She gently extracted the five dollars from Mrs. Andrews' hand. "I hate to take this, I really do; I'd like to use my gifts free for anybody like you; but you know how it is, once you begin that there's a lot of spongers will take advantage of you. So I had to make it my rule to charge. Good-by. I'll be looking forward to seeing you some evening soon at one of my meetings."

She got Mrs. Andrews outside the door and locked it behind her. She kissed the five-dollar bill.

"Oh, you green baby!" she said. "Come to mamma! The first private reading in three months! Luck's turned, and you've done it! Now to call up Ignace and start him going. He's gotta be up and doing before she can get an answer to her letter."

It was evident that Mr. Jay's presence increasingly got on Mr. Pruitt's nerves. Mr. Jay had decreed at once that the office should close ten minutes before five in order that the women employes need not endure the hideous Subway rush, which shocked and disgusted him. Mr. Pruitt suspected that he was also planning to open the office at 9:30 instead of nine for the same reason. Likewise he had abolished the system of rules and petty fines which Mr. Pruitt had worked out with infinite relish and applied rigorously.

"No wonder there's such a labor turnover in the office," Mr. Jay said. "That stuff belongs to the Dark Ages. I can't find that anybody's been here longer than six months except Miss Andrews and some of the people in the bookkeeping and mail department."

Remarks such as these were acid to Mr. Pruitt's soul. Emmy suffered for it, but her sufferings were alleviated by the work she did for Mr. Jay. Mr. Jay found her transcription quick and accurate, liked the appearance of her finished letters. As he took hold of the work, he claimed more and more of her time, and Mr. Pruitt complained venomously to Emmy that he might as well have no stenographer. Emmy toiled as never before. She gave up all but ten minutes of her luncheon time, and stayed every evening so that Mr. Pruitt might find all clear in the morning.

She would probably not have been able to stand it very long. It was on the fifth day of it that she came home to supper, tired, but not unhappy. Mr. Jay's expressed approval of her letters alleviated Mr. Pruitt's venom, gave a color to her working day she had not known before. Something of this she tried to express to Cousin Drina and her mother as they sat about the supper table.

"Mr. Jay sent for me three times today, and I did some letters for him just from what he told me to answer—he didn't dictate them. And he said they were very good; he didn't change a word," she bragged gently.

"Hasn't raised your salary, I notice," snapped Cousin Drina. "Soft solder don't mean anything in your pocket."

"He could hardly raise my salary when he's not been there a week," protested Emmy. "That wouldn't be reasonable to expect."

Cousin Drina was just about to snap again when there was a knock at the door. Emmy rose and opened it. A man stood there, a strange man, small and dark, with silver in his hair and a white scar over his left eye. He was smiling.

"Don't you know me?" he cried, entering confidently. "I'm Will Andrews—I'm your Uncle Will. I know you must be little Emmy! And—and Jane—and—say—I do believe it's Cousin Drina! The time I've had finding you! Had to wire out to Monraylia to get your address!"

They were speechless, all save Cousin Drina.

"For goodness' sake," said she, "you're a sight for sore eyes, you certainly are! Come on in and let me look at you! I was speaking about you only the other day, wasn't I, Jane? Well, you've not fleshed up—you're thinner than I remember. But I'd 've known you anywhere!"

She held out her hands in greeting, and Will Andrews stooped and kissed her.

"I've been none too well; that's why I'm so skinny," he laughed. "Jane, aren't you going to shake hands? And Emmy? Why, she's a young lady, and I've not seen her since she was a little tot, have I?"

"No," said Jane Andrews mechanically. She was dazed by this sudden appearance, but she shook hands. "Won't you sit down and have a little supper?" she asked. "Emmy, lay a place."

"No, thank you, I ate at the hotel. I'm staying at the Waldorf." He surveyed them genially. "It does seem good to see you. I hope you've got no hard feelings against me, Jane, for not writing you or looking you up all these years. I'd determined you'd none of you ever see my face again unless I could come back with money in my pockets, able to hold up my head. Oh, I know what you all thought—that I was a rolling stone and a black sheep."

"I never did!" exclaimed Cousin Drina. She had risen from the table and taken a seat close to him.

"If you didn't, you were the only one. Oh, it wasn't the family alone, but everybody in Monraylia; Fred and Dave Peters, and Sally Peters—she was some kin, wasn't she?—and Mr. Bart Taylor and the minister! I wired to Bart Taylor to get your address as soon as I landed; I figured he'd have it, being a lawyer."

"Landed? My, you been abroad, Will?" asked Cousin Drina.

All three of the women were staring at his clothes, good broadcloth, patent-leather shoes, a silk shirt and a grand diamond pin in his tie. He looked prosperous, did Will Andrews. He even had a bright silk handkerchief in his pocket, and as he drew it out and gently wiped his lips, they saw the flash of another diamond on his finger.

"Yes, I been abroad. Folks, it's quite a story, but good news won't keep. Jane, listen! I got back the money Fred Peters and I invested for you—Gid's money!"

"Oh, Will, Will!" cried Mrs. Andrews. "Not really! There, I knew it would all come out right! I knew it! You might say I've been expecting it!"

"Don't talk nonsense," adjured Cousin Drina testily. "Let Will tell us all about it. I always said you were smart, Will." She patted his coat sleeve.

Mrs. Andrews and Emmy sat together on the sofa, the girl's arm around her mother, the mother's hands holding tight to her daughter's. They were flushed and misty eyed with happiness.

"You see, it was this way," said Will, leaning forward and speaking earnestly: "When the war broke out, of course I enlisted, right off. There's my service button"—he thrust out his lapel. "And I saw some pretty hot fighting, I want to tell you. But that's got nothing to do with this story: I can tell you about that some other time. Well, after we'd licked the Heinies to a standstill, I didn't come right back. I'd been saving my pay—because there wasn't anything to spend it on, if the truth was told—and I had quite a little wad, and I thought I'd prospect round and see the country. And in order to combine business with pleasure, I thought I'd get right over to that city where the silk factories were that Fred Peters and I put Gid's—your money into."

"Were they silk factories, Will? I never rightly knew," exclaimed Jane.

"You didn't know!" His tone was surprised, gently rebuking. "But you never did have a head for business, Jane. Yes, they were silk factories. Silk weaving is

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The Railroads Wait on Your Table

You sit with travelers from afar when you sit at breakfast. Your lamb chop, your orange, your sugar, your toast—all came to you *by rail*. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has said that, taken together, all the articles in a breakfast served in such a state as Pennsylvania, travel 14,000 miles before they reach the table. That's half way round the world. A full-course dinner represents a world-circling tour.

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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

(Continued from Page 97)

one of the principal industries of certain provinces in France, and always has been. And Fred Peters and I had found a couple of fellows who were looking for funds to enlarge their—their plants, and we'd gone in with 'em." He held them spellbound, hanging on his words. They were like fascinated birds. He went on triumphantly: "Well, to make a long story short, I went snooping round and I found that those fellows were regular skins. They'd got that money, and they'd built bigger and finer factories, and they'd made great huge fortunes, and they were living on the fat of the land; and all the time they sent those bad reports back to America, and finally pretended to have failed for nothing on the dollar. Skins, they were, regular skins. Say, Jane, do you mind if I smoke? I can always talk better when I smoke."

"No, go ahead," said Cousin Drina, as though he had asked her.

Will Andrews filled his mouth with a great comforting cloud of smoke, and continued:

"I shan't go into the matter of what I did, here and now, but the thing is, I made 'em give up. I got every cent back—with interest—don't forget that—with interest; but it was a long hard battle, and time and time again I thought I'd lost out. I had to take the whole thing into the courts, you know. They were pretty sharp, but they weren't quite as sharp as I was. I remembered one or two little things about those investments that they didn't." He nodded, appreciating his sharpness.

"You might very well ask why I didn't come back sooner, but the truth of it is that the final award was handed down just two weeks ago today, and then I took the first boat I could get. And here I am. I got all the papers down at the hotel waiting your signature, Jane; and after that—well, you can ride in your own car, I want to tell you."

"Oh, Will," said Jane Andrews, "if Gid was only alive to see this day!"

His brother's face softened.

"Poor old Gid: I had him in mind when I was working for you, you better believe. Sometimes I felt as though he was right alongside of me, aiding me and telling me to keep on."

"Probably he was," said Jane, her mind reverting to Mrs. Ilyane. "I could tell you the most marvelous thing ——"

"Yes, yes, I dare say," he interrupted, kindly but decidedly. "But I got to put in a word or two about business first. Have you got a little ready money you can let me have, Jane? It's this way: I can't get the money from the Frenchies till the papers have your signature and go to the French consul here, and get sent back over there, which will maybe take two-three weeks. I could manage along on what little I've got left—for my hotel bill, I mean—but the fact is I brought you and Emmy some right valuable presents, and the customs house is holding them till I can pay the charges and take them out. There's some silks and some nice furs, some laces and a couple pretty shawls, Spanish style, like the ladies wear nowadays, and I want you to have them right off. There's plenty for Cousin Drina too. Of course, I could pawn the sparklers"—he indicated the scarfpin and the ring—"but I've got a kind of sentiment against that. I'll tell you, you let me have a hundred and seventy dollars and you keep my ring till I pay it back. I wouldn't feel as if I was pawning it if I left it with you, and it's worth two thousand if it's worth a cent. It's got a story, that ring, and so's the pin. My buddy in the war gave 'em to me just before he went over the top. He said he didn't have a soul to leave 'em to, and he wanted me to have 'em. So now you know why I don't like to put 'em in a pawnshop."

They never thought of demurring. Had he not brought them lavish gifts and good tidings beyond price? No faintest question marred their eager acceptance of this chance to serve him, who had served them so well.

"Oh, Uncle Will," cried Emmy, "it's so lucky! This is the night our bank keeps open. Wait till I put on my hat and I'll slip right down there and get you the money. And you don't need to leave the ring. We'd rather not, wouldn't we, mother?"

"But I'd rather do it," persisted Uncle Will. "I wouldn't take the money unless you let me leave the ring. I wouldn't bother about the money tonight, but every day that stuff stays in the customs costs extra, and I want to get down there bright and early tomorrow and get it out. Oh, say, your eyes are going to bulge when you see those shawls!"

"Hurry, Emmy," commanded her mother. "The bank might be closed before you get there."

Fortunately the bank wasn't closed, but Emmy ran every step of the way, there and back. She was in a whirl. Silks, furs, the diamond ring, the scar on Uncle Will's forehead, French factories, cigarette smoke—oh, and she wouldn't need to work another day! But here a queer pang assailed her. She would be terribly glad, of course, to get away from Mr. Pruitt; but to leave Mr. Jay, even after such a short time, was going to be just a little hard. However, she remembered that Uncle Will had said the money wouldn't be here for three weeks, so she'd have to stay on that much longer. That thought was with her when she opened the door and put the money into Uncle Will's hands.

"There you are," she said; "a hundred and seventy exactly."

She spoke as if there was plenty more where that came from. No good letting Uncle Will guess how poor they were and that this withdrawal left them with a balance of two dollars.

"And here's the ring," he said, putting it in her hand. "Take care of it, that's a good girl. Now I'm going to push along, for I know you're all worn out listening to my gab; but I'll send up the boxes with the things in sometime tomorrow, and be up tomorrow evening to open 'em."

"Come and have supper with us, Will," urged Mrs. Andrews.

"Yes, indeedy," chimed in Cousin Drina eagerly. "You come. It certainly does me good to see a man round the house again. We're nothing but a parcel of women."

She was the only one who insisted on kissing him good-by. After he had gone she reproached Jane and Emmy because they hadn't.

"I suppose I might have," said Mrs. Andrews; "but I never did kiss Will Andrews, and seeing him now after so many years and he's changed such a lot too."

"He hasn't changed a bit," contended Cousin Drina; "not a bit. Little thinner, and his hair gone gray—like yours, Jane, that's all."

"I'm crazy to see the things he brought," said Emmy tactfully.

The theme lighted all three pairs of feminine eyes and started all three feminine tongues. Silks, furs, shawls! And in a little while, money galore, ease, comfort, luxury. It was after midnight when they went to bed, and even then they called things back and forth from the bedroom to Emmy's couch.

Of course, they overslept in the morning, and Emmy was late—nearly fifteen minutes late. She came rushing in panic-stricken. Once in a long, long time Mr. Pruitt was late himself. But not this morning.

No, there he stood, watch in hand, waiting for her, and when she entered, breathless, the vials of his wrath were emptied upon her. All the pent-up irritation of the week rushed to his lips.

"What do you think this is, young woman—a pink tea or a business office? And where d'you get the idea that you can come drifting in any time you want to?" His voice was like thunder, his frown tremendous. It made Emmy go faint and white. "Out dancing last night, I suppose, out doing the Broadway butterfly act with your sheik. Good Lord, what I have to put up with in you lazy incompetent feather-headed girls, and you're old enough to know better ——"

"Pruitt," came a mild voice from the doorway, "cut that out. That's no way to talk to a lady. Miss Andrews, please come over into my office. I want to dictate some letters right away."

Emmy snatched up notebook and pencil and followed Mr. Jay.

"Thank you," she said breathlessly, "thank you. I—Mr. Pruitt doesn't mean it, I know. It's the first time I've ever been late. But this morning was such an exception ——"

"Sickness in your family?" inquired Mr. Jay. "Better take off your hat and gloves, Miss Andrews, and sit down."

"I must be crazy," stammered Emmy. "Do excuse me, Mr. Jay. Mr. Pruitt went at me so, and I was upset anyway. You see, we've come into a fortune, mother and I, and ——"

She told in as few words as she could the story of the returned Uncle Will, and in her guilelessness added the tale of the loan of all their savings and the leaving of the ring.

"Have you got the ring with you?" asked Mr. Jay.

Emmy dived beneath her blue serge front and pulled up a stout cord to which was tied securely Uncle Will's ring. Her mother had not wished to take the responsibility of keeping it in their flat, so after long argument they had disposed of it thus. Emmy could feel it every minute if she wore it round her neck under her clothes! Emmy slipped the cord over her head and handed it with the ring to Mr. Jay, blushing hard at having so immodestly procured it.

Mr. Jay looked at the ring, and then he looked at Emmy, her plain dress, her round credulous eyes, her little turned-up nose, her soft lips, her general air of goodness and guilelessness. He looked for a long time. At last he spoke, slowly and with pity.

"Miss Andrews," he said, "I'm afraid the fellow's a swindler. That ring's not worth a dollar a dozen."

"His picture's in the Rogues' Gallery—His name's Ignace Fridlman. He's what they call a con man." Emmy was relating it brokenly to her mother and Cousin Drina. "The police will look out for him, but they didn't think they'd get him. They said he'd probably go away to some races. They said he follows the races mostly—whatever that means. I knew his picture the minute I looked at him. It didn't have the scar. The policeman said he'd painted that on. He just wanted our savings. He didn't have any furs or silks or anything. That war-service button wasn't his. He'd found out all about us, somehow, and made believe he was our uncle. The police say he does that a lot. They say he's a very clever impersonator."

There was a long silence broken only by sighs from Mrs. Andrews. Cousin Drina kept perfectly still. At last Emmy went on, more bravely:

"It's an awful thing to have happen to us, but something good came out of it. I'm going to be Mr. Jay's secretary after this, and he's going to raise my salary. He was so kind about all this. I don't believe anybody in the world was ever so kind. He was—he was—well, I can't tell you how good and kind."

Another silence. Presently Emmy looked across at the subdued and quiet Cousin Drina. The first weapon she had ever wielded against that sharp, unpleasant old creature was in her gentle hand, and she struck with it, a light blow, but powerful.

"I'm real glad you and I didn't kiss him, mother. Cousin Drina did—twice. I'd hate to think I went around kissing swindlers named Ignace Fridlman."

Cousin Drina writhed, but had no answer. Emmy had, indeed, found something good in this bad business.

Meanwhile, over in Mrs. Ilyane's back room, a sheaf of greenbacks lay on the kitchen table and the two conspirators laughed above them.

"There's yours, Min. You earned it, for your dope was right, every shot. They swallowed me, hook, line and sinker. You'd 'a' died laughing to hear my spiel. I never missed a trick. I'm going to lay quiet while I grow my mustache back, or maybe go over to Hoboken for a while; you know—Dink's pool room. But any time again you run across something good, you just telephone. This won't last forever, you know."

"You're on." Mrs. Ilyane picked up her share of the Andrews money. "You're as smart as they come, Ignace. I'll let you know any time I run across something good. There's one born every minute."

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A GOOD BAD ACTOR

(Continued from Page 50)

the necessary preliminaries out of the way. But a great deal can happen in a month, and it did.

Really, though, I'll never forget the scene we had when I told Jane that her roll-tops had to go up and her skirts had to come down, and that she was never to cross her legs in public so long as she was under my management.

"For the love of Pete, Ann!" she protested. "My legs are good, and when legs are being shown freely and generally why should I conceal mine?"

"Legs are no treat to men any more."

"But I have dimples in my knees, and if I don't roll my stockings how is anyone ever going to know it?"

"Let 'em guess," I said. "Don't you want any secrets?"

"I never thought of that!" exclaimed Jane. "There seems to be a lot of things I don't know!"

"You're learning," I said; "or you will learn, in time. And put a pin in this: You're to cut out all swearing and near-swearing. Absolutely. And you're to forget all the slangy, peppy talk you've been using. Get yourself a brand-new line."

"Good gracious! Why, I won't be able to say anything but yes and no."

"That'll be fine, but you must be careful not to say yes too often." I grinned as I handed her that. I had to.

"Aw, you—forget it!" said Jane.

We had other scenes, too, and at times I had to threaten to ditch the whole plan, but in the end I had pretty much my own way by appealing to Jane's sporting inclination to try anything once. Also, every feminine creature has it in her to be more or less of an actress—she has to, as long as the males are what they are—and when Jane grasped the idea that she was to be the star while I was undertaking to do the Belasco stunt she entered into the spirit of the thing with some real enthusiasm.

I don't know that I've made it clear, as yet, just what it was I was driving at, but I'll endeavor to explain in a few words and a short paragraph. Jane was to essay the rôle of an old-fashioned girl, sweet, shy, modest, and teetotally unsophisticated. Her clothes were to be extreme—extremely conservative. Evening gowns with the baby-round necks instead of the Kipling-esque décolletage of nothing much before and rather less than 'arf o' that behind, if you get what I mean and can see that carried out through her entire wardrobe. No rouge. She had a fairly good natural pink-and-white complexion, and it was not to be tampered with. No lipstick. No penciling of the eyebrows. No mascara on the lashes. Her bushy blond bob was to be confined under a coronet braid.

The theory was that in a crowd of ultra-modern flappers, sub-debs, debs and ex-debs, she'd stand out like Evangeline in a group of bathing beauties. She was to be distinctly different from the 1925-model girl—artlessness to the nth degree of art.

I'll go on the air any time to let everybody know that between us Jane and I made one fine job of it; so much so that some day when I haven't anything else to do I think I'll take up the impresario business. But Jane won't be my star. Not again. She's too good.

And I'm on the up and up when I say she was good. By the time I was ready to return home, having done my daily can for the stipulated period and having got my figure again much nearer the heart's desire, Jane was letter perfect in her part and might well have created a sensation in her own town except that we hadn't permitted anyone save her mother and Aunt Mary to know what we were doing. Her final dress rehearsal, which only aunty and I witnessed, was nothing short of superb, and I enjoyed all the thrills of a creative genius who has turned out a masterpiece. Her success was assured, and I said as much, adding that if she could only hold the thought and not revert to her old ways I'd promise her her pick of all the two-legged animals without feathers that she'd encounter down our way.

"How about Martin Weller?"

Marty, I should explain, is the aforesaid sweety I acquired when I took the starvation course at the university of common sense and transformed myself from a fat lummox into a sylphlike creature of more or less beauty. Jane knew about him and was only baiting me.

"Help yourself!" I said carelessly.

As a matter of fact, I had Jane's fate all blocked out for her in the person of one Everett Allerton Morley, a rising young scientist of our city. Everett is one of the few distinctly eligibles in our crowd. He comes from a family of cliff dwellers who own most of the cliffs within our corporate limits, and as a chemist he has done things that make him envied by older men in his profession, so he has money and brains and in addition is good-looking, after a ponderous fashion. But he's so sedate and serious-minded that our girls have about given him up as hopeless and it has seemed that he's never been able to see anything in any of us to quicken his interest. Jane, as we had made her over, was exactly the type to appeal to him, and I had been doing a lot of mental matchmaking with those two as the raw materials. However, I was not so foolish in the head as to tell Jane what I had in mind, so I assured her it was an open field and no favorites.

"Look 'em over and take your choice," I said.

Jane scored her first triumph by bowling over my beloved parents. Dad isn't much given to enthusiasm any more, except when he has a good round of golf, and when he said that Jane looked and acted more like a real girl than anyone he had seen in ten years I knew he was completely sold. As for mother, she simply couldn't find enough nice things to say to Jane or about her. "I think she's lovely—perfectly lovely!" she kept repeating.

Sister Bess, who is a ten-minute egg if there ever was one, likewise fell for Jane at first sight, and so did a dozen or so of the girls whom we had in for luncheon and bridge the first afternoon we were at home. "Sweet," "charming," "lovely," "quaint," "darling" and "perfectly dear" were the adjectives she inspired most frequently, as I recall them now, and when present-day girls say things like that about one of their own sex they mean them.

But you should have been among those present when Jane made her first appearance at one of our country-club dances and had her first chance at our men.

She didn't knock 'em all cold the moment we made our entrance, but, lordy, how they did warm up to her when it dawned on them that here was something new and altogether different in the girl line, with the novelty enhanced by undeniable beauty and charm.

"I say," said Ted Davis as we squared away after the presentations, "have you been asleep somewhere for twenty years or have I been doing the Rip Van Winkle?"

Jane looked up at him with the eyes of a startled fawn. "Why—why ——"

"I've read about girls like you, but I never saw one before," said Sam Ross.

More of the startled-fawn business, with a timid, shrinking smile. "Am I so—so ——"

"Miss Rand," said Tiny Cummins, who is pudgy and pompous, rotund and orotund, "you are precisely so—so charming that these gentlemen are nonplused. If you will permit me to say it, you are ——"

"Right out of the old family album!" interrupted one of the others.

"Oh, dear!" said Jane.

Then came The Pickton. His name is Ned, but there's none other like him and we usually call him The. He merely thinks that Valentino is just a flash of what he himself might be if he should some day decide to do a Merton.

"Dear lady," he bowed, "you have stepped right out of the picture gallery of our dreams."

"Blah!" That came from my Ole Reliable, Marty. "Listen, little one, I'm your big brother—see? These guys are handing you a lot of applesauce!"

"Oh, but I like it!" said Jane, with more work of her baby-blue eyes.

Everett Morley had had nothing to say, up to that moment, but I thought I detected a glint in his eye such as you might expect from a scientific sharp who had found something new and wonderful in a test tube, and when he put one over on the other boys by asking Jane for the first dance I was tickled pink.

After that the rush was on, with standing room only wherever Jane was for the rest of the evening. She had to do an eenie-meenie-minie-mo to select her partners every time the music started, and if the orchestra had played all the encores and extras that were requested it would have violated all the union rules, the eight-hour law, and somebody's Magna Charta. I watched her as a mother hen watches her favorite chick, and I'll say she played her rôle with consummate art. She was all prunes, prisms and propriety, and as demure and modest as the well-known violet in the dell. When she danced she kept a man at arm's length. When she sat in the lounge she sat primly erect. No lolling. When she suffered herself to be enticed out on the veranda she kept away from the dark corners. At supper she declined a cocktail and appeared shocked at the suggestion that she smoke a cigarette, and when one of the boys told a story that had legs in it she was as prettily distressed as September Morn seemed to be when she was having her picture taken. And all the time, whenever she looked at a man, her eyes told him that he was the sturdy oak and she the clinging vine. Oh, she was good!

Before we retired that night Bess, Jane and I held the post-mortem that girls usually hold after a party, and Jane rather stepped out of her part, somewhat to my concern.

"The time of my life, girls!" she exclaimed. "Absolutely and honest to Mike! Didn't they all eat out of my lily-white, though! And wasn't I the surprise package to them all! I heard one man whisper to another after his first dance with me, 'I'll bet she believes in fairies and Santa Claus!' Can you imagine that? Oh, they were all priceless! The one named Ross tried to put his arm around me out on the veranda, and after I handed him a horrified 'How dare you!' you'd have thought he was a telephone operator the way he said 'Excuseit-please!' every time he got on the line the rest of the evening."

Bess was looking at our guest with wide-open eyes, and I hastened to interpose a question. "Didn't you like Ned Pickton?"

"He's so good-looking it hurts," she answered, "and he sure shakes a wicked hoof, but he rates himself as running better than first in any race he enters, and it can't be did. He's so top-heavy that every time he nods he goes into a nose dive. I like him though."

"What did you think of Everett Morley?"

"Deadwood! They cut him down when he was a sapling and he's all covered with moss!"

"How about my Marty?"

"I'm off him for life if he ever says 'brother' to me again. He pulled that line until I told him I had all the blood kin I wanted and would like to hear what else he had to offer. But he's nice and I can think of worse things than being shipwrecked on a desert isle with him."

By that time Bess was recovering from her surprise over the new side of Jane she

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 103)

was viewing, and was grinning broadly. "I'm just beginning to get you," she said to Jane, "but I'm not quite sure yet whether you're a good actor or a bad actor."

"Both," said Jane, returning the grin. "Stick around and see the whole show!"

Well, within a week the traffic officials had made the avenue in which we live a one-way street and were imposing parking restrictions similar to those in the downtown congested sections. That's how popular Jane proved to be. She was having, as she kept saying, the time of her life, or any girl's life. Her saucer was full of cream, and she was lapping it up like any hungry kitten. We were on the go constantly, what with swimming, golf, tennis, luncheons, card parties, dances, movies and what not, and we had more men around all the time than we knew what to do with. It was great fun, and I was enjoying it quite as much as Jane was, for, aside from the good times we were having, my judgment and my cleverness were being gloriously vindicated. I was the impresario par excellence.

Then, just when everything was lovely and the goose hung high, I got what was coming to me. I discovered that Jane was deliberately trying to steal Marty away from me—my Marty, whom I had raised from a pup, so to speak! That was her return to me for all that I had done for her.

Likewise I discovered that Marty was more than willing to be stolen!

Of course a thing like that doesn't happen with the bang of a properly constructed dramatic climax. A girl can't do to another girl what Jane was doing to me and do it in a jiffy. It requires time and finesse. Nor can a man fall out of love with one girl and into love with another just as he might tumble out of a hammock. That takes time too. Nevertheless, when I realized what had happened, or was happening, it came to me with all the bang of a bolt out of a clear sky, and that was amply dramatic for yours truly.

It hurt. I'll be just as honest as the day is long and admit that. It hurt a lot because it was so incredible that Jane would do such a thing to me, and it hurt a darned sight more because I couldn't believe anybody could take my Marty away from me. I am extremely possessive in referring to him, and strictly speaking I have no right to be. We were not engaged, although I had agreed to give him a tryout as a prospective partner for the Mendelssohn, and I had no real title to him. But just the same he had been mine for the taking, and in the back of my mind there was never any thought but that some day Marty and I would take the big plunge together. That is why it was such a shock to discover that he was being toiled away from me.

And there could be no doubt as to what was going on. I was a little late dressing one evening when the three of us were going out together, and I sent Jane on down to talk to Marty. I wasn't more than a minute or two behind her, and when I came up to the library door I heard something that made me an eavesdropper.

It was an excited little giggle, and then, "Oh, Marty! How strong you are!"

And Marty's voice, low and husky, "I'm crazy about you, Jane!"

That was my reward for making that scatter-brained little blond hellion attractive to men!

I slipped back to the stairs and made some noise so that when I approached the library again they had been duly warned and were miles apart and acting studiedly indifferent. Of course they were overdoing it, but they thought they were putting it over on me, and it made me perfectly furious.

"Isn't Jane perfectly lovely tonight, Marty?" I said brightly.

Marty, when he is embarrassed or caught in any sort of corner, is almost inarticulate.

"She sure is!" he said.

"I took a big chance, didn't I, when I left her alone with you, even for a minute?"

"You sure did!"

"She thinks that little me could steal great big you," said Jane, in that baby voice of hers, and I could feel her flash a glance at me out of narrowing eyes.

"She sure does!" said Marty.

"No, indeedy!" I lied, laughing gayly. "You are almost my very best friend, and I'd trust you with my most precious possession—even Marty. I want Marty to like you a lot—and you will, won't you, big boy?"

"I sure will!" Marty was brick-red from his hair to his collar, and how he was writhing! And oh, how I enjoyed it, although I was all torn to pieces inside.

"You sure are enthusiastic about it, Marty," I said, laughing again. "I'll bet you're jealous for me because Jane is so much prettier and sweeter."

"I sure—no, I mean—why, of course not'"

"Oh, Marty," I said, "you sure are an innocent! Isn't he, Jane?"

"He sure is," agreed Jane; and she, too, laughed merrily, but there was an edge to her voice that was not so merry.

Well, that was that, and if there was any doubt about its being that, sis removed it that same night. "I hope you know that Jane is making a dead set for Marty, and that the poor boob is falling for her," she said.

"Well, what of it?"

Bess gave me a long look of the kind usually described as searching, and then shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, very well! If that's the way you feel about it it's none of my affair, but you know what everybody will say, and I should think you'd have a little bit of pride."

I had plenty of pride, all right—too much to let even sis know that I cared a rap about losing Marty to Jane.

"Marty's a good scout, and he's been a nice playmate," I said carelessly, "but that's all he means in my young life. I told Jane long ago to help herself if he looked good to her, and I'll be glad to help her land him. I think they'd make a fine match, don't you?"

"You make me ill!" said Bess. "You may kid yourself, but I've heard better stories than yours, and still not believed them."

However, that was my story and I stuck to it. Furthermore, I proceeded to demonstrate that I was on the level with it. I fairly shoved Marty and Jane at each other in every possible way, and as a sort of alibi for myself I plunged into the wildest kind of flirtation with the first man available. He happened to be none other than Everett Morley, the sedate young highbrow I had planned originally to saw off on Jane. He had been parking around our place quite a bit, but had seemed to be interested in Jane only by way of observing or studying a new and unusual specimen of flora or fauna or some strange chemical reaction, and I determined to see if Everett couldn't be interested in a girl as a masculine pulse warmer. Being in a slightly reckless mood I experimented daringly, and Everett, I may say, soon showed signs of becoming an ardent collaborator, for I teased him about being slow until he told me he would prove that still waters had speed as well as depth.

So there we were, all four of us playing rôles entirely different from our real selves. Jane, who was a hellion at heart, was doing her stuff as Miss Innocence. Marty, who really has a good deal of the Old Nick in him, was young Mr. Sobersides. Everett, who had always displayed the instincts and predilections of an anchorite, was trying to play Mephisto; and I, who am by nature and inclination altogether conventional, had cast myself for the wild woman. Can you beat it?

Frankly, I didn't care for the little drama we were unfolding, especially for my part in it, and as time went on it grew more distasteful. I wanted it over and the final curtain rung down. Like the man who hoped that his sick wife would get well, or something, I wished that Jane would stop trifling with Marty and elope with him, or give him up as a bad job and go home. Just so she removed herself from our midst. She had rubbed off all the welcome on my door mat! And I wanted Everett to be a real devil or be himself again, for he bored me constantly and frightened me at intervals.

That was about the situation when Sister Bess threw a party. There was to be a *bal masqué* at our best imitation of a Broadway night club, and sis decided that it would be great sport for us to go and mingle with the mummers. Inasmuch as there were whispers that the affair would be rich, rare and racy, the response was unanimous and enthusiastic.

There was much secrecy about costumes and everyone promised everybody else a surprise. With that in mind I decided at first to go as a Greek dancer and give folks a real treat, but the possibility of getting a splinter in my foot, or having someone step on my bare toes, or catching cold, presented itself, and I reconsidered. Besides, I had a second thought that seemed better. Jane, carrying through her new rôle, would probably go as a crinoline maid or a Quakeress, and I'd do her one better at that game—I'd be a Red Cross nurse.

And, take it from various witnesses who volunteered their testimony, I didn't fall down on the job. The costume was becoming to me, and I was reliably informed that I was a picture most any man would be glad to wear in his watch. But that's getting ahead of my story and isn't important anyhow.

It had been agreed that there were to be no revelations as to costumes until we met at the *bal masqué*. Bess and Ted Davis and Everett and I were the first arrivals, and when we came together at the table Harlequin and Columbine greeted an apache and a nurse. The others made their appearances speedily—Alice Remy as Carmen, Ned Pickton as a vaquero, Tiny Cummins as a tramp, Sam Ross as an aviator, Peggy May as a bellhop, and the usual complement of Pierrots and Pierrettes, dancing girls, Romeos and Juliets, and the like—and we were a gay, colorful gathering, with an abundance of hilarity on tap before the party was fairly started.

And then—Jane.

You know what I expected her to be—a crinoline girl, Quakeress, or something in the modest and shrinking violet line? Well, she was anything but! I don't know to this day what she called herself—whether she was a vamp, a dancer, or a grass widow in mourning—but I'll never forget the picture she presented as she wriggled her way affectedly up to us. Her gown was black and there was rather less of it than there was of the one she wore that night when I first saw her stepping out, and it hinted at dire catastrophe if so much as a thread broke or a bead slipped. Her hose were flesh-colored and the sheerest of the sheer. Her black satin pumps had red heels. Gone was her coronet braid, and her blond curls were rioting as never before. She had everything on her face that a beauty specialist could assemble there, in addition to a mask. She wore long jet earrings, and one forearm was half covered with jet bracelets.

She undulated up to Marty, who was standing and gripping his chair as if he needed its support. "How do you like me, old dear?"

"G-g-gr-great!" stammered Marty.

"Didn't think little Janey had it in her, did you?" Then she addressed the crowd. "Folks," she said, "I've been on the goody-good so long that I had to bust loose. All I ask is a cocktail and then watch my speed!"

All this was so startling, coming from our erstwhile innocent of innocents, that a momentary silence ensued, which Jane broke with an impatient "Don't all speak at once, boys!" and then added, "Don't tell me this is a dry party!"

Marty still stood there, gaping like a goldfish, while Jane looked up at him expectantly. To my surprise he did not seem to be prepared for a damp evening, and equally to my surprise my own cavalier, Everett, was, and while Marty was saying

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"I didn't think," Everett produced a flask. He had his reward.

"This makes you my friend for life, old mossback," chirped Jane. "Here's mud in your eye! Gosh, how good that tastes!"

"I don't think ——" Marty started to remonstrate.

"That's twice you've whiffed," said Jane. "Once more and you're out. Come on, big boy! Let's dance!"

When they returned from the floor Marty was perspiring freely, and it wasn't all due to exertion, either, for he had just participated in a performance that had almost stopped the ball. Jane was at her best—or worst—and the way she danced was something to write home about. I had seen her before and was not so shocked, but all the rest of the crowd seemed simply stunned—all, that is, except Everett. He was on his feet, with a light in his eyes I had never caught before.

"I want the next dance," he said.

"You're on, kiddo! You can take care of the caretaker's daughter while the caretaker's busy taking care!" The last was evidently a dig at Marty for having ventured to caution her against being too wild. "Don't be an oil can, Marty!" she added. "I tell you I've been so quiet for so long that I've got to step some tonight, and you can't stop me. Come on, Ev!"

As they pranced away Ted Davis pushed back his chair, got up and shook himself. "Woof!" he exclaimed. "It looks like a large evening, boys and girls. Let's participate!"

And off the rest of them went, leaving Marty and me.

"I suppose we might dance, too," said Marty presently, after a heavy silence.

As I looked across at him I could see that he was thoroughly miserable, the picture of embarrassment and disillusionment, and I enjoyed it so much that I made no response to his overture. I had had some of my illusions about him badly cracked, if not shattered, and it was a distinct pleasure to see him suffer.

"I've sure made a darned fool of myself, haven't I?" That came after another silence, and I thought it called for a reply.

"You sure have!" I agreed.

Marty looked up and made a feeble effort to grin. "That's right," he said. "Rub it in. I deserve it. Ann, I do hope you'll forgive me! Tell me what I can do to square myself."

"If you haven't a hair shirt on under that costume, get one and wear it," I said, and there was no promise in the way I said it.

I should add, perhaps, that Jane and Everett disappeared from the dance along about three A. M., after doing their best to put the affair on the blink, and nobody even suggested that we send out a posse to search for them. At dawn Bess, Ted, Marty and I went downtown for bacon and eggs off the marble-top tables, and there I told them all about Jane and my experiment in remodeling her.

"I suspected as much," said Bess, "and I thought it was about time she was being herself again. That's the reason I asked her if she couldn't do something to put a little life in the party tonight. The idea appealed to her and she said she could, and that we'd be surprised."

"We sure were!" said Marty fervently.

"Well," said Ted, "I get Jane, now, but I certainly am amazed at Everett. I can't understand his going loco."

"Huh!" said Bess. "Get yourself a book! They write 'em about guys like him. He's got one of those complex things."

When we got home there was a message from Jane.

"Everett and I will be married in the first town where we find a wedding factory open and ready for business," it read. "I was wrong about him. If he's a mossback I'm a mummy."

AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 4)

Eighty miles above Augusta there stood two huge gateposts, topped with roughly hewed balls. Between them hung the old gray gate of a famous plantation. When the sun was low in the west it shone through these palings like bars of gold, as if there might be nothing beyond but space and silence and brightness. Inside there was a long avenue stretching away through the trees. Far down there was a high green terrace; above the terrace, an ancient flower garden, bordered with boxwood and spired with the tops of juniper trees. Blossoming boughs waved like flags in the wind. All the spaces inside were filled with humbler flowers; early phlox and lilies, violets and hyacinths made misty blue veils in the shadows. Long-soled cactus spread like green footprints upon the dark earth—the whole lonely place a wilderness of bloom left to govern itself.

Somewhere behind this garden in those days stood a little house, left over like a poor relation in adversity.

I was born there.

My recollection now is that it was a good little house, with a busy mind and a kind heart inside, where a female child would be taught the Lord's Prayer at an early age, and how to sew and knit; but it was not, you would have concluded at a glance, the cradle of genius. Very few people make provision beforehand for geniuses in their families. They are like the seed that birds scatter—liable to spring up anywhere, but never to be anticipated. For my part, I doubt if they are born at all, but produce themselves by some chance of circumstances; almost any man or woman is remotely liable to become one.

But my first memories are not of this house, nor even of my father and mother. I had that faint impression of them which grown people have of Providence, to be depended upon, but too far off in consciousness to be cultivated. My measure of relationship at this time was that father was very tall and mother was much shorter and very slender. I was some kind of a little pin wheel of life revolving away from them.

I discovered afterward that father was sensitive to the sublime. The calm mind of the heavens on a clear starlit night could move him to the noblest flights of imagination. He must stretch himself mentally and let out a spark of eloquence or prophecy, it made no difference so long as he relieved the pressure of infinities upon his strident soul.

He had a habit, when I was this very small child, of pacing back and forth in the warm moonlit darkness of summer evenings. I recall myself like a caterpillar sticking to him there. With one bare foot placed upon the toe of each of his dusty boots and my arms clasped about his long legs, I rode backward, still, the stride was exciting.

One night when we were traveling in this fashion beneath a particularly clear starlit sky, he halted, swung a grand gesture, peered down at me as from a great height.

"You will live to see airships up there flying like a flock of birds!" he said.

"Corra," mother interrupted hastily from the porch, "come in, wash your feet and go to bed!"

I obeyed, too young to suspect that she was guarding me from what was supposed to be a streak of insanity in father's family.

It seems that one of his remote ancestors had conceived this same idea of flying through the heavens on his own wing power. He was humored in this hobby until the day he ascended to the roof of his mansion geared up in two huge wings of his own devising and hopped off. He survived only because they did break the force of his fall, but he spent the remaining years of his life in close confinement.

From this time forth someone in each succeeding generation of father's people had been born with this predilection for flying. Mother was determined it should not be her child in this generation. She was a sensible woman, who had a legitimate imagination and conceived only of incandescent angels being properly endowed with wings.

On the other hand, father had his anxieties. Mother's Uncle John was an intensely religious man in an age when only preachers were distinguished for their piety in this section, and he was not a preacher. His mind was fixed on the Bible and he read no other book. Father believed he was quite mad on this subject.

I had a rather unusual memory long before I had any of the other intellectual ingredients that go to the making of a mind. When mother began to read Genesis aloud to me, my ear caught the tune of that genealogical chapter which records the generations of Adam with so many repetitions of the word begat.

One day I climbed upon father's knee and recited too many verses from this chapter to him. I should have let him have them all but for the fact that he interrupted. He exchanged a look with mother.

"Stop reading that book aloud to her. Remember your Uncle John!" he said.

Parents are strangely suspicious of what Nature may have done to their children. The first thing they do when one is born is to look him over to be sure he is made up properly, not too long or too short anywhere, and not one-sided. The mother's travail is never over until she calls out faintly, "Doctor, is my child all right?" and receives the assurance that he is. Then she lets go and fades away into the bliss of motherhood.

My parents received the best assurances about me then. Still, as I grew, strangeness of one sort and another showed up in me; then they would hark back, each behind the other, to account for it. It was not the child I was; it was what they knew about themselves which might crop out in me that disturbed them. I suppose all parents suffer from this same sense of ancestral guilt toward their offsprings.

But I was not sufficiently acquainted with my parents then to be aware of their anxieties. They belonged to another world. I can barely remember father's blue gaze following me about, usually with the light of laughter in it. Mother was always busy. She had large gray eyes that caught me up with a glance, washed me like a saucer, set me down again and went on to her next deed with the swiftness of one who wore wings on her feet. This excessive energy may account for the fact that I formed no apron-string attachment to her.

The reputation I had, however, was that of being an extremely affectionate child. This only proves that any record written from memory must be incomplete. I suppose Homer omitted many important historical facts which did not rime with those he sung so lustily in his Iliad. Love anchored me so completely later in life, I am rather glad to think that in these first years my affections must have been like those of a busy man for his family, usually latent, but practiced with convincing charm at odd moments. I do not remember ever crying for my mother as other young children do, because I so completely believed in her. She could not forget me or forsake me. So far as I knew then, she would last forever. There was nothing, literally nothing, in my world to worry about. I was already living by faith.

This is the earliest faculty we develop. It is an enduring illusion at which the world and all the vicissitudes of life tear in vain. We replace every hope that fails with another one. We change our standards and our creeds, but we live and die believing in something. It is a medicine we use to ease the mind. I have had so many letters lately from men and women who no longer believe in God. They have fallen over the precipice of rationalism into an awful pit of darkness. But it is perfectly apparent that any one of them would be quick to believe in a man or woman. They are the same old barnacles of faith we all are, who have lost their hold upon the good bottom, raked off by the lives they have lived or the thinking they have practiced. They are the most credulous people in the world. I never knew one who would not trust a convincing rascal. Or he will take to occultism, some spiritual nostrum, as a certain class of people prefer patent medicine for their physical ailments. What I mean is that the power to believe is born in us, and we must exercise it one way or the other, as we breathe to live.

In these earliest years I must have belonged more particularly to the vegetable kingdom. My first vivid impressions are of being in the open, not doing anything, certainly not thinking. I seem to have grown like the grass on the rim of the green terrace beyond the flower garden for a long time. Father and mother are very sketchy. They appear now in my memory of this period at rare intervals. The activities of a great plantation went on about me, but I recall none of the clamor of this business; only the ringing of the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil in the shop under the mulberry trees. The long procession of negroes sitting sidewise on their mules coming up from the fields through the deepening dusk of the evening were a part of the day I lived, like the lengthening shadows of the trees on the grass. The thin curls of smoke that began to hurry out of the tops of the chimneys from the cabins below the avenue used to hang like long lavender scarfs in the air. I remember that from the top of the terrace I could see the negro children milling and playing before these cabin doors. But I never joined them.

There was an invisible mark between me and these little black ones that must not be crossed. The intimate association between white children and negro children has been greatly exaggerated by the sentimental literature of the South written since the Civil War, to appeal, I have always thought, to the imagination of the North, where most of the reading in this country was done after that period. Southern white children of the stock from which I sprang sustained a passionately devoted relation to the old negroes, men and women, who remained attached to our families. This attachment remains unbroken to this day.

But no such ties ever existed between us and the young ones. The basis of mutual affection and confidence had been destroyed before I was born and the doom of the negro sealed, not by the Civil War, but by propaganda that followed it for fifty years. Where enmity is created, justice will never be done. But hate and distrust beget the sense of injustice, which produces every abomination possible between a strong race and a weaker one.

I have not one recollection of having played with a negro child. My only memory lasts because it was striped in with a switch. Susan, a little negro girl, came to the house one day for a pitcher of milk. I took her aside and examined her black kinky wool wrapped in white cotton thread. I did not think much of it and said so.

Mother punished me severely for this. I do not recall the words she used. They were undoubtedly stern and simple, for she had that kind of a vocabulary; but the gist of it was that the quality of a superior was that he never took advantage of an inferior, and that it was ignoble to humiliate one by referring to his natural defects, whether of hair or color. This doctrine steadfastly kept also by my father, in the end cost him a two-thousand-acre cotton plantation.

(Continued on Page 109)

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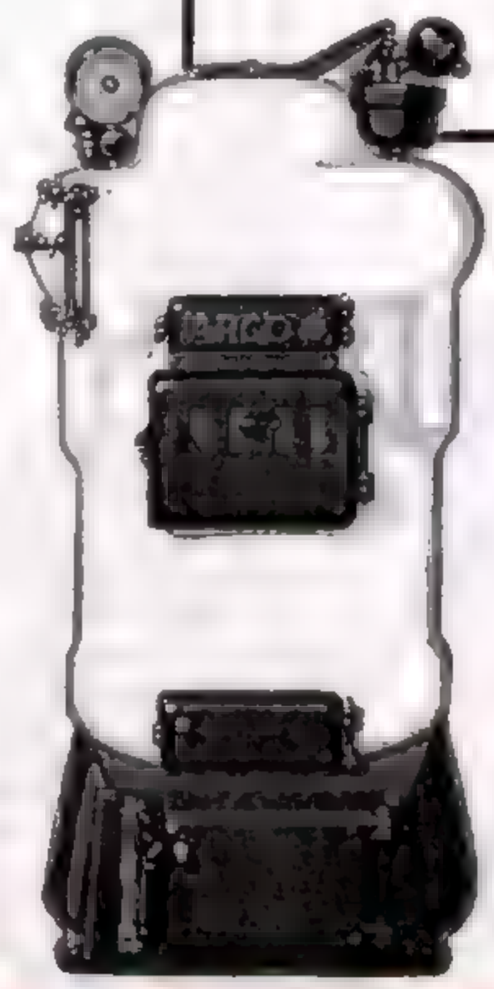

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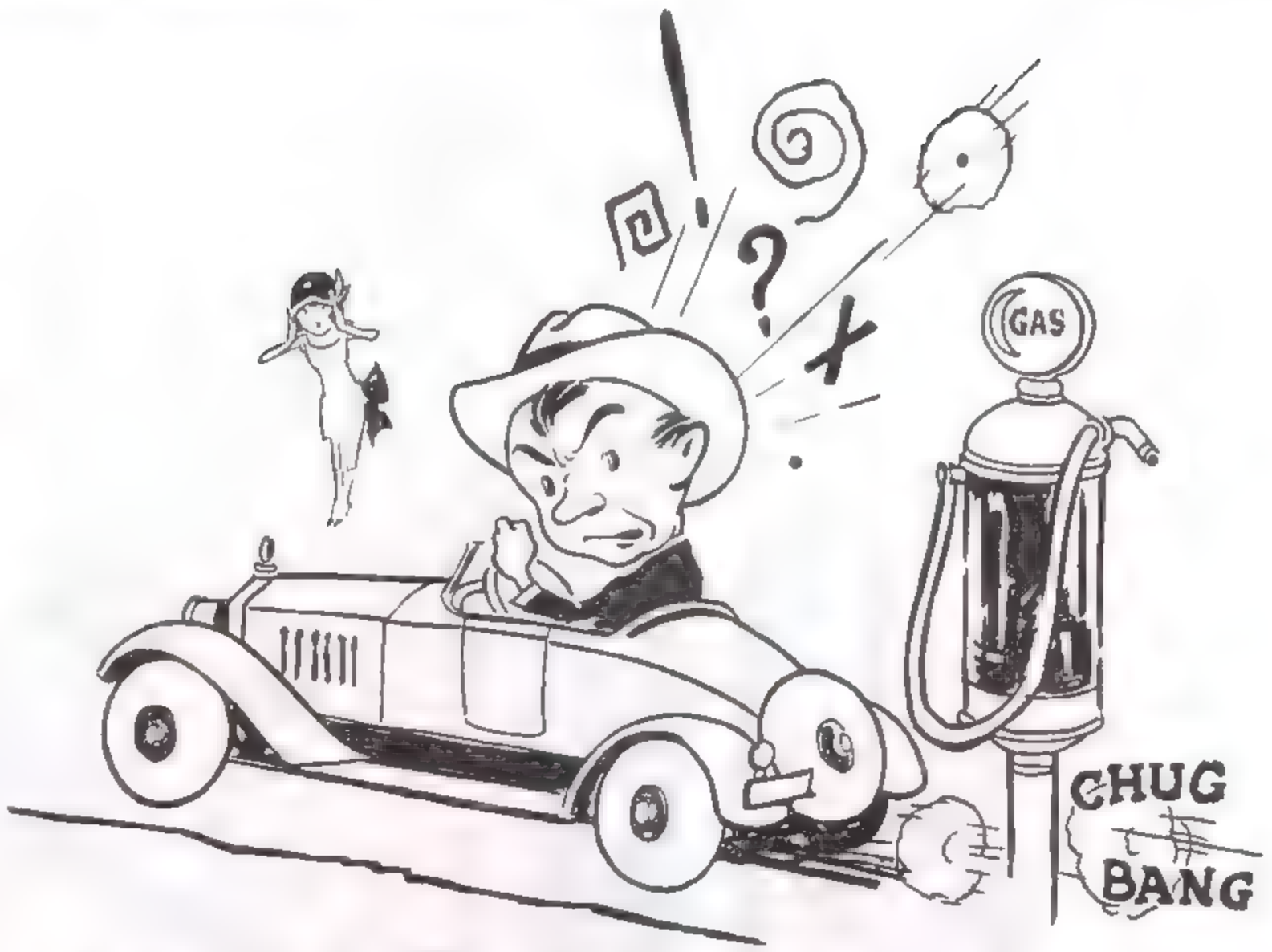

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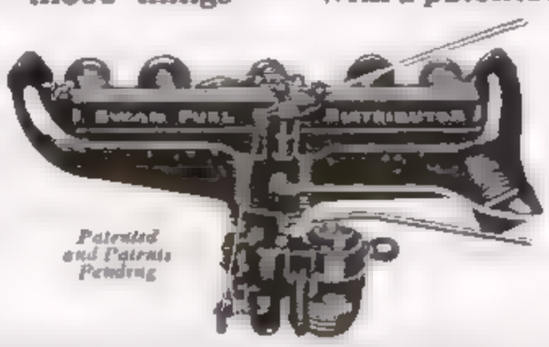

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Trade Mark

Swan System

CARBURETOR AND FUEL DISTRIBUTOR

(Continued from Page 106)

For there were a hundred negroes on the place, and they took every advantage that inferiors can take of a generous superior. The only reason why it has not been equally expensive to me is that I never had so much as a plantation to lose and have dealt with fewer people of this class.

But the impression I received that day concerning my obligations to those less fortunate by nature, as I stood tearfully diminished before mother and still stinging from the duty of her switch, has never left me. And it is now a fact which I have proved by experience that it is more enhancing to keep one's self-respect than to get the advantage of an inferior person in any kind of transaction. After so many years of this kind of noble prancing morally, it produces a certain insolent sense of quality, not justified, of course, by the person you really are, all told. Still, it is a grand feeling and a part of the mind I have finally rounded up out of life.

I am writing this record, however, to prove that the keeping of virtues and those attributes becoming to what you think is your nobler nature is an expensive business, and places you within grasping range of everybody doing business with you who has no such vainglorious sense of himself to serve.

I have never found that it pays in any worldly sense to be outrageously and unscrupulously upright in my dealings. The question is whether the inward foundations one lays that cannot be swept away by earthly misfortunes make up for the losses one sustains. I do not know. I sometimes suffer a very strong temptation to take an inferior's underhold upon a person who thinks I am an easy mark and pull off the deal according to his standards in business, not mine, just to learn how it feels to win that way. This, however, is a puerile temptation. My habits are established. I have no practice in shrewdness; only cunning enough not to experiment with my too-long-buried talent.

There is a well-established legend to the effect that I was an invincibly disobedient child. This is not so bad. My notion is that it depends upon circumstances whether disobedience is a virtue or a weakness. There is no way to develop a character of your own without trying out the doctrines imposed upon you in youth by extremely fallible parents. I have seen a few men and many women going about pinched up in the virtues of their ancestors. They have never impressed me favorably. They do not live; they only obey. You may inherit some physical likeness from your parents, and their wealth if they have any; but an honest man must always choose his own attributes and his own scriptures.

I am writing now of that first stage of hallowed innocency when I was serenely devoid of morals. I had no conscience, that cruel sword forever drawn in us by which we are slain daily for our transgressions. Whatever I could do was right. Nothing conceivable was wrong. This gave me a wide choice of action. I availed myself of it with considerable energy and covered my activities with silence. Living, feeling and doing was my profession; and like every successful person, I never betrayed the secrets of my profession. I distinctly remember the fact that I was not a talkative child. I cannot now recall saying anything. If mother overtook me in a fault, I bore the punishment she invariably inflicted as one learns early to bear the inscrutable vicissitudes incident to living. I recovered quickly and resumed business on precisely the same basis—that nothing was wrong.

I have often wondered if all children pass through this period of joyfully achieving innocence. They are not good, but what freedom there must be in not being able to think evil! Maybe Shakspere was right: "Thinking makes it so." Certainly it is written of children in the Scriptures, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Which suggests an idea of heaven I have never seen advanced by a theologian—that it is a place of infinite relief where one may be as unscrupulously busy as a child without doing anything wrong. But we could not risk living in this present world with a generation of such kingdom-of-heaven saints. A man with that much innocence in him would be an outlaw. So it may have been all for the best, the mill and anguish I passed through getting my mind and virtues to fit me and that sum of human heinousness so essential to surviving here.

Compared with the modern child, I was stupid. I did not know anything. I was simply a medium of sensations, experiencing joy in the sun, living confidentially with the grass, moved to this or that adventure as the wind blows. I was without self-consciousness, that first symptom of vanity in a mind beginning to be, so attractive in young children, so offensive in men and women. I was strangely lacking in the monkey curiosity peculiar to the bright child. I came silently by my own knowledge without asking questions. There was no sense in what I learned, but much enchantment. I was closer kin to the earth than mere mind ever makes us. I knew the leaves on the trees as you hear conversation, and the sky was very near, like a roof over my head.

I have a vivid recollection of the child I was then, as one might remember the person he used to be in another life, sitting on the green crown of my world, very pudgy, back hunched, fingers curled in the grass, the hair on my head sticking up like a fine bright fringe, eyes wide and quiet, fixed upon nothing in particular, the groggy little somnambulist of a bright dream.

I remember one of the illusions I had. The big gate at the end of the avenue was the end of my world. I accompanied father and mother through it at rare intervals, but my understanding was that we passed immediately into another world. I shall experience no more tremendous anticipations rising from my dust in the last day than I did then, seated in the bottom of the rickety old buggy, being drawn through the black weather-beaten portals of that gate.

Once in so often I made the journey up there alone to peep through the palings at this neighboring world. My fear was that it might have fallen off or been blown away in a high wind. Being very young and unacquainted with the other stars, I dreaded the possibility of being stuck up against one just outside our big gate; or worse still, finding nothing at all beyond it but emptiness.

There is a grandeur about total ignorance, winged with imagination. Children alone have it. They endure terrors and visions that would drive a sane person mad. They are little Saturns revolving in the incandescent rings of fancy, no substance to their thoughts, no realities in the secret world where they move and believe everything.

There are stretches of time which only seem unimportant. Years later we discover that this was the great season when Nature surveyed us and determined our boundaries forever. I am sure now that the first five years of my life were the most significant so far as mental characteristics are concerned. It was then that I got my spaces; elbow-room in silence for the kind of thinking I was to do later. It was then that I gained the heavens of my mind, never to be lost, and as essential to me as reference books are to scholars. However closely confined to a desk indoors, the mind I have must escape outside before I can think the right wisdom. Then they come, good thoughts, old and sweet, out of the eldest green scriptures of time. It is a kind of creation knowledge of familiar things, that daily learning Nature publishes, the quiet inside secrets of the human heart. When I get this curious feeling of knowing life according to God and the weather, all my boughs are shaken in a happy wind, and once more I am a dear green old thing myself, writing beneath a long bright sky line of the goodness we feel but never tell.

Years ago, when I was less skilled in wishing my thoughts, and the beak of my pen was lifted half the time in prayer for the right word, I often recalled that summer coronet of bloom in the old garden at home. It was a method I had for finding color for expression instead of consulting a dictionary. That book has been a grievous disappointment to me. It only spells words and defines them, but you learn nothing from it about the pigment of language or of the way to make words turn like blossoms in the wind.

I have no such literary style now, because toward the end of your day the fairest skies grow dim and the flowers you remember fade. I cannot tell how this enchantment ended, but it is gone. I feel the darkness coming on, not so much color in my mind, more stars over my head, colder. One makes up for the loss by using words more cunningly. Very few readers will notice the difference.

I think this early companionship I had in quietness, without the confusion of speech, with the first living created, what we call Nature, accounts for the fair weather of all my memories. Sunshine became a habit of my mind. So, though I have passed through many tribulations, when I look back anywhere in the years there is a sort of glow now, even upon what used to be my griefs. It is a queer thing to say, but they seem more effulgent than the joys I have known. Joys fade soon. Presently they do not mean anything. You have outgrown them and forgotten them, but the sorrows you endured with courage stand by you, like the Jacob's ladder you lifted toward God long ago.

I believe that sense of remoteness I acquired during these first years, clinging to the green earth like a blue-eyed blossom in the grass, also accounts for the fact that I have never suffered from loneliness as other people do who live alone. At a time when no experiences had corrupted the nature we all have, I inherited the heavens and the earth. This is a considerable estate and requires considerable imagination to hold it. I must have had that kind of wing grasp upon life, as young birds fly without learning how.

If you are very young, and involved in such great companionship as these, you cannot think in terms equal to the situation. This was the reason why I was regarded as a dull youngster in a notoriously brilliant family. I knew too much that could not be said by an infant.

A child must be placed in a kindergarten at the age I was then, surrounded with blocks and toys reduced in meaning to his comprehension, if you expect him to develop rapidly mentally. He will play himself up quickly to a little jack-in-the-box intelligence. But I never knew one who was not diminished by the experience. His world is a room filled with tricks and amusements to improve him.

Presently he becomes a mugful of useful information. Later he becomes the same kind of man, whose mind is a larger receptacle of the same kind of information. But never will he be an idealist, a poet or a philosopher.

This, however, is a point of view, not an indictment of such a system of education. You do learn more facts and believe less. I reckon it is just as well. Certainly, an idealist becomes a pessimist when others fail to adopt his ideas. They are not husky people as a rule. They must have a church, an army, a government, or some kind of school of thought to sustain them. Neither are poets of much service in a busy world.

We are not after epics, but results, in this age. And when all is said, every man becomes his own philosopher according to the exigencies of his case. I doubt if the wisdom of Solomon would be practical in the banking business. There is nothing in Kant you could use to defend yourself against an indictment for usury or graft. You must reason out your own defense according to the shrewdness of your own wits. My impression is that mere wits do not figure in philosophy, but they sustain the same relation to it now that modernism does to fundamentalism as applied to religion. They

Use the PROFESSIONAL CLIPPER in *your* home

HAIR grows fastest down the back of the neck, or seems to, at least.

Isn't it true that even only a few days after your regular trip to the barber's this fast growing hair often grows out and spoils your appearance, when otherwise your hair does not need cutting?

If you have a pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers at home you can present that right-from-the-barbershop appearance, not only once every two weeks, but every day. With the aid of these sharp, smooth running clippers, the ragged edges of your hair can be kept trimmed to smooth neatness.

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The latest addition to the Brown & Sharpe line is the new, easy-action Dexter model—specially designed for all-round home use. The balance of the clipper is perfect and its cutting action free and smooth. The blades operate as twenty tiny scissors and, being exceedingly sharp, they cut the fine hairs at the back of the neck without the slightest tendency to tug or pull. Like all Brown & Sharpe clippers, the Dexter does not coarsen the hair.

The Brown & Sharpe clipper is a family tool. Anybody can use it, everybody needs it—and each can help the others. Ask for the Dexter model—the best for home use.

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You can now buy the Dexter clipper at almost any good barber supply, hardware and cutlery store. Price $4.50.

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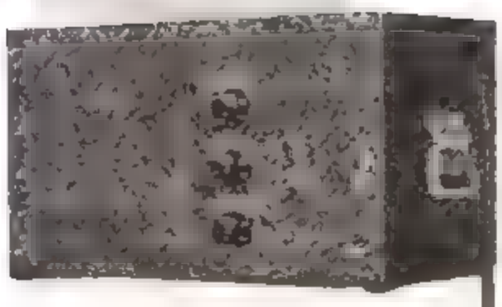


This Radio Current *Never* Runs Down

COOPER A-n-B Radio Battery Eliminator

BUYING radio power that never runs down and never requires adjustment or repair—*that* was once the hope of radio's future.

Today, using the current in your electric light socket, the Cooper A-n-B supplies the power that makes radio batteries unnecessary.

The best reception you *ever* had was on clear nights when your radio batteries were fresh and new.

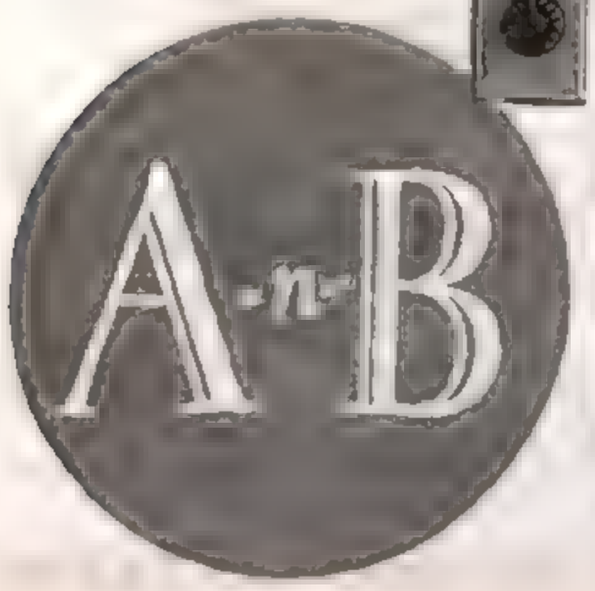
With the Cooper A-n-B, it is just as though you had batteries that were *always* new. Its "A" and "B" current *never* runs down.

The Cooper A-n-B operates any kind of radio set and any kind of tubes. It serves your receiver with filtered current and its power is free from line hum or other power noises.

Installation is as simple as connecting batteries. And once it is installed, you can forget it. Your radio power is permanent and unvarying.

The advantages of the Cooper A-n-B are too numerous to put into an advertisement. We have explained its benefits in an interesting booklet. May we send you a copy?

The COOPER CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Founded in 1904



are more adjustable to what you are than the unalterable principles upon which ethics is founded.

I was destined to have no such training in my youth. I was born out of bankrupt stock at a time when the South was filled with the rubbish of sentiment, noble misfortunes and gallant memories. Combine the temperament of such people with the effects of a romantic climate and the remains of a feudal civilization, and it is easy to infer the probabilities of my mental development.

Poetry and superstition were atmospheric conditions of the mind. As a child, I believed in ghosts, spirits and signs. Knowledge has delivered me, but my instincts never will. I can think of no other reason why I still pass the seventh day of March warily and more innocently than I do my other days.

This has been regarded as an ominous day in my family for generations, although I do not recall a single disaster that overtook any of us on this day. I am also at some pains not to see a new moon for the first time through the branches of trees, because mammy often warned me when I was a child that such an indiscretion would be followed by bad luck.

I received constant instructions from the negro servants in the primitive occult sciences, duly proved and illustrated.

There was a tiny sunken grave outlined with white flint stones on the edge of the forest behind the house. Aunt Parthenia, the old black woman who milked the cows, told me that a child had been murdered and buried there. She said the face was very pale, the hair white like wool. It was a small child about my age, and wore a long white gown. Just at dark she said it often climbed a tree and wailed piteously on account of having been murdered. Hidden in the plum bushes near the house, I used to see this thing clinging and swinging in the top of a poplar tree that grew beside the grave. I cannot recall the features of any living person I knew then so vividly as I do the pale, pinched face of that forlorn little ghost. The hair on its head did stand out and glisten in the darkness. And my own hair stood up in delicious fright, listening to its shuddering cries. Years passed before I could believe this was a screech owl screaming.

Somewhere in this same period I met a ghost in the flower garden when I was expecting no such encounter—a crooked woman wrapped in a shawl. I remember how stiff and ghostly white her hands were. She looked at me and I could not move. After a while mother came and led me back to the house. My legs were trembling with excitement, but I did not tell her what I had seen. I never confided any of my experiences with ghosts to her, feeling somehow that she might disapprove of them. She was particular about the company I kept.

At this age I must have been like those birds in the far places that do not fear or fly at the sight of man. I was never afraid of the dark, nor of the considerable number of ghosts I collected under the guidance of Aunt Parthenia.

I also believed in certain animals. The marvelous things I heard about the doings of rabbits, cats and foxes surpass anything recorded in Æsop's Fables. There was a donkey on the plantation. I was shy of this beast, not because I was afraid of him, but because he might speak to me. Some native delicacy I had forbade conversation with an ass. But if our old dog wagged his tail, I understood him. I have always been able to interpret dogs. They have no souls, no minds of their own; but if they associate intimately with human beings, and not with other dogs, they develop a telepathic relation to us that amounts to divination. They understand us and act according to our will and mood, however secret, because they worship us.

I have had fearful thoughts along this line. What if we sustain a similar relation to the Almighty? What if we are simply the tail-wagging medium of infinite mind? Such speculations are no doubt of the devil, but if you have a mind you cannot resist now and then taking an intellectual whiff at your powers and principalities of darkness.

Negroes do not include fairies among their superstitions; so I was deprived of the lighter, happier comradeship of these gossamer-winged beings. My impression is that they do not last so long, nor are they so sternly stimulating to the imagination as the illusions we have of spirits and ghosts. Even a child discards his fairies at an early age, but mankind never quite escapes the prescience of the supernatural. Wise men as well as fools have been haunted by these uneasy figments. All literature from beginning to end is populated with ghosts and apparitions of the dead. This is testimony accumulated, not about the supernatural, but about what we are. The Lord knew us. This is the reason why heavenly messengers were seen by the naked eye in the Scriptures. Something imprisoned in us responds to that "cloud of witnesses," and to the Holy Ghost of Jesus Christ. We require such symbolism because we are forever and inalienably kin to spirits. But we never see them.

During the whole of my life I have been subject to these visions. I have had a curious consciousness of not being alone when I was really alone. I have seen a whiteness take shape in impenetrable darkness, heard sounds, had a sense of wings and motion about me in silence and stillness. Maybe this is merely the blind stirring of immortal instinct; but my suspicion is that these "presences" we feel, or think we see, are freaks of memory, subconsciously aroused by the loves or hates we used to have, and that anyone with a lively imagination can get himself haunted or blessed by these illusions. I think it is an exercise in supernatural lying which never fully convinces a rational person; therefore, a dangerous diversion to indulge, and bad for the soul. Compare the noble significance of that "cloud of witnesses" mentioned in the Scriptures with the "spirit" conjured up at a psychic séance. The first is designed to inspire faith and courage; the latter merely gratifies your human anxiety or curiosity by informing you that your maiden aunt who died last spring is well and happy!

We must learn; it is inevitable. The time comes when we can no longer avoid the facts accumulated by human experience. I would not go so far as to call this wisdom; much of it is based upon errors of judgment, weakness and prejudice, but we must master as much of it as possible in order to live sensibly in an erroneous world.

I come now to this momentous period in my own life when the amorphous but still entrancingly immortal faculties I had must be adjusted, according to the mortal mind, to God and man. This is a flighty business when you consider the strange contradictions involved.

Somewhere in another book I have set down at length the impression made upon me by the story of creation as related in Genesis. Here, following the trail of my mind rather than the emotional effects created upon the life of a child, I pass on with the bare statement that it fitted the mind I had then. And I venture to add that it still spreads amazing and veracious before the mind I have now. It is that book in the Bible most like God. In the others the record is diminished to His dealings with us. There is more room in this first one for seeing just God, is what I mean. The more you live in the open, in remote and quiet places where the evidences still show like green-growing scriptures, the easier it is to believe. For me it will remain to the last my favorite gospel of the goodness and wonders of the Almighty. I do not know why, unless, as life, duty and conscience pressed hard upon me, these first chapters of the Old Testament turned out to be less obligatory than, say, the Ten Commandments.

Many a time they have been like great visions in a dark place. It was like seeing original things take shape. I suppose other people have had the same experience; but in this mood the first herbs of the field have been almost visible, in their fresh greenness, through the mists of the first morning of time.

Long afterwards, when I began to write a few scriptures of my own, and must accomplish some feat of imagination to reach what I know, I used to read the first chapter of Genesis as devout Episcopalians read prayers to God from a book. I never caught the rhythm of that great moment when the light was divided from the darkness and the waters from the lands, but hearing the roll and rumble of it has certainly lengthened the stride of my mind.

I had a good deal of the Old Testament imparted to me before I received my other mental training. As far down as I can reach now into the mind I had then, I am a very small human, traveling by speculations through Deuteronomy, Judges, and believing that Second Samuel was Samuel's son. I am keeping company with the major and minor prophets. I am the little girl who knew Ruth and could see her in the wheat fields, gathering the scattered heads that fell behind the reapers. I was very much attached to her and to David in his youth. But never to Song of Solomon. Mother always skipped it as "unsuitable" when she read from the Bible. She had a certain look on her face when she would be turning the leaves and came upon this Song, as if she had seen something indelicate, and invariably flirted the page over it hastily as you would cover such a thing. My impression is that she did not think very well of Solomon. To this day I share her prejudices. Too much of his wisdom is derived from the bad end of experience.

But imagine a child's mind taking shape under these influences. I was haunted by ghosts and fed on the stately Scriptures of the Old Testament. Jerusalem and Nineveh are the first cities I remember hearing about. I was particularly interested in the latter because of the deep-sea disaster which overtook Jonah on his way there. I believed everything, but not with the literal humble mind of the obedient spirit. I have always reserved the right to believe in the Scriptures intelligently. So far as I am able to judge, stupid faith is as dangerous and belittling to the soul as a false doctrine.

This story of Jonah gagged me even at that early age. And to this day I am still wondering if anyone saw the whale swallow him, or if it was a mere wave that vomited him upon the shore. Not that I doubt the Scriptures, you understand, but Jonah. What I mean is that in the horror of being cast overboard and drowned, he may honestly have believed he was being swallowed by a great fish, when he was really descending into the bowels of the sea.

The instruction I had from the Old Testament marked my first definite formations mentally. They seemed, as I look back now, to have opened the casements of my mind to more gallant illusions, verified by the angels and prophets who appeared so constantly in these Scriptures. I used to strain myself to see Elijah rising in a chariot of fire. A red cloud in the sunset sky might have convinced me of the repetition of this miracle.

I was a small human drop in the eternity of summer days. I had no sense of time. I felt very near the beginning of things. But I was unaffected morally. I went about my business as usual, without a scruple as to what was right or wrong.

I began to feel a certain silent intimacy with my father. This was due to the fact that we were both highly sensitized emotionally, but not morally. I received the impression that there was more space in father for the practices of a free spirit. It seems to me that we both avoided the house because it was such a good place, ruled by order and righteousness. Nothing could be changed in it, least of all mother, who loved us with a consuming affection. I did not know the name of the sensation at the time, but I always came into it feeling like a

(Continued on Page 113)

Fuller Brushes bring Summer Comfort

ON a hot and sticky day, how welcome are Fuller Brushes in the bathroom! . . . The Fuller Flesh Brush is ideal for a refreshing bath or for the dry massage that physicians recommend for soothing the nerves and relieving fatigue. At night it relaxes the entire body for deep, restful sleep. . . All the personal brushes brought by the Fuller Man are real beauty aids.

Hair Brush: In Ivory or Shell Fullerex.

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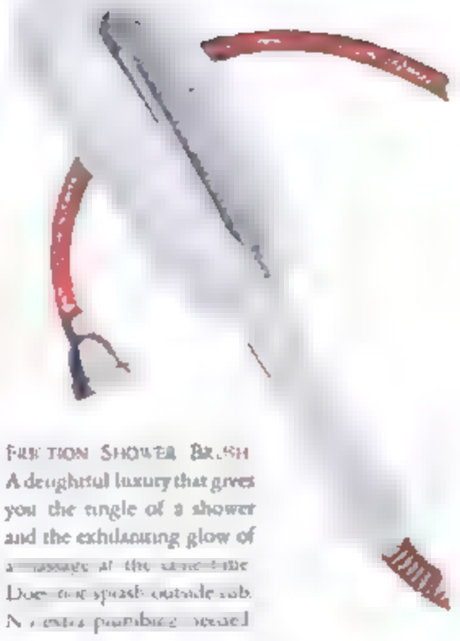
The Fuller Hair Brush, for instance, quickly brings the lustrous sheen of health. And the Manicure Brush keeps nails and cuticle faultlessly groomed. If you want to see these brushes before the Fuller Man's next regular call, 'phone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

FULLER BRUSHES



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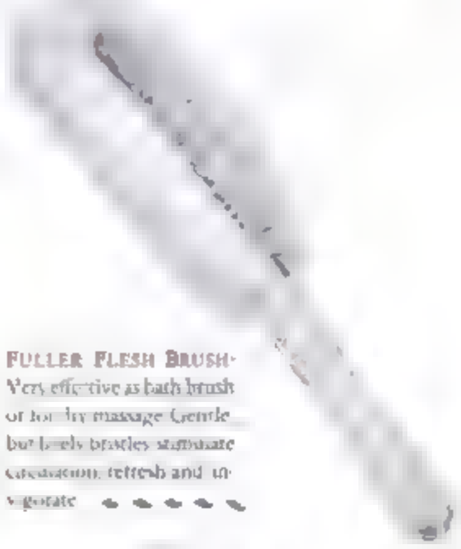

FULLER FLESH BRUSH
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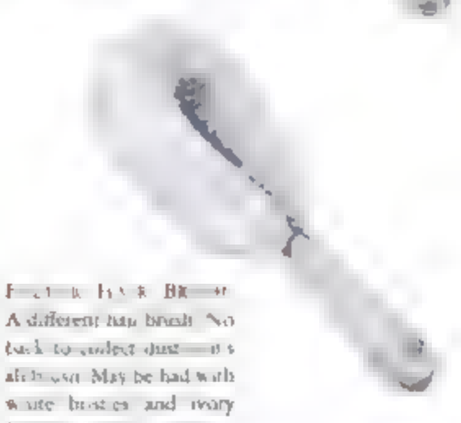
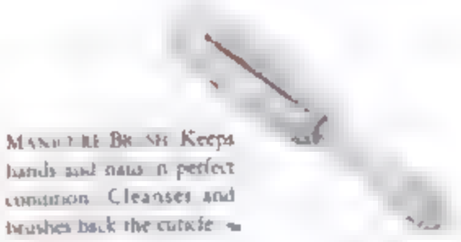


FULLERETEX HAIR BRUSH
A different hair brush. No back to collect dust. Cleans as it brushes. May be had with white bristles and ivory Fullerex handle as shown, or in black Fullerex

COMPLEXION BRUSH
A Fuller Brush of fine texture for gentle face massage



MANICURE BRUSH. Keeps hands and nails in perfect condition. Cleanses and brushes back the cuticle

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THE FULLER MAN who comes to your door is a home town business man representing a nationally known and nationally welcomed service. Every time you see him he will show you many uses for each new Fuller Product he brings you, and new uses for those you now have

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The lacquer finish that stays new

ZAPON

(Continued from Page 110)

prodigal son. I remember some such expression on father's face shot with humor. I cannot think what we had been doing; probably nothing reprehensible; but I was full of secret stuff not to be exposed to her, because I never could tell what she would approve. Father knew and was silent for the same reason.

She was literally a religious woman. She believed in the Christian religion without tears. She could perform her spiritual duties on a cold collar and keep the Commandments without praying or fasting. I have always thought she might have been a trifle short on the Beatitudes, because she practiced them with less emotion than any other person I have ever known. She had resignation and endurance to a remarkable degree, but she was sublimely deficient in humility. My memory of her, revived by the wit of a mature mind, is that she was admirably conscious of her own worth and standing before the Lord, though I never heard her testify in an experience meeting, which was one of the pious diversions of saints in those days.

Father was spiritually minded, but only intermittently religious, during which periods he far outstripped mother in the bloom and beauty of his virtues. But he frequently fell back into original sin, where he seemed to belong; but was never comfortable, poor soul. He would invariably rise by the means of the most spectacular repentance. I have observed that these acrobatic souls belong to men with more histrionic talent than ordinary saints have. This is the reason why they are more beloved even if they are less dependable. I am certain mother loved father more than she could have loved a better man. It is the quality of goodness in women, not a weakness.

Mother used to pass into silence sometimes. She became inaccessible. No tears, going about her duties with a certain sweet quietness as if she was walking more softly before the Lord than usual and hoped this would do some good.

I still think I was right in my impressions of these periods. My feeling was that something grand was going on. I distinctly felt the presence of God everywhere. My lid came off in this mysteriously electric atmosphere. I suppose it is the same sensation formerly enjoyed by emotional people when they shouted during divine services. I hoped for some change in the methodical routine of things, and did not get it. When the hero of the house fell from grace he disappeared. He was not. But I was quarantined by the tightening of the ligaments of all mother's virtues and obliged to practice my rectitudes more scrupulously than usual. No escape to the terrace outside. And the house felt like a church—terribly hallowed.

But when father emerged from the dark pit of his transgression, haggard with that look of noble repentance remorse imparts to the male countenance, I beheld him with awe and speechless admiration, having no knowledge of the cause of this moral grandeur or that so much eloquence covered delinquency.

I have a dim candle-lit memory of one of these scenes which took place in mother's room when I was a very small child. Glowing logs upon the hearth that cast a red radiance over the bare white boards of the floor. A candle lighted upon the candle stand like the faintest flickering flame in this darkness. Stiff blue calico curtains drawn back from the windows and primly tied. A clear cold night outside and stars shining through the symmetrical angle of these curtains. Mother sitting in her corner, pale as peace and righteousness, hair black and smoothly coiled, skirts arranged just so. Hands folded, her large gray eyes slightly raised, very peaceful, as if she gazed upon her cross and knew she could bear it. I sat in my small split-bottomed chair, hands clasped around the arms of this chair, elbows sticking out, fair hair glowing like the fringe of innocence in this rich darkness, copper-toed shoes shining, head barely high enough above the window sill to see the stars.

But I was not looking at the stars. I was wearing my church manners and watching mother's face as one consults the clock when it is time for services to begin. I had been in these family altar services before and knew that one was at hand now because the big Bible lay upon the candle stand. This Book was never opened except upon great spiritual occasions or when the pastor called. Mother dispensed her daily Scriptures from a smaller, well-worn volume.

There was a step outside, coming with a long crunching stride. The stars twinkled with that giggling sense of humor they may have acquired from watching the doings of men for so many ages. The door was thrust open. A blast of icy wind entered. The flame of the candle flickered, as if this was no place for a good little candle. I vibrated. My dear father, whom I had not seen for days, strode in, you may say, upon this blast. But I restrained my natural affections, as one does when a solemn ceremony is about to begin. Why this ceremony I did not know, but once in so often it had to be performed, because it seemed to greatly enhance father and to refresh and gladden mother.

Father was a pallid and noble figure, somewhat disheveled, like a long-legged eagle that has recently weathered a high wind. He took one sweeping glance around, caught my adoring eyes upturned, and discarded them as a bagatelle in this momentous situation. Mother merely ceased to bat her eyes, gaze still fixed upon her cross. Let the mountains fall upon her, let the waters of all the seas roll over her, she would not be moved except by decent repentance!

Well, he must go through with it as usual, is what I know now father decided after that momentary survey, and kept his pace to the big rickety chair beside the candle stand. He let himself down into it like a god overtaken in a fault, glanced distastefully at the Bible and emitted the sigh of a bellows. My breast heaved in suspense. I knew that my father would presently become a man of the Lord and open the Book. These were the only occasions when he was associated in my mind with our God. I coveted the experience. What I did not know was that he dreaded the blasphemy demanded of him. He had his feelings and Adam's modesty when his sin would be dying hard in him. Then some emotion would overcome him; maybe a man's grateful memories of this invincibly good woman who could not be made to forsake him. What was God's opinion of him compared to her dear wishes? Such a foolish little she demanded in exchange for all she gave. Something like this I know passed through his mind. Then he would open the Book, turn to the Psalms, taste a few until he struck one with the right note, not too revealing, something vague and nobly sung. That night he read this one:

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness. And enter not into judgment with thy servant."

He was ever a man quickly moved to the left or right in the moral world. Give him a full glass, a roistering companion, and he could race with the devil himself. Give him the noblest words of penitence and he could produce the accompanying remorseful emotions. He could shrive himself with the dignity and majesty of a saint. So now for the moment he was every whit David broken by his transgression. Grief descended upon him and shook him like a blessing:

"Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth," he read on woefully. "Hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit." And so on until he came to the end.

I did not understand, but I felt the wind of sorrow blowing from the eloquent lips of my father. I was bursting with emotion, my lips primped, my eyes fixed upon him full of tears. The one thing that restrained me was mother's inscrutable face. She not only understood the Psalm but the man who was reading it. She simply used this method to change the scenes of his singularly adaptable spirit.

"Let us pray," he rumbled in a choked voice.

I have a lively recollection of this prayer. It was a good one. Very few people have the real gift of prayer, and then only under the emotional pressure of remorse. I have heard the ring of platform oratory many a time in the prayer of a saint who had nothing but his congregation's sins of which to repent. Father, splendidly poised on one knee, recited a psalm of his own to the Lord, not so good as David's but along the same line. He cast his iniquities from him in sentences that clashed like bright swords. Sobs shook him. I was also deeply moved, as I am to this day by great music or powerful prayers. Kneeling like a little rag doll, very low before my chair, I accompanied him with sounds of grief, meows of a kitten saint, decently repressed until, casting a watery glance through my fingers, I saw father wiping his face on the blue window curtains. This was too much. I keened my nose and let out a wail that steadied the great mourner and ended his petition.

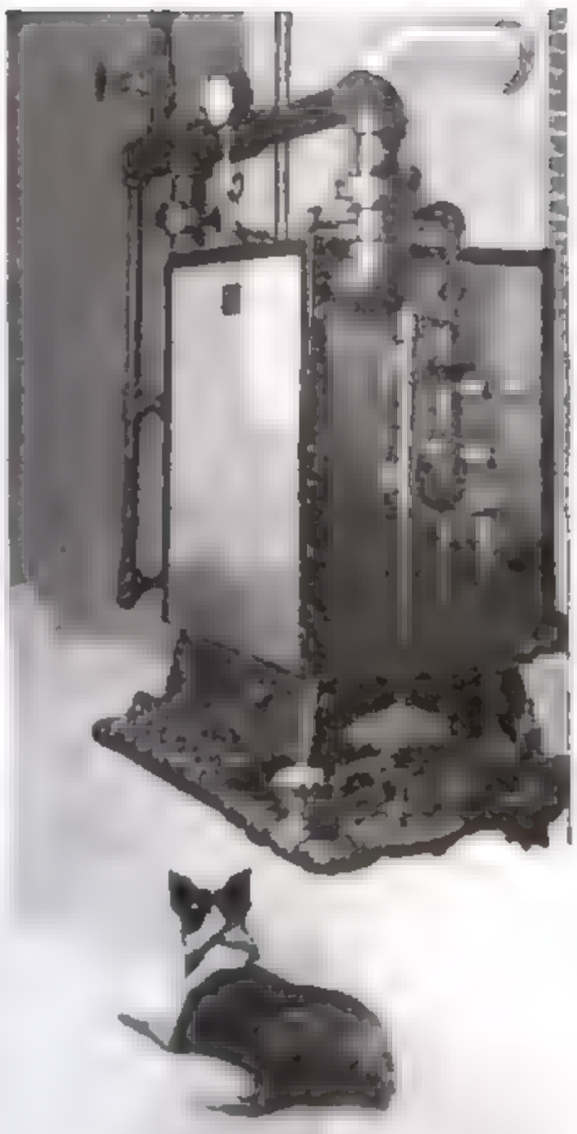
I suppose there are still such husbands in the world, but I am wondering if there are any more women like mother. Maybe she would be called a pill now. Looking back, the methods she used to restore father's soul do seem drastic. She loved him with a shrewd tenderness; but let him break his traveling gait toward heaven and she was the most adroit persecutor of the damned and fallen I have ever known. She kept a good little house not more than one short prayer path from the gates of heaven. Everything in it was clean, white where it should be white, glistening where it should shine. If by chance an unworthy person crossed her threshold, he brought his former virtues with him and practiced them. She demanded at least a noble deceit of goodness.

This was the kind of father I had, and this was my mother. I was a sort of human hybrid composed of these two natures. Nothing could cure me of a dangerous likeness to father. I was closer kin to him in mind and spirit. I may have inherited some invincible stamina from mother, a capacity for standards and principles. My notion is that father merely begot me, and that mother continued to exercise the same functions to me morally that she did physically before I was born. She produced qualities of character in me which went far toward determining my woman's life afterward. She had Moses' gift for guiding me and controlling the rabble in me.

But I have never reached the promised land. Neither did the children of Israel under Moses. No one does. Your Moses is too much of a disciplinarian. Looking back now at my wilderness, it seems to me if I make the last stretch it will be upon the wings of a spirit inherited from father. But I shall never make it now. I shall pass like other people who have been anxious to be good all their lives—barely in sight of that fair and happy land. I have been encompassed about by too great a cloud of witnesses to just righteousness. The burden of being obedient to mother's God, and later on to the God of a still more drastic saint has wearied me. I am too tired now to shout and be happy. I shall probably die up here in a high place, barely in sight of the promised land as usual.

I have often wondered how real saints feel about this. I know how they talk, but do they in their secret hearts as humans sometimes regret the hard and narrow way? Isn't there something unsatisfied in them to the last? Have they been entirely gratified? Can one ever have in this world the peace promised? Maybe we do at the last moment. I am expecting it then. But one moment, with your breath already leaving you, is a short time to enjoy what you have spent a lifetime to win.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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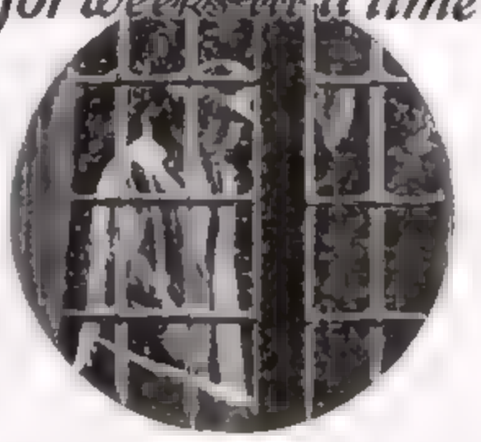

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PINELAND

(Continued from Page 15)

thumps on the ground where the oranges were freezing and falling off. I set there and heard them and knew that every cent I had in the world but two dollars was being frozen up. Then some more oranges would thump down.

"Next morning when I unbolted my front door and looked out the ground was all covered with frost that was melting in the sun, and everywhere you looked the edges of the leaves were blackened, and on the ground carloads and carloads of oranges were scattered. The crop was ruined. Every orange was hurt. And all the way into Orlando and all over Orange County and all the way up to Jacksonville it was the same way. It wasn't just me that was ruined. The whole state was. I've often wondered why we had to get caught in the one big freeze Orange County ever had.

"Well, when McDevitt heard how things were, he told a man that was coming to Orlando to tell me that I could have the grove. He said he was tired of oranges anyway and thought he would go to Texas and I prob'ly wouldn't see him any more. So there I was. I was scared so when the crop went I didn't hardly know what to do, but what McDevitt did, put the ginger in me I needed.

"Maybe he thought he'd find the weak place in me that way, but it made me mad enough to do anything. So then I found that the trees weren't dead, only the fruit. There was maybe a chance to save next year's bloom. So I went into the bank at Orlando and borrowed some money to keep going on, and almost everybody else that wasn't too discouraged done the same thing. Things looked bad, but they weren't too bad.

"Until along in February when the second freeze came. The sap had begun to come back with the heat that shut down again and the bloom was forced beyond its time. People were getting real cheerful, like people get in a fruit country, living on next year's promise, and Orlando looked prosperous. And then the second freeze came. I sat up all night again and listened to the crackling of the boughs. There wasn't any oranges to thump down, but somehow now it made it all the worse. You couldn't hear anything but the crackling and snapping of wood, but you could feel the chill that meant that next year's hopes were dying.

"My fire went out and I was chilled through, and yet even when it come daylight and the sun straggled in the window I kept sitting there by the stove, not daring to go and look. There wasn't a sound outside, nobody going by in the road, and the nigras not making any noise at all. I just sat there all huddled up until little George woke up and ran and opened the door and told me to look.

"You never saw anything like it in your life. It was the abomination of desolation. It wasn't only that the leaves were black and shriveled and fallen and the new bloom gone. The trees themselves were frozen stiff and the sap had frozen and then split the trees down to the roots; and there they lay, looking like an earthquake or a tornado had hit them. Every tree was killed, every one of them, down to the roots. And when the sun was hot and the warmth was coming back all the country smelled of rottenness. People went around with mouths that spoke but couldn't smile, and they could look with their eyes, but it was like they weren't looking at anything.

"It was like death. Business was stopped. All the banks were ruined. Then the people begun to go away. They could have stood it without money, but they couldn't stand it without the hope of their trees that they'd worked so hard over and put their last cent in. They went away from the blackened rotting groves and they left their houses wide open and maybe food on the table and bread in the oven, and in a week it was like everybody had died. Some went back to places they'd come from in the North or the old South, and some went to Texas and Oklahoma.

"But some of the young men that didn't have all the spirit taken out of them were talking about going farther south, way down in South Florida that nobody thought was fit to live in on account of swamps, down to this new place Miami on the coast where they were bringing the railroad. These men said that maybe down there they could start new orange groves, and there was gov'ment land you could homestead.

"If I hadn't been so mad with McDevitt I don't see how I could have done it, but I begun to think if a man could take up a homestead maybe I could, and then I'd put a grove in and show him I was a smarter man than he was, if I was a woman. So I wrote to his mother that lived in Vermont state and told her just how it was, and she wrote back she was sorry McDevitt had been so mean and she'd take the children for a while.' She was a good, kind woman and I guess McDevitt took after his father. There was some people going back to Vermont state from Orlando that could take the children to her. So that's how I took up the land. Perhaps I made a mistake. There's plenty of people has made good money growing oranges in Orange County since then. Go slow here. We're coming to my gate."

There was a straggling grove of grapefruit at the left, which presently revealed a road more like a path. Up this, in answer to her hand, Larry turned. The weeds were long under the trees. Beyond that was unused cleared land that may have been used to grow vegetables. But beyond that still the pines began again, pressing down almost into the faint roadway, rising endlessly to each side and ahead, larger and more stately than any Larry had yet noticed. The palmetto around their roots was all untouched. Between their ranks the distance was smoky with crowding trunks. Superb trees, they seemed to be the very ancestors and originals of all the others they had passed. The house stood in a small clearing, perhaps the half acre prescribed by the Government for homesteaders. It was made of pine logs and there was a well beside it and a small garden. When he stopped the car Larry found himself listening intently. It was as she had said. You could hear only little noises faint and far away. When she was walking from the car to the house steps, stiffly, with her black hat and veil trailing from her hand and her heavy black skirt bunched up as she had been sitting on it, Larry asked, "Where do you want me to put these canned goods, Mrs. McDevitt?"

At first he thought she had not heard him, but at the top step she turned and looked back at him and her thin lips stretched in a mirthless smile. "You take those things back to Jack Kelley," she said, and stood eying him. Something in the flush on his face must have reached to her, for she said, "Come and set down, don't you want to? I'm going to have me a cup of coffee. You've been—you're a right kind young man and it's a long ways back."

When she came out again with a pot of coffee in her hand, and cups, Larry had been sitting on the porch steps, thinking of the pine trees. Their airy quiet was a healing and a blessing. He had had a moment of feeling sure that if he could only be still enough himself, hands still, eyes still, heart still, perhaps he would enter into the knowledge of something deep and hidden and wonderful, as if he were standing on the threshold of a slow moment of revelation, a moment for which being had been created. The feeling went when he heard her behind him, and he stretched and looked about him with a feeling of good happiness. The long light of afternoon slanted through brown trunks across the grass of the clearing. Beyond the tossing green of pine tops the sky was glowing with a blue at once misty and intense, and a great cloud mass, as if carved from a soft creamy marble, was lifting up and up into unimaginable free heights, where the great clean wind ran westward from the sea.

She gave him a cup of coffee, and he took it absently, noticing that she had changed her heavy black for a shapeless dress of some gray cotton stuff that made her look thinner and smaller. She sat in a rocking-chair at his shoulder and creaked it softly now and then.

"But you must have had a terrible time clearing all this, Mrs. McDevitt. And living here all by yourself. How did you ever do it?"

She creaked reflectively. "I had a six-shooter," she said, and then stopped again. "And it's wonderful how you toughen up to using a grubbing hoe. I grubbed all that out myself, after the men cut the trees. I made them leave all those pine trees, though. I didn't mind being alone here. It got so I didn't like to be anywhere else. Once when the rains were bad I waded in from Goulds with water up to my waist and a sack of Irish potatoes on my shoulder. Mr. Barnes didn't want me to go.

"I was up in Miami, waiting on table to make enough money to put grapefruit in. A man come in and said all this part of the country was swept away with a cloudburst, and I couldn't rest until I'd come to see. My house hadn't been finished long. But when I got here, sopping wet to my armpits, the house was all high and dry. This land is higher'n anything around here. So I stayed here for a week until the water went down, and worked around and lived on Irish potatoes. I was glad to get back here from town. It was getting too crowded to like it. I finished clearing my half acre and an old nigra that was around here then showed me how to put in sweet potatoes."

The chair creaked. "That was kind of funny. I wasn't afraid of much of anything by that time but snakes and McDevitt. Staying out here by myself nights somehow I got to hating him worse and worse, and every once in a while if I'd hear somebody coming up that road I'd think what I'd do if it was him. Well, this morning—just about when my house was finished and the well was dug, it was early in the morning. I always got up at the peak of day, and it wasn't hardly light when I thought I heard McDevitt stumbling around the well. I don't know what got into me. I was all of a-tremble, and I went to the door and fired all six shots up in the air over the man I could see down by the well.

"All he did was kind of crouch down, and when I went over to look, it was this old nigra, and he was so scared he was as white as I was. 'Law, Miss Sarah,' he says to me. 'No man's goin' to ever steal up on you in the nighttime,' and he would of run when he got his breath, but I started laughing and I told him he needn't to be scared. All he wanted was a drink of water, anyway. Uncle Joseph, they used to call him, and when he showed me about the sweet potatoes I put a lot in just over there where the soil's good, and I sold them to Mr. Barnes in Miami. Then I put in tomatoes for a while, and did right well with them, so I didn't have to work in town the six months they allow you off your land. I did all the work myself, so it didn't cost much."

Larry had leaned back against the post so that he could look up at her and at the soft sky too. The morning and what had happened to Joe McDevitt seemed very far off to him. He thought perhaps they began to seem so to her, too, for suddenly her face wrinkled into a network of silent laughter. Her narrowed eyes were brightly vigorous and all the lines of her face were pleasantly relaxed. Her hands were relaxed on her knee.

"Talk about funny, though. I have to laugh every time I think of it. It shows what a fool I was in those days. When I'd made enough money in Miami to get my house built down here I was crazy to get into it. I wanted my own roof and my own pine trees. Well, it was all done but the front door, and that had to come down from Miami special on a wagon. I'd been sleeping over to the Marshs', those good neighbors I told you about ten miles up the road, and I'd got my furniture in, a stove and a bedstead and one-two things McDevitt's mother sent down to me, and I made up my mind I wasn't going to wait any longer for that front door.

"I was just going ahead and live in my house, anyway. So when night come I put on my six-shooter, with the belt over my nightgown, and I shoved the headboard of the bed right up against the open door. It's one of those high wooden headboards. I went to sleep and slept like a log, not thinking of anything. Well, 'long about three-four o'clock in the morning I woke up with a jump and lay there listening to how still it was and thinking how far I was from anything and how dark it was, and me all alone in the middle of it. Well, it come over me all of a sudden that anybody could crawl right through that door in the space under the bed. I never thought of that before. And while I was laying there thinking that, something screamed way out in the woods.

"Well, say—scared? I was so scared I was cold and stiff, and I could see things moving in the dark all around me and things crawling and creeping out of the dark under that bed. I didn't dare to move or creak the bed springs, and there was my six-shooter that had worked around under my hip and was boring a hole right through me. When that thing screamed I thought I'd just die right there. You could hear wild cats sometimes in those days, only then I didn't know what it was. And the next morning I went over to Marshs' and stayed there until that door got there, and I had three bolts put on, and you bet I used them. But I can laugh over that now any time I think of it.

"And two days later was the time I shot all the snakes I ever see around here. That was another funny thing. I can't bear snakes. I was sitting in this chair inside my door, with the door open—that was before this porch was built. I was sewing something and I had my six-shooter in my lap. And all of a sudden I just kind of saw something on the floor out of the tail of my eye, and before I ever turned to see what it was, a kind of cold feeling went all over me and, thinks I, 'That's a snake.' Before I knew exactly what I was doing I grabbed my gun and I shot all six shots at that thing I saw, and it was a rattlesnake as thick as your wrist, and not two feet from my foot.

"The first time I got a good look at it, it was as dead as a piece of string, and there was bullet holes through it and around it right into my new floor. You can go in and see where they are right now. And that afternoon there was a man here and we were planting some orange trees, for I thought I'd see how they'd do here. He says, 'Look, there's a snake,' and I turned around, and sure enough there was another one. I guess maybe two snakes in one day was too much for me, for everything went all kind of black and I didn't know what I was doing until I see the man looking and laughing at me. I was killing that snake with a stick and then stamping and dancing on its head like I was crazy, with my six-shooter bumping on my hip. He says he never see anything so funny in his life the way I looked, but I didn't remember much of anything, I was so blind mad. I always did hate a snake. But that was about all I ever saw on my place. Though that time I told you about when it rained so hard and I waded in from Goulds there were moccasins on some of the stumps. You don't see them hardly any now, except out in the deep Glades."

The chair creaked. The high great pillar of cloud was turning a soft pink. A mocking bird, tail and wings all a-cock, landed

Continued on Page 118

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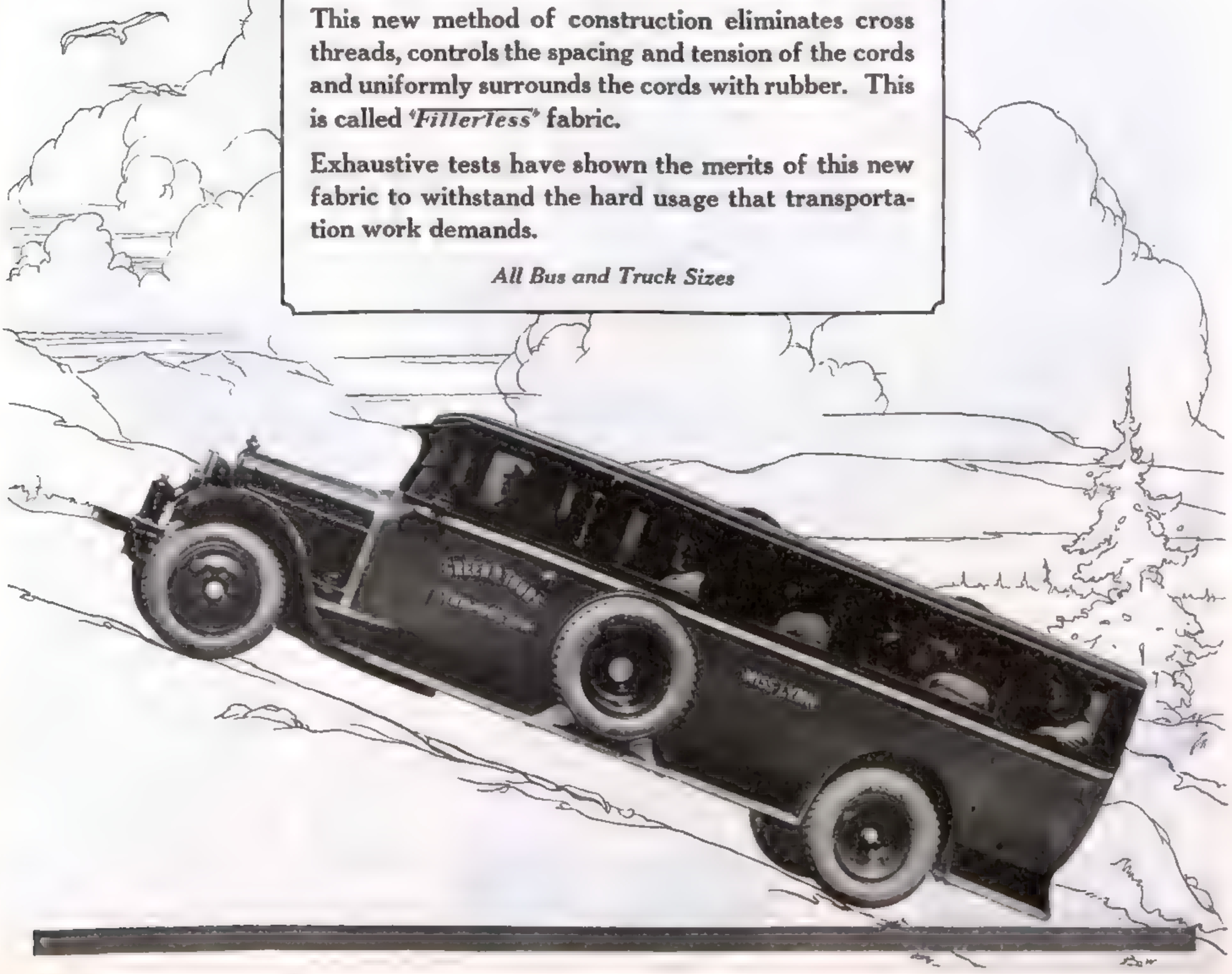

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PILCHER'S DETACHABLE BUTTONS

(Continued from Page 115)

on the ground before the steps with a flirt and stared at them first out of one eye and then the other, and flew off as suddenly as he had come, with a flash of white wing bars and three or four notes of song like sweet impertinent words.

Larry fumbled in his mind for the right question. "Were you—did you stay here all alone, always?" he asked cautiously. "You were very brave, I think."

Her profile in the softening light was bold and bony, he saw as he stared up at her. The gray hair blew straight back from her forehead and the scanty knob of it behind hardly altered the shape of her head. The skin over the cheek bones was smooth in spite of the soft wrinkles about the mouth and eyes. Her body was a bony shapelessness under the cotton dress, but her head, from the angle at which he gazed, seemed fine and distinguished. There was about it that sexless look which approaching age sometimes takes on, in which men seem like old women and old women like delicate, bony old men. She looked like a worn old statesman, wise, weary, patient.

He found himself thrilling to all this she had been telling him, as if the courage and drama of it had stirred deeply his sensitive imagination. She was indeed a better man than McDevitt, this shapeless old woman. She was unique, she was magnificent. Staring at her he saw what it was really to be a pioneer, a woman, lonely, afraid of snakes, sustained by no dream of empire, but only by a six-shooter and the enduring force of her own will. He felt at once humbled and exalted at this glimpse of the dumb, inevitable thrust forward of the human spirit. Her name was Sarah McDevitt and her sons were ——

As if in the brooding into which she had fallen she had come to a similar place in her thoughts, she turned her bright gray eyes on him slowly, and he remembered that he had asked her a question.

"I sent for the boys as soon as I could," she said. "George was big for his age and Joe was—Joe wasn't a baby any more. They come down with some people that were coming to Miami, and I met them there. I was afraid they wouldn't recognize me. I was sunburned more than they had ever seen me and I guess I was a lot heavier. George said I was taller, and maybe I was. Carrying boxes of tomatoes makes you stand straight, and grubbing palmettos and planting and hoeing and picking kind of stretches your spine. I couldn't seem to sleep much the night the boys got here. I'd have to keep getting up and light the lamp to look at them all over again. Sleeping that heavy way children have, they looked beautiful. George was black-haired and heavy, like my father, and Joe was all kind of gold color then. He used to—he used to wrinkle up his nose and laugh right out loud in his sleep."

Larry studied carefully the nearest knot hole. He felt a stinging behind his eyes at the careful monotony of her voice. Her words were labored. And yet when he looked up again there was only on her eyelids that look of a worn, distinguished old statesman with silence lying heavy upon her mouth.

"It didn't seem—I guess it was pretty lonely here for the boys after a while," she went on slowly. "They'd been to school in Vermont state and there wasn't any school here nearer than Coconut Grove. They were used to playing with children, and I was busy from daylight to dark. George liked to help with the tomatoes sometimes, but Joe was too little at first. They got to like to roam around the pine woods. Once George shot a wild cat. I gave them the orange trees if they'd take care of them, but they didn't take to that much, and anyway, oranges aren't so good here as in Orange County. I saw that right off, and besides, I didn't want to bother with them.

"Times when my tomatoes failed or the crop was short I could always go over to Goulds or Peters and work in the tomato-packing house. It was easier money than waiting on table in Miami, and I could walk home nights. Sometimes the boys liked to pack a little when the season was good and I saved up money for them. I knew they'd have to go to school sometime, but I kind of kept putting it off. There's a lot of company in a couple of kids fighting and hollering and yoo-hooing around. I'd got used to baking big batches of bread and pies and having to patch trousers. And besides, I was afraid of McDevitt.

"It didn't seem any time at all before they was big. Time goes fast down here, with the pine trees. There isn't much difference, summer or winter. In the winter the warm dark comes early and there's maybe cool nights, and once in two-three years maybe a slight touch of frost, and there isn't any rain, and the grass and leaves are yellow-green and brittle. In the summer you can hear the rains come booming and hissing in from the sea way out beyond and trampling down the dry grass. And afterward everything springs up juicy and green and the palmetto blossoms are sweeter than orange bloom, and little yellow and purple wild flowers grow up around the pines, and on a west wind the mosquitoes come. The nights are like pieces of black-and-white velvet laid on the earth, and the mockers go crazy, and all kinds of little birds that come from hot countries farther south sing all night in the moonlight.

"The old leaves fall off the trees and the next day the new leaves are rich and glossy and the young pine trees carry long white candles on their tips. But summer and winter smooth into each other so you don't notice how time goes creeping, except by watching young trees grow taller and boys grow big and try to act like men. Springs they would get excited to see the fires that start in the dry time leaping and roaring off in the pines. Falls, when the big rains filled up the roads, and the swales and all low places and everything was sopping, they'd run around splashing in it and having fun with plank boats. But all the time I knew they ought to be in school.

"The country around here was changing too. When they'd put the railroad through, gangs of men camped out not ten miles from here, and the boys liked to hang around the camps. That was what started me to send them to school. I was afraid they'd learn things that wouldn't be good for them, and I guess they did. Then the railroad was being finished way to Key West and the roads were better and people begun to come through and buy up land and talk of grapefruit groves and the tomato prairies.

"So I sold some of my land nearest to the main highway and sent the boys to Miami, where a woman I knew that used to cook for Mr. Barnes promised she'd board and room them and darn their stockings and look out for them. Sometimes Saturdays and Sundays they'd come down here or I'd go in and see them there. But they didn't like school so well as they thought they would and George was crazy to go to work. I didn't like him to. All my people in Massachusetts were educated and I wanted my boys to have all the learning they could. But the next two years my tomato crop failed, once with too much wet and the next year with nail-head rust, and I had to get a job cooking for a woman over to Perrine.

"So George worked awhile and then Joe wanted to go to work too. They worked around at different things, so I could give up cooking and next year put in another crop of tomatoes. That was about all we thought about raising down here then. And that crop was fine. It was a big year and I got George and Joe down here to help me picking and carrying to the packing house, and I paid them the same wages as anybody, and it was real nice. They were big strapping boys then and it seemed like everything was coming all right at last. We'd get home and light the lamp and I'd cook them a good hot supper and see them lean over the table and eat hearty.

"Then McDevitt come back. I can see it just as plain as if it was yesterday. After supper the boys were setting on the porch with their shoes off and smoking and I come to the door after the dishes was done, and just as I stood there McDevitt walked out of the dark into the patch of lamplight by the steps. I knew it was him even before he looked up at me and smiled with his teeth shining under a long red mustache and his eyes gleaming like hot wires. His beard was gone and he had a good suit of clothes on and a white collar. He put a leather bag on the step and stood looking at me, and then the house and at the big boys staring at him, and my knees begun to shake with the cold that come over me.

"'Well, Sarah McDevitt,' he said, 'I see you've done pretty well here,' and he started to come up the steps.

"I couldn't say anything at all at first, and then all of a sudden I called out to him, 'Don't you dare to set foot on this porch, Peter McDevitt, or I'll shoot off my gun at you. This is my land and my house, and I got made a free dealer right and proper under the Florida law so's you couldn't get any of it. You've got no more right here than a dog has, and you can just go back the way you came.'

"He stood there and looked at me, with his nose coming down over his mustache and the veins standing out in his forehead where he'd taken his hat off, and I could see he was older than he used to be and not so smooth. Because now he couldn't cover up how mad he was. But he stood still in his tracks, with his head and shoulder held careful and stiff, the way a tomcat stands that hasn't made up his mind how to jump, except he'd turn his eyes and look at the boys standing there with their mouths open, and then back at me, a hateful, sliding sort of look. If he'd been a snake I couldn't have hated him worse.

"'Well, well, Sarah,' he says at last, changing his feet easy, 'I see you know how to take care of yourself all right. But it's a long ways back to Miami and I haven't seen my boys since they was little, and any father has a right to talk to his own children. You haven't got the heart to keep me from doing that just a minute, have you?'

"I had, though, and I would of if I could. But when he smiled at me like that I knew I couldn't do anything more with him than what I had, so I slammed the door and walked up and down the kitchen, trying not to listen to the sound of their men voices talking easy on the porch, and trying to hear what they said, and trying to make myself think I didn't care and that it would be all right anyhow as long as he couldn't get my property away from me. I remember I stood at the sink and kept wiping and wiping the same clean plate over and over again until I couldn't stand it any longer.

"But when I opened the door again McDevitt and the two boys were standing out in front with just their feet in the patch of light from the door, and he was talking to them and they were laughing. Pretty soon he went away and George carried his bag for him, and they must have stood awhile talking down by the gate, for the boys didn't come back for a while. It seemed like hours. When they did come they walked and acted real careless, joking and talking loud and cutting up with each other. But when they stood at the foot of the steps and looked up at me, standing stiff in the doorway, their eyes were shining and hard and they wouldn't quite look at me, the way men act when they think their womenfolks are standing in their way. If I'd been cold before, I went frozen all over then, for I see that McDevitt had turned their minds away from me a little so that there was something hard and cold come between them and me. They didn't want to talk to me much, and after they went to bed I heard them talking low and laughing to themselves at something.

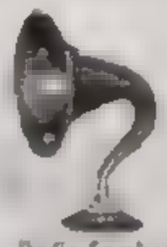
"The next day they said they wanted to go to Miami, and I gave them some money and let them go. I couldn't have said anything to them against it, any more than I could have begged McDevitt to come back

(Continued on Page 121)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

A corner of the studio of
COLES PHILLIPS, *the artist, where the*
Model 20 Compact is installed
This set is priced at $80

Model 10—$80



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Tires are a determining factor of profit or loss in bus operation. Price per tire is not a consideration for the successful bus operator. Cost per mile is the sole basis on which a tire's value to economical transportation can be judged.

The General Cord is furnishing the lowest cost per mile to bus lines from coast to coast. The importance of General's leadership in this field cannot be minimized—it has been hard earned on the road by giving bigger mileage at lower cost alongside its competitors.

The General factory recognizes the importance and growing need for bus transportation. It understands the necessity for economical operation and builds tires to meet it. The General dealer's knowledge of tire engineering makes him a factor in profitable bus transportation and a needed ally of the successful operator.

That's why you'll find Generals carrying the great caravans that stretch from city to city and running in local service, too—furnishing smoother, more economical and scheduled transportation to millions.

The Mark of Leadership Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL

CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 118)

that time. It felt as if something inside of me was a hard lump that wouldn't let me feel anything. I wasn't going to have McDevitt say I'd kept them from seeing him. It was just as it used to be when he'd try to find out if I had a weak place he could get hold of, and I gritted my teeth to keep from showing it to the boys.

"They didn't come back for two days, and I didn't expect them to. I had a couple of nigras working for me then and I made them cut down all the orange trees I had and burn them. I couldn't stand the look of them. I had them drag the trees down to a cleared space at the edge of my land and the fire showed red through the pine trees. That night the boys came back as if nothing had happened, walking up the path, with the glare through the pines showing faint and McDevitt walking between them.

"I wouldn't let him set foot on the porch. 'I told you once and I tell you again, Peter McDevitt,' I says, 'that I won't have you on my place. The boys can do what they like. They're old enough to know better. But you, I don't have to have, and I won't have, and you can make up your mind to it.'

"George come up to me and put his arm around me and his black head, like my father's, was way taller than mine. 'Aw, ma,' he said to me, 'Grammer McDevitt used to say you were too hard. Dad never done as much harm to you as you thought. Joe and I think you'd ought to let him come and talk things over with you. He's had a hard time, too, and it would be nice to let bygones be bygones.'

"I didn't feel his arm around me no more than if it was a piece of iron, and I looked down at Joe standing there beside McDevitt, and he was as tall as McDevitt. For the first time I see that his hair that had been gold color when he was a baby had turned to be copper-colored like his father's, and his eyes were the same red-brown when he narrowed them. The two of them stood and looked at me, and George dropped his arm and looked at me, and McDevitt's eyes begun to shine and his nose came down over his mustache and his teeth under it were white and shining like gravestones, and he smiled as if at last he'd found the place where I was weak, and I knew it.

"That was when it seemed as if I didn't know what I was doing, except that I heard somebody telling them they could all three go away and never let me see them again as long as they'd rather have him than me. Then I saw them walking back down the road, all of them, as if they were hurrying, and I ran in and got my six-shooter and ran down the path after them, and I was shooting over their heads. When I'd shot all six shots I threw my gun away and went on stumbling in the dark after them, down through the pine woods where there was a reddish light from the bonfire still flickering.

"At the gate I saw McDevitt go on down to a car he had there, but Joe turned around and started to come back toward me, and George stopped and watched him, and then he began to walk toward me too. I stopped and watched them come, with their backs to McDevitt, and it seemed as if the hard thing in me was melting and softening and warming me all over. I come to myself all of a sudden and I could see Joe's face and George's, just as clear, without any kind of dark mist over them, and it seemed to me that it didn't really matter how weak anybody thought I was as long as I had my boys. I started to walk to them, too, almost crying, and I was just going to beg them to come back anyway, that I'd do anything they wanted me to.

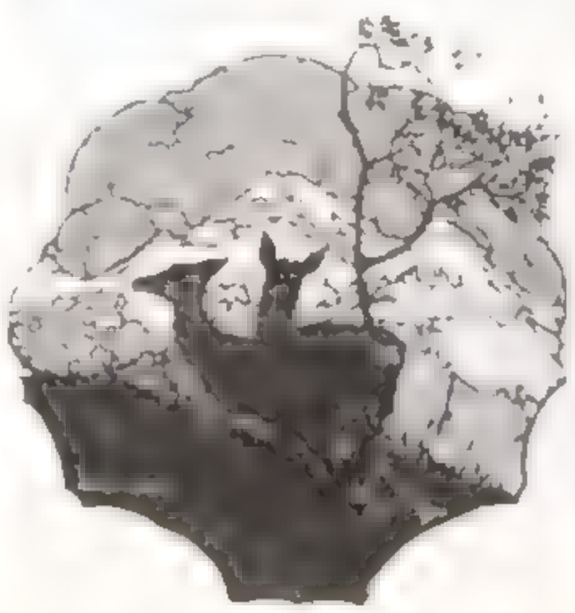
"That was when Henry Marsh drove up and turned in my gate, passed the boys and leaned out and shouted at me that the pine woods in back of the place where the orange-tree fire was had caught and it was threatening the rest of my pines and on his side clear up to his grapefruit grove. I didn't understand him at first, until he kept saying that the fire was creeping toward the pines. And I looked, and sure enough all that light wasn't just the bonfire but the palmetto flaring up and popping and flying and the flames climbing like ragged ribbons all the way up one dead tree that stood nearest. If I hadn't been so taken up with McDevitt I would have known the difference long ago.

"Well, there wasn't anything else to do but go and fight the fire. I guess George and Joe must have turned around and gone back with McDevitt, because I didn't see them any more that night. I rushed up to the house for some burlap bags, and then Henry Marsh and I drove as near the fire as we could get. I could see Marsh's men black against the flames thrashing at it. A fire in the pines down here isn't the same as a forest fire anywhere else. The fire clings to the woody soil and the oily palmettos and once in a while it gets up into a tree. If there's a dead branch or a rotten place the whole tree burns up then. The bark is made tough and heavy like scales, so that the fire can't hurt it if the tree is sound, and even young pines, if there isn't anything the matter with them, will burn only a little and not be killed. But where there's an old tree with its insides dead and rotted the fire leaps at it and the whole tree bursts into flame like it was tinder and the light of it brightens everything all around. Before you know it the tree crashes down and throws burning branches and ends of fire clear across a road or a fire path, and a new patch of palmetto will crackle up and blaze as if it was covered with kerosene.

"Through the smoke we could see the ground covered with blazing stumps and little edges of fire and an outer ring of flames where the fire was running toward my pine. Then a big tree that was burning fell like a fiery flag, falling straight toward the finest stand of them between there and the house, and I just went crazy. What I'd been with snakes or with McDevitt wasn't anything to that, I was so scared the pines would go. Henry Marsh said I snatched a wet burlap out of his hand and went at that burning tree single-handed, stamping and beating, with my skirts and my shoes in the flying embers, until he said it was a miracle I didn't catch fire myself. But all I remember was the heat on my face and a kind of wildness in me to get that fire out, no matter what happened or what it cost.

"And then suddenly that tree was out and there wasn't any more creeping ring of flame, but only black stumps and branches and the ground hot and smoking underfoot. The men had stopped the fire up on the other side next to Henry Marsh's grove and there was only some palmettos still burning in the middle and the smoldering earth where the fire had crept down into the peat and would smolder that way for days until it burned itself out. They got me back to my house and fixed up my burned hands and legs and feet, and I slept that night as if I was dead.

"The next day I sent word up to George and Joe that they could come back and see me when they wanted to, but I never said anything about McDevitt. And although they come back sometimes, it wasn't any use. I guess I knew it all along. Something had changed in them. McDevitt hung around Miami and I knew the boys saw him and were with him, although he never tried to come out here again himself. That night finished something for me. I knew I'd never dare to say his name to them again or ask them what they were doing. I never did. They got jobs in town, I guess, and when they come to see me I was glad to see them, but I never treated them like I'd used to, and they weren't the same with me.



"They brought me money sometimes, and I wouldn't take it and I wouldn't ask them how they got it, although they seemed to have plenty and dressed real nice. But I guessed things. They got to act more and more like McDevitt, smile like he did and not move their heads when they'd look at things, but only their eyes, and talk smooth and shifty. But sometimes they'd come back, or one of them alone, all tired out, and stay for a while, and all that would slip off them and they'd be just like my boys again, laughing and joking. I'd go in nights when they were asleep and look at them, great long heavy boys, the black one and the red one, sprawled over the bed."

The quick tropic twilight was driving the yellow light of the sun out of the clearing between the pine trees. The sky overhead was lifting and receding into a high thin dome of green quivering light into which the prickle of a star came suddenly

Larry Gibbs did not dare to turn his head to look at her, stone-still in her chair. Her chair itself did not creak any more. But when she spoke again, except for the stiffness of her lips, her voice was deliberate and clear and dry.

"So I never let them or McDevitt see that I had a weak place, never once. I never said anything to them or pleaded with them. I never let them see me cry. I didn't cry. McDevitt went away finally, I guess. I guess maybe he got driven out of town. And the things that happened then—happened."

There was a long silence. Her voice said at last, in a breathless murmur, "And they can tell McDevitt—I haven't—cried—yet."

There was a man coming up the roadway to the house. Larry turned and watched him come. He was glad he would not have to say anything now. The man was thin and aimless-looking, and as he came up to the steps Larry saw he fumbled with his hat and had red rims to his blue eyes.

"Evenin', Mis' McDevitt," he said uncomfortably. "Mis' Marsh wanted I should step over and see if you needed anything, or if you wouldn't like to sleep to our house tonight."

Larry stood up slowly and turned to look at her. She was rocking again, but her profile was white parchment stretched tight over the boldness of her mouth and chin and her eyes were like smudges deep within their sockets.

"You're a right good neighbor, Henry Marsh," she said. "Tell Lizzie I don't want anything, thank you, and I wouldn't be comfortable anywheres else but here. I want to be up early in the morning. There's a man coming with some avocado seedlings. I thought I'd see how they'd do here. This young man is going back now. Maybe he'd give you a ride back as far as your house. I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure."

Her chair creaked slowly as the two men went toward Larry's car. Driving back along the dark road Larry spoke only occasionally to the thin man, who seemed much affected. He told himself it was ridiculous to be affected so much himself, and yet he could not forget her sitting there on that dark porch. He found he had dreaded, in leaving her, to see some evidence of the defeat and dissolution of what in her he had found splendid, that spirit which by repeated and hard-won victories had strengthened itself, had learned to do without all the ordinary happinesses. He saw now that he had had nothing to dread. She had maintained herself, like an old pine through many burnings, by the enduring soundness of its own wood. That, Larry saw, was his story, if he could put into English his feeling of so important and so abiding a thing.

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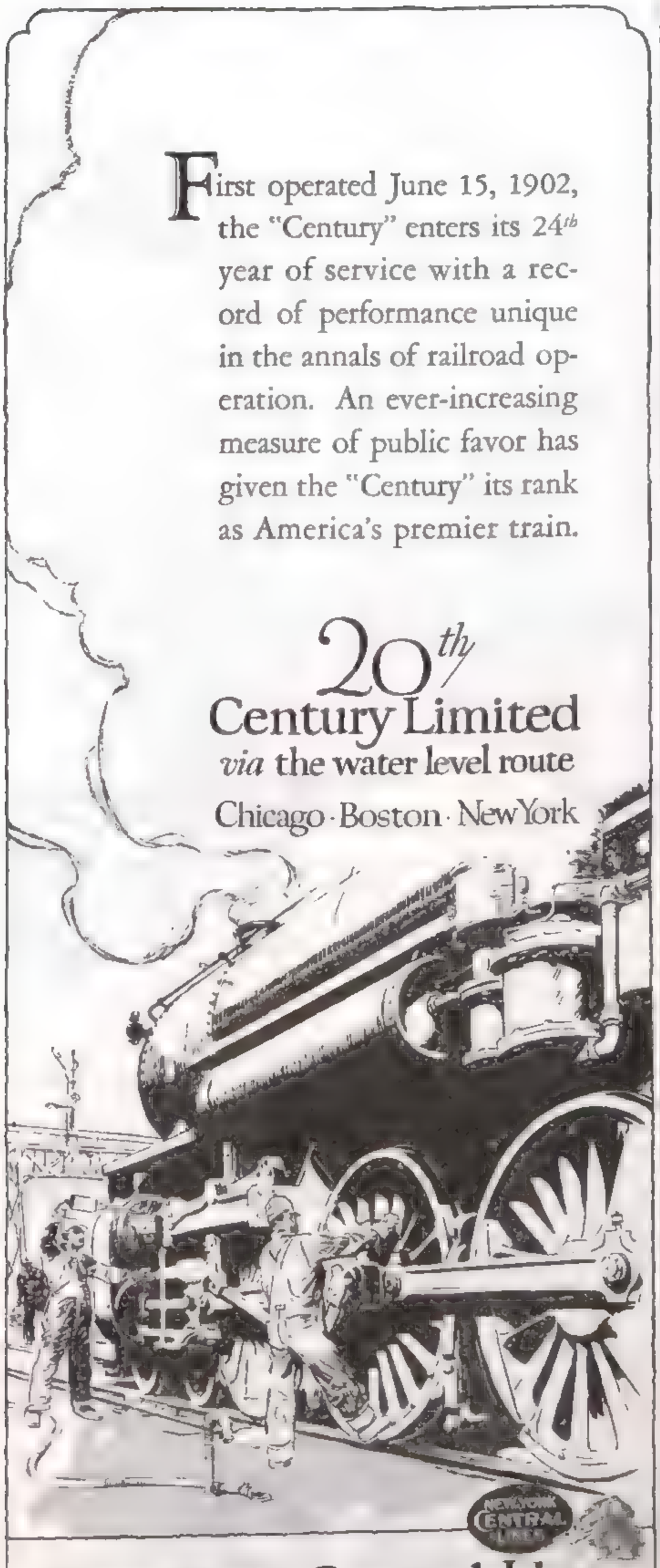

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XPECTING TO BE ARESTED

(Continued from Page 13)

she had give me the money to pay for them and father he sed that he gnew now what was the matter with me. that i had charged the things to him and had spent the money. he sed that i had augt to be in jale, and that enny boy whitch wood cheet his own father had augt to be put in jale for the rest of his life and Aunt Sarah sed i gess George Shute you had better find out if he is gilty befoar you send him to jale and father sed that is jest what i perpose to do and then he begun to ask me questions and i tride to anser them, but they come so fast that i begun to cry and told him that old Getchell and old Nat Weeks and old Lane and Rollins and old Kelley and Gardner was a going to send me to jale for bying things and not being able to pay for them and father jumped up and sed he gessed not by a dam site and that ennyone of them cood go strate to hel and mother she sed now George dont lose your temper and say things you will be sorry for and father he sed all rite Joey, he calls mother Joey you know, all rite Joey I will and then he set down. then he told me to tell him all about it and i told him all about the boan trade and how i ordered the novils and the paints and figgs and six blaided gnife with the file and gimblet in it and the cain pole and rubber frog and pistal and everything and how scat i was and father he kept saying i ll be dammed but when i told him how scat i was and why I got Bat Toomy to get the things and give him the mony father he gumped up and sed he wood go down and shaik his liver out and mother got him to set down again and lissen to me and father he done it.

well when i told him about old Swane hopping round on one hine leg holding up his foot in his hands and swaring father laffed so loud that he maid the winders shaik. he sed it sirved old Swane jest rite and he wished i weiged a ton and a haff.

then father he sed why in thunder dident you tell me this instid of going round 2 weaks scat of my shadow. dont you know i will back you up whether you are rite or rong. i sed i was afrade you wood lick me and he sed hadent you rather get licked than go to jale and i sed i was afrade i wood get both.

well he sed i will go down town and fix it with Nat and Joshua and George and the others and i will have sumthing to say to that little devil of a Bat Toomy. so father he went off and i felt prety good and offal hungrey and mother she give me 2 peaces of apple pye and 3 ham sanwiches and a quart of milk and some cake and a few things like them, and i felt better than i had felt for most a year it seamed and i felt jest like going out and brakeing sumbodys winders.

well what do you think. befoar i had went to bed father he come back and he sed he had fixt it up with the store men and that they had neerly killed themselfs laffing and that they sed if they cood be boys onct moar it wood be wirth being scat to deth for 2 weaks. goah i gess they dont know what they is talking about.

but the best of all was that father had bougt me the six blaided gnife and the cain pole and a braded silk line. so i went to bed and slep like a logg. i bet i have got the best father in this world. and the best mother two.

April 21, 186— i supose the next thing for fun will be the May fare of the Unitarial chirch. there aint no other chirch but the Unitarial whitch has a May fare. the congregation chirch has a picknick whitch is all rite if a feller dosent eat two mutch and get poizened with ivory leeves as i done last summer and lade between life and deth for 3 days. the methydist has a picknick at the beech but mother wont let me go and she wont let me go to the baptist picknick neether.

ennyway the May fare is best of all. tonite we went to the vestry. to maik evvergreen reaths. we fellers pull off the branches of evvergreen and the girls wind them into reaths. a lot of old stewdcats of the academy goes and we fellers rases time with them. most of them is big fellers and we get threw out 2 or 3 times during the evening and gets a bat in the ear. tonite i got 2 bats, Pewt got 3 and Beany 5. so Beany beat. that is Beany got the most bats but i got threw the furtherest and Pewt got one bat that was a old linpaister. ennyway we had a lot of fun. it is sutch good fun to see a nother feller get a bat in the ear that you dont mind one or 2 yourself.

April 22, 186— went down to the unitarial vestry tonite and picked evvergreen. Beany beat again. he got 3 bats 2 shaiks and a slam. Pewt got 3 bats and one slam and i only 2 bats and a shaik. Pewt dodged 2 bats whitch dident count or he wood have been prety near even with Beany.

April 23, 186— went down again to pick evvergreen. Beany beat again by 1 bat and 2 slams. Beany always has the luck. we wood have got moar fun and moar bats, but old Chipper Burley come in and made us go home becaus he sed we had been behaiving wirse than wild animals.

April 24, 186— sunday today. i went to chirch but dident like it so well as last sunday when i was afrade of being arested. i wonder if they will let us into the vestry tomorrow nite.

April 25, 186— we all went down to the vestry tonite and old Chipper woodent let us in at ferst but finally sed if we wood behaive ourselfs we cood go in, so we had to behaive ourselfs and dident have enny fun.

April 26, 186— tonite we went to the vestry again, Chipper wasent there and we maid up for Monday nite and rased time. the stewdcats threw us out and one was so mad he chased us way down to Spring strete befoar he give up. i dont see what he was so mad about. all we done to him was to pull a chair out from under him and he set rite down in the tub where they kept the water to sprinkle their evvergreen. the tub was full.

April 27, 186— father sed old Chipper Burley and old C. Lovell 2th had told him about what we done at the vestry and that if he herd ennything moar about me i woodent go to enny May fare or ennywhere elce. so i have got to be cairful.

April 28, 186— i am prety cairful now i tell you.

April 29, 186— nothing mutch today. May fare nex monday.

April 30, 186— this afternoon me and Pewt and Beany went to the town hall and worked. we lugged settees and clim ladders and run errands and done evrything. after supper we staid till 10 oh clock and when i got home i was tired most to deth. i dident want to taik my bath but mother sed i had got to because i was offal dirty.

May 1, 186— may fare tomorrow.

May 2, 186— brite and fare. i am so tired i cant wright enny moar tonite. the May fare is the more tiresome fare i ever went to. i had the best time i ever had in my life but i am tired most to deth and my mouth taists quear.

May 3rd, 186— i feel a little better today. father sed he gessed i had the international belt for plane and fancy eeting when i told him what i had et at the May fare. i et lobster salad and corn balls and scoiliped oicesters and lemons pye and molases candy and ham and tung and creem cakes and picled limes and shuger cookies and jessops candy and lemonaid and coffy and jinger bread and lettis with viniger and shuger and all the milk i cood drink and strawberrys and creem and pop corn and sum moar things i have forgot.

father he sed i was showing great improvement becaus the last time i came ennywhere near this record was at the congregational chirch picknick and i had neerly dide and was sick a hoal weak. i told him that wasent because i et so mutch but becaus i got poisened by poisen ivory leeves.

(Continued on Page 125)

Sensible Fear is Turning New People Every Day to Dr. Lyon's

SENSIBLE FEAR

It is perfectly natural to try a plausible short cut, until you begin to reason for yourself—

"I am not a dentist or physician.

"I don't know what a symptom may mean.

"If I did, I wouldn't know how to prescribe for it.

"If I did, I wouldn't use anything I didn't know all about.

"I might select the wrong medication or the wrong amount.

"I am afraid to chance trying to determine what is wrong and what to do about it."

That is sensible fear.

It is changing people over to Dr. Lyon's very fast.

ABSENCE OF FEAR

Dr. Lyon's contains no medication.

There is no gritty, grinding ingredient in it.

Nor anything which makes cleaning your teeth an unpleasant task.

Quite the contrary.

There is the assurance of safety.

The evidence that it cleans and beautifies.

The delight of a mild, pleasant flavor.

It leaves the mind free of fear, which is the modern method.

Don't try to overcome some constitutional derangement by means of your dentifrice.

Choose your dentifrice for its cleansing qualities only. Use - -

Dr. Lyon's TOOTH POWDER

Dr. Lyon's DENTAL CREAM

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

Where there is light-there is life

ONCE upon a time, it was an adventure to journey a hundred miles; a subject for interested friendly gossip and long preparation. That was when horse, stage and "shank's mare" were the principal means for travel.

Now we travel twice as far between breakfast and luncheon—just as a matter of course.

Motorists and travellers are abroad in the land—"gypsying" or on business bent. "Where is a good hotel?" "Where a good restaurant?" "Where is this and where is that?"

The old town has combed its hair and spruced up to welcome the many strangers within its gates.

Hospitality must be expressed and assured. So the modern tavern and busy shop invoke the magic of light to point the way by night and day; to beckon a cheerful welcome.

What is more natural than that the wayfarer should respond to this cordial greeting? Most people like kindred company—activity and life. Where there is light, there is life—and the radiant business emblem is the indication.

Owners of retail stores or manufacturing plants, who have not had called to their attention the advantages and economy of electrical advertising, may quickly obtain full information by calling up the nearest lighting company. This type of service has been remarkably developed to keep pace with the service furnished for other purposes. Many of the electric companies will not only arrange to provide a suitable individual display, but will also arrange to maintain the display with fresh lamps, keeping it bright and clean, to supply electricity at very low prices and to take care of the taxes and insurance. After your order is placed no further thought need be given. Your only cost for all this is an original partial investment and a nominal monthly service charge.

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The Union Gas & Electric Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Kansas City Power & Light Company

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
The Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Orleans Public Service, Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
The New York Edison Co.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Brooklyn Edison Co.

The United Electric Light & Power Co.

New York & Queens Electric Light & Power Co.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Philadelphia Electric Co.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
Northern States Power Co.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
San Diego Consolidated Gas & Electric Co.

PUEBLO, COLO.
Southern Colorado Power Co.

STOCKTON, CAL.
Western States Gas & Electric Co.

SALINAS, CAL.
Coast Valleys Gas & Electric Co.

"AN ELECTRIC SIGN IS NO BETTER THAN THE SERVICE IT GETS"

(Continued from Page 122)

ennyway he says he is proud of me and says he will back me agenst enny boar constricter whitch ever swalowed a ox hoal.

ennyway i had a grate time. there was a play with old C. Lovell 2th and old Chipper Burley and lots of peeple. it was called box and cox and i was disapointed because there wasent a prise fite in it. then there was lots of booths with flaggs and paper roses where they sold things to eet and to ware. and there was a place where a old woman with a red bonnit and yellow silk dress with a lot of tin tinklers on it told your fortune. she told my fortune for $.05 cents and she sed i wood be very ritch if i dident get hanged. she sed she was sure as cood be that i never shood be drownded. i felt prety good at that because sumtimes when we fellers are trying to swim from the gravil to the oaks and back i am afraid sumtimes that i shall go down but so far i have never been drownded yet and i am glad to know that i shall never be drownded. so later on when the water is warm enuf i am going to swim from the oaks to the eddy whitch is 2 miles and aint never been did xcept by Gill Kelly and he is a groan man.

well after the play they had a dance and there was an orchistre that plaid splended. Bill Hodgdon plaid the fiddle and Bruce Briggam the cornet and Gim Folsom, Billy Folsoms father plaid the officlide and a old man named Freeman plaid the harp and one of Pelicky Tiltons uncles plaid the base viol. i dident get home until neerly 12 oh clock and mother woodent give me ennything to eet. she sed if i et enny moar i mite xplode. ennyway i am all rite now and dident have to have a docter.

May 4, 186— it is tuff to have to go to school after a may fare. ennyway today is wenesday and a haff holiday. i went fishing this afternoon with Fatty Melcher. i got one pickeril and 2 roach and one pirch. mother fride them for me and father tonite. nobody wood eat them but me and father so we et them all.

May 5, 186— i gess there wont be mutch more fun until the 4th of July.

May 6, 186— there was a frost last nite. father sed that onct when my granfather was alive and my aunt Annie whitch i have never saw, that there was a snowstorm on the 5th of May and granfather he took aunt Annie to ride in a sleig to Epping. he sed that when they got there most of the snow was gone and granfather had to waulk beside the sleig most of the way home with the runners scraping like when mother scraips the bottom of a jinger bread pan.

i never saw my aunt Annie. i died before she was born. no i ment she died before i was born. i dont remember my granfather but he lived long enuf to see me whitch must have been a grate cumfort to him in his last days. it was tuff on aunt Annie to die befoar i was born wasent it. it was tuff on them both to have to go to Epping. if you had ever went to Epping you wood say so i bet.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

AN ENGLISH FARMER

(Continued from Page 11)

freely for the purpose of buying land when the purchaser was a tenant farmer already in possession of the place and working it successfully. Bank loans of that sort were often made on mere overdrafts, which is a common method of lending in England.

"There is evidence," says a government report on the subject, "that in England and Wales nearly half the purchase money in the aggregate was advanced by the banks. . . . The banks appear to have lent anything up to the full price of the farms, although there was usually a margin of at least 25 per cent."

Breaking Up the Big Estates

Too much credit, not too little, was what betrayed many of these tenant purchasers. Analogies may be found in the United States. Of course there were various other sources of credit for a would-be buyer. In many cases the loan was in the form of a long-time mortgage. Then came the slump, and the price of land gradually settled back to the prewar level.

"It is probable," says the report above referred to, "that the great majority of the new tenant owners borrowed as much as two-thirds of the purchase price, and as a result have incurred annual charges which are far in excess of the economic rents of the holdings, and in many cases amount to as much as double the prewar rentals. . . . It would appear that those farmers who bought at exceptionally high prices and were unable to find more than a small proportion of the purchase price cannot be relieved from the consequences of their action. They made a bad investment, and nothing short of a free grant from public funds can save them from disaster."

This situation lends its own tinge of gloom to the present agricultural outlook.

During the boom, wages of farm labor advanced to an average of forty-six shillings a week for the whole country. They were depreciated shillings, however; for in that time, as I well remember, an American tourist's enjoyment of rural scenery in England was considerably enhanced by the knowledge that he was paying for the car and chauffeur in pounds sterling that cost him only three dollars and a quarter apiece. Since then the agricultural wage has fallen to twenty-seven or thirty-two shillings—seven or eight dollars in sound money. But farmers say they cannot pay such wages and make any profit raising wheat.

Keep in mind that sown grass plays a large rôle in British agriculture. For the whole United Kingdom, a term which included Ireland, the round figures are 25,000,000 acres in grass and 21,000,000 acres under the plow, with 15,000,000 acres or so of rough grazing on moor and heath. Also the big farm is a much larger factor, relatively, than with us.

When you hear the word "farmer" in the United States, you naturally think of a man who owns or leases 80 or 160 acres of land, working it for his own account, with his own labor and that of his family and one or two hired hands. The person in the English agricultural scheme who most nearly fills our common idea of a farmer will still usually be a tenant and have a landlord to reckon with. But today he cannot blame the landlord for his failure to make a profit raising wheat. Very good farm land in the Berkshire Downs may be rented for five dollars an acre. In fact, one pound an acre is a common figure in England. A very high authority on British agriculture calculates that at present the rent amounts to no more than 10 per cent of the operating expenses of a farm. He puts taxes on the average at about 5 per cent, and labor at 45 to 50 per cent. Cheap labor is often frightfully dear. Nowadays, too, the tenant is protected in his tenure and in all his rights by various benevolent acts of Parliament. For all practical purposes the landlord may be left out of the picture.

Certainly landlording on a big scale does not pay in England under present conditions. Here are two items clipped from London newspapers on two successive days in June, but similar items appear frequently:

"It is announced that Lord Derby has disposed of the bulk of his estates in Bury, Salford and Pilkington to Messrs. J. H. and F. W. Green of Chesterfield. Mr. J. H. Green stated that the deal was one of the biggest property sales in the North of England in recent years, but he was not at liberty to disclose the purchase price.

"'Our idea in buying the properties,' he said, 'is to resell them in small lots to the present tenants or to anyone else who cares to buy. We shall aim at disposing of everything we bought.'

"Lord Derby has been selling his properties in Southeast Lancashire in minor lots to his tenants from time to time, and it is stated that this deal leaves him with practically nothing in that area. The estates have been in the possession of the family since 1485.

"Lord Carnarvon, son of the discoverer of Tutenkhamun's tomb, has decided to sell his extensive holdings in Nottinghamshire in order to meet the death duties on his father's estate, which are said to amount to £400,000. We are informed that the estates now to be sold comprise over 10,000 acres, including the greater part of the town and parish of Bingham, near Nottingham, practically the whole of the villages of Shelford, East Bridgeford and Newton and several farms in the vale of Belvoir. Special facilities are to be offered to the tenants to buy their holdings."

A hundred years ago British landlords practically ran the country to suit themselves. They comprised the House of Lords, which was then a far more powerful organ of government than it is now, and they were usually strong enough in the House of Commons to get what they wanted. But a hundred years ago the income from landholding amounted to one-fifth of the total national income, while today it is certainly less than one-fiftieth. There could hardly be a more tragic instance of a pull that went altogether wrong. Practically the big landlord is out of the picture. At any rate, he is taking himself out as fast as he can find a buyer for his land. Every death of a big landholder—with the inheritance tax, or death duties, to pay—explodes a shell under the tottering house. On a comparatively modest estate of $350,000, the death duty is $60,000.

Encouraging Family Farms

The County Councils, which are the local governing bodies, are now in the aggregate among the largest landholders in England. They are empowered to buy almost any land suitable for farming that they choose to take over. If the owner doesn't wish to sell they can buy the land anyhow at a price fixed by the Ministry of Agriculture. They can then resell or let the land in small holdings on terms very favorable to the purchaser or tenant. In fine, perfectly valid machinery for breaking up any big estate and parceling it out in small lots to actual tillers is already in existence, and the consent of the landlord is not necessary for its operation. Which shows again how much that formerly portentous figure, the lordly landholder, is now out of the picture.

Thirty years ago politics undertook to do something more than point with regret to the continued decline in England's agricultural population and in the home production of breadstuffs. Agriculture, it was said, flourished in some other countries where, in contrast to the British situation, the typical tiller of the soil was also an owner of the soil. It was generally agreed that a much greater proportion of family farms, owned and mainly worked by the occupier and his family, would improve the situation. An act was passed with that object in mind.

Nothing whatever came of that first attempt; but in 1907 Parliament made a more serious effort. The act of that year empowered County Councils to acquire land compulsorily for the purpose of allotting it in small holdings to actual tillers. They might also purchase or lease land by agreement with the owner and resell or lease it to actual cultivators. Having acquired the land, they were further empowered to adapt it to small holdings by erecting dwellings and barns, fencing it, draining

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The Wise Guy and the Clown

A constant reader of my "Bull" Durham Ads writes in and says; "If there was another smoking Tobacco the equal of "Bull" Durham a lot of us would quit you no matter how much it cost. But alas there is no equal at any price as we have all found out at various

times. So we must hasten to turn the pages and groan, whenever we encounter the CLOWN Ads of Will Rogers, who is trying to discredit the worth of the WORLDS FAVORITE TOBACCO."

See that Bird wrote this whole Ad for me himself. He knocked me but he boosted "Bull" Durham. He fell right into my hands. Its only by the wisdom of our

smart people that us CLOWNS and Fools are allowed to ride in Limousines. They say "The Lord protects the foolish," so I am nestling

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

right under his wing. So thanks Mr. Smart Man, write us another Ad. It will only cost you two cents.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents

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it, and so forth. The necessary money was to be raised by bond issues, and the national government agreed to reimburse the councils for half of any loss they might incur in these operations. Also if any conservative County Council refused or neglected to participate in the scheme, the national government might take the matter into its own hands by transferring the local powers of such recalcitrant council to a Small-Holdings Commission, which would buy or lease the land, improve it with buildings where necessary, and resell or lease it to small holders.

The Small-Holdings Acts

But the act provided that the purchaser should pay down, on taking possession, at least one-fifth of the purchase price, the remainder to be paid in installments over a long period. Also it set forth that the land was to be sold or leased to small holders on terms which, in the judgment of the County Councils or the Small-Holdings Commission, would cover the cost to the taxpayers. Thus, as a parliamentary report observes, "the principle underlying the act is often described as the self-supporting principle. But this phrase is apt to be misleading. The cost, which ultimately fell on the national exchequer, of the small-holdings activities of local authorities between 1908 and 1919 was £394,000."

Under this act of 1907, however, 189,294 acres of land in England and Wales was parceled out among 13,381 small holders and actual cultivators. Then came the war and the submarine, and many grueling days when it was by no means certain that England, dependent on imports for food, would not be starved into submission. Among other measures to stimulate home production of breadstuffs, the government radically extended the scope of the small-holdings scheme. Under the old act purchasers were required to pay down one-fifth of the purchase price. Under the new act they are not required to pay anything down—repayment of the whole purchase price being spread over fifty years. The new act also authorizes County Councils to make loans to small-holdings purchasers or lessees for the purpose of buying livestock, fruit trees, seeds, fertilizers and implements. And for the encouragement of the councils, the national exchequer undertakes to shoulder all the loss.

But the new act requires that in allotting small holdings preference shall be given to ex-service men. In fact, it has been operated almost entirely for their benefit. The annual loss to the exchequer under this new act has been about $4,000,000; and on April 1, 1926, there is to be a settlement between the national exchequer and the County Councils, which is expected to entail a further charge upon the former of about $35,000,000 to reimburse the councils for the losses which they have sustained to that date.

Under the prewar scheme, with its "self-supporting" principle, land was sold in small holdings almost exclusively to actual dirt farmers who were already living on the soil and tilling it. The intention was to sell or lease on terms that would eventually reimburse the public treasury. There was a large element of hard-headed business in the transaction. Though the scheme did not actually pay its own way, the proportion of failures among the buyers was really small. Under the new act many purchasers had little or no experience in farming, and little aptitude for it. The proportion of failures has been high and the net monetary result a big deficit.

Surely these two acts constitute a heroic effort on the part of government to increase the number of family farms and to get the land of England into the hands of actual tillers of the soil. Meanwhile those remorseless economic causes which had been reducing the agricultural population and decreasing the area of plowland were still in operation. A committee that examined the subject exhaustively last year reached the conclusion that "the small holder does not play an appreciably larger part in British agriculture now than he did fifty years ago." The act of 1907 prevented a decrease in the number of small holdings, which would otherwise have taken place, but it did not prevent a decrease in the total acreage under small holdings.

The committee, however, was of opinion that another and larger effort should be made to extend the establishment of small holders on the land:

"We think this is highly desirable in the national interest. Small holdings are not to be advocated on the ground of net produce. The success of small holdings is commonly due in some measure to labor, which gets its reward in mental satisfaction and not in pecuniary gain. The main grounds on which small holdings are to be advocated are the number of people they keep on the soil in conditions which render them reasonably happy, and that they may become a very important factor in lessening the rural efflux."

That seems worth quoting in full, because it represents what strikes me as the typical British point of view at present—the point of view, namely, that the principal and only important business of government is to make people happy. Taking a survey of representative British utterances at this time, in the newspapers and periodicals, in speeches and books and private conversations, gives you a picture of the government as a ruddy and beaming old gentleman in the rôle of Santa Claus, industriously striving to dispense happiness on every hand—and having the very devil of a time to raise money enough to keep the game going.

In regard to agriculture it seems rather significant that the number of persons now engaged in tilling the rich soil of England is smaller by 30 per cent than the number on the pay rolls of the national and local governments, and smaller by 10 per cent than the number drawing unemployment benefits from the public purse.

A Tremendous Overhead

The figures as to the number of government employes and agriculturists are based on the census of 1921. At this time the showing would probably be more unfavorable. The number on dole may be a favorable factor from the point of view that the chief business of government is to make people happy by direct intervention in their affairs; for I doubt very much that a small-holding farmer, with all his hard work and meager living, is really as happy as the cheery ex-workman with whom I chatted at the gate of Buckingham Palace during a pretty parade of scarlet soldiers. He said that in London one could almost always find some nice spectacle like that to look at free if one had nothing else in particular to do.

From 1911 to 1921 there was an increase of 53 per cent in the number of government employes and a decrease of 9 per cent in the number engaged in agriculture. In the latter year, according to the Economist's analysis, the whole number employed by government, national and local, amounted to 9.3 per cent of the total population that was gainfully employed—in other words, of the total working population. So one branch of employment at least is in a flourishing state. But if you believe that the chief business of government is to make people happy by direct intervention in their affairs, you cannot logically complain of that.

I do not wish to suggest that these public servants are not earning their salaries and contributing duly to the happiness of their fellow citizens; but they make a heavy overhead. Add to them the number sustained by government doles, poor-law relief, and so forth, and it would appear that something like a fifth of what ought to constitute the productive population is supported directly out of the public purse.

It is difficult to state the exact number, because there are so many ways in which

(Continued on Page 128)

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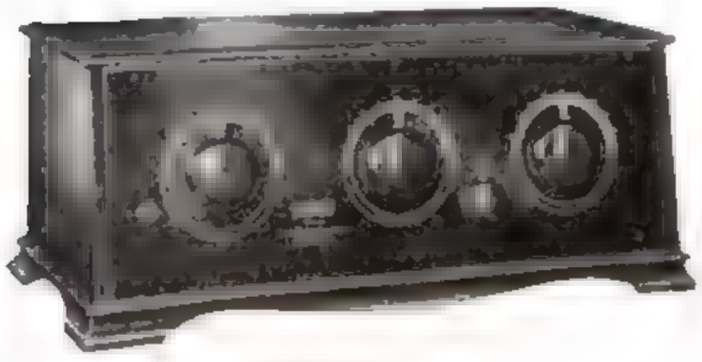

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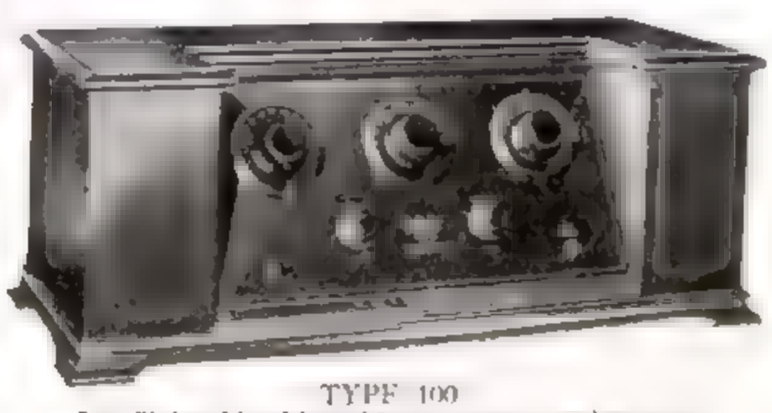

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Music Master
RADIO PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 126)

public money may reach the needy. A report by the Ministry of Health points out that an industriously indigent family may receive relief from private charities and from the Poor-Law Guardians; also free or cheap milk from the Maternity and Child Welfare Committee, free meals for children of school age from the local education authorities, pension for the aged from the Old-Age Pension Committee, pension for those disabled in war from the War Pensions Committee, nourishment or general assistance in the home from the Tuberculosis Care Committee, unemployment benefit from the Unemployment Exchange, and sickness, disablement or maternity benefit from the Insurance Committee.

No Tampering With Bread

A movement is now somewhat feebly on foot to consolidate or coördinate these various agencies—all of them useful, no doubt, and contributing to happiness; but very expensive. Time was when local taxes in England were fairly negligible. They are still small in the aggregate when compared with the gorgeous bulk of local taxes in the United States. Still, for England, Wales and Scotland they amount this year to $800,000,000, which is certainly not a trifle. Add the year's revenue of the central government and you get a total tax bill of $4,800,000,000.

Agriculture is favored in local taxation, farm lands being assessed at only one-fourth the rate applied to nonagricultural fixed property. And if what farmers unanimously agree in saying about their incomes is true, the income tax cannot bother them much at present. But there is no doubt that taxes are a serious burden on all industry. More than 1,250,000 men who ought to be productively employed, but are subsisting on unemployment relief, do not help the market for a farmer's products.

Government would like to help the farmer as everybody else, but the question is, what to do. Its intervention in the last year of the war did bring a very decided increase in the production of home-grown breadstuffs. That result was obtained by plowing up about 1,250,000 acres of grass and sowing it to grain. As a war measure it was justified; but now that the government's hand is withdrawn, the land is reverting to grass and the situation in regard to home-grown foodstuffs is no better than it was before the war.

Government has given generous aid to the creation of small holdings in the hands of actual dirt farmers, but the small holder plays no greater part in British agriculture now than he did half a century ago. In short, government intervention seems to produce very meager results at a very high cost. Careful investigation shows that wheat bread is still the staff of life in England, especially for the poorer people. The higher foodstuffs in general are, the more wheat working people consume. Enlightened dietitians say their stubborn prejudice is well founded, for they can get as much nourishment for a penny out of white bread as out of any other dietary article. But more than 80 per cent of the wheat is imported, and the big causes that have been whittling down England's wheat fields for a long while are still in operation. The English farmer must still sell his wheat in competition with the cheapest grain that can be found anywhere in the world.

Probably in his heart he would like a protective import duty such as is enjoyed by the farmers of nearly every wheat-growing Continental country. But he knows too much to ask for it; in fact, he rarely mentions it. Politically he is a quite negligible factor in comparison with urban wage earners. They want cheap bread and will not even listen to the suggestion of protective duties on breadstuffs. Nobody in England has forgotten how the suggestion of protection wrecked Mr. Baldwin's government in 1923.

"No tampering with bread," say the politically powerful wage earners.

How to get a more profitable price for wheat without tampering with bread is a knotty question.

There are those who urge a government subsidy, which is quite in line with the idea of government that seems to be held by a great many people in England at present. But assuredly, however it was arranged, its cost would fall ultimately upon the great body of consumers, including the urban wage earners.

Some others, again, have a quite different remedy. They say, "The hard economic fact is that grass pays better than grain; therefore reduce your grain area and increase your grass area." That, of course, would further reduce the dwindling agricultural population and make England still more dependent on imported breadstuffs. The hard-boiled answer to that would be that Britain cannot lift herself by her own boot straps; finally she must devote herself to things that pay their own way or go broke.

Of course the agricultural situation is bound up with the general situation; and the general situation, from one point of view, is as bad as could well be. Any stranger's cursory impressions must be taken with due allowance, but it seems to me that in England when a representative man speaks or writes on any current subject, he is very given to pointing with gloom. Without doubt he has plenty of subject matter.

There is the huge national debt, amounting to $38,000,000,000 in the gross. Taxes are very heavy. High death duties, or inheritance taxes as we call them, have the disturbing effect of leaving a theoretically rich man and his associates in uncertainty as to whether, if a London bus should bump him off some foggy morning, his effects would not have to be sold at auction. For five years the number of unemployed hands has hovered around the 1,250,000 mark; within a year it has risen by 160,000. England must sell manufactured goods abroad in order to pay for her imported food, and the immediate state of her foreign trade is unsatisfactory. In a word, imports are considerably higher than before the war and exports are lower. Experts say that at this writing, even when the invisible items of interest on foreign investments, ocean freights, and so forth, are figured in, she has no balance. Sir George Paish said the other day that he believed the past year was the only one in a long while during which England had, on balance, invested no money abroad. Representative and responsible men are saying England cannot permanently support the present population; some of them must emigrate or starve.

Unemployment and taxes are the especially dark spots in the picture. Since unemployment subsists on a public dole and taxes hamper industry, the two naturally go together. As to the dole, it may be mentioned that ever since the first Poor Law in Tudor times, England has always been able to present a flourishing list of paupers; but a good many statesmen—not all of them Conservatives, either—are now saying that the dole promises to make pauperism the leading national occupation.

Capitalistic Views of West Ham

Just at present a humble London district named West Ham is picked upon as the most horrible example of governmental benevolence, having superseded another humble district named Poplar in that office. The region under the governance of the West Ham Guardians contains some 750,000 people. A very indignant but respectable Conservative newspaper quotes an ex-councilor and lifelong resident of the district as declaring that at present 90 per cent of them receive the dole or contributions from the local poor-relief office and sometimes get a hand-out from both sources.

At a meeting of East London licensed victualers it was observed that except for the dole and the relief office, every public house—that is, saloon—in the district would have to close its doors. The magistrate's clerk at West Ham police court reports 100 cases of prosecution for illegally drawing the dole. Conservative journals find a gloomy pleasure in digging up particularly shocking cases from West Ham, like that of the tool setter who scorned a job paying sixty shillings a week because he was already drawing fifty-eight shillings a week for doing nothing; also the man who sold his coffee stall, put the money in the bank and immediately went on relief as an unemployed person; and the baker whose trade was completely ruined because he refused to dispense cake and other delicacies on government bread tickets. An edifying list of such reports may be compiled from current newspapers.

But as a majority of the West Ham Board of Guardians are socialists, probably these cries of pain and rage from capitalistic circles only amuse them. Meanwhile under the liberal provisions of the law, they have borrowed $8,750,000 from the national government to supplement funds otherwise at their disposal. The latest official figures show 69,415 persons receiving poor-law relief in West Ham alone.

The Pessimistic Press

Apparently nobody is satisfied with anything. Conservatives, for example, are by no means satisfied with their present government. When it presented its budget this spring some of the sharpest criticism came from Conservative sources. The ministry's main reliance for improving the situation, so far as its intentions have developed, are a duty on artificial silk and an extension of pensions.

"Dearer goods!" cry the radicals.

"More taxes to support idleness!" grumble the Conservatives.

Possibly by way of reply to this criticism in his own camp, Premier Baldwin observed in a recent speech that it would be a fine thing if English captains of industry would give, say, 10 per cent more time and thought to increasing and cheapening production.

On that head an Englishman of note recently wrote:

"Is there any other country in the world where so many business men leave their offices on Friday afternoon and do not return to work until Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning? There is not. Is there any other country in the world where the average business man commences work at ten or eleven A.M., takes an hour off for lunch, and completes his day's work at four P.M. or a little after? There is not."

As it happened, that was published two or three days before an important convention of physicians, during which several eminent doctors pointed out that the fearful rush and hurry of modern business life was ruinous to health. As one newspaper summarized it:

"The time has come to put the brakes on and bring about a general slowing-up in the pace that is sending men of commerce and industry to premature graves."

I venture to think that no self-respecting Englishman of commerce or industry would in any case consent to go to a premature grave until after he'd had tea, at least.

Whether English business is loafing somewhat or committing suicide by breathless attention to its job is a question for natives.

This morning's London Times starts off as usual with twenty-nine columns of classified advertisements, followed by several columns of law-court reports; then come twenty-one columns of sporting news, after which, on Page 9, what sedate Americans would call the real news of the day begins. That is the standard arrangement except when some big event like the Derby or Ascot demands more space for sports. Perhaps it is mere habit. Perhaps it signifies a more constant preoccupation with sports than with us.

If you shut yourself up in a room and devote a week to reading English newspapers and periodicals of the more serious sort, you will probably come to the melancholy conclusion that Britannia is already practically sunk. But if you step outside you begin at once to doubt that judgment. Of course if you step out in the West End of London you see everywhere the same signs of lavish expenditure that meet the eye in like districts of New York or Chicago or Philadelphia. You mustn't judge by that, however. It is largely due, they tell you, to the convenient horde of extravagant American tourists.

But far off, in Southwark and West Ham, and in the provincial towns and country villages, you see the same quite cheerful-looking and busy-looking people as before the war. There is no indication in their appearance of a falling off in the consumption of beef and beer or of any national woe weighing on their minds. Many of them seem to be having a very good time. If imports are higher and exports are lower, that would mean that the people consume more goods than before the war. After all, it is the consumption of goods, not their production, that makes people happy.

Prices do not indicate any slackening of consumption. England is no longer a country of cheap goods. The Ministry of Labor reports that a workingman's average cost of living is now 73 per cent above prewar, as against 70 per cent two years ago. A particular human being with a particular article to buy can get no satisfaction out of an average cost of living; and whatever particular article you do want to buy—except clothing, especially woolens—seems to be as high here as at home.

Certainly living for an American visitor, whether in London or the provincial towns, is quite as high here as at home, accommodation for accommodation. In London I should say it is rather higher than in New York. Wages on the whole are not coming down in spite of unemployment. The latest monthly bulletin of the Ministry of Labor shows a small net rise. There is undoubtedly a serious industrial depression, felt particularly in iron and steel, coal and shipbuilding. But in looking over the journals that report company meetings, you cannot help being struck by the large number of cases in which the chairman opens proceedings by congratulating stockholders on the very satisfactory results for the year. The big London retail stores show higher profits this year than last—which surely does not suggest a drop in consumption—and that Gibraltar of British industry, the brewery trade, is in a very flourishing state. Dividends of 20 per cent a year by the big beer makers are not exceptional.

Will History Repeat?

References to 100 years ago are quite fashionable now. After the long and frightfully expensive Napoleonic wars England fell into a slump very like the present one. Agriculture was poverty-stricken. Nearly everything was poverty-stricken. There was a national debt that seemed as staggering to the man of that generation as the present one seems. Taxes drew blood on every hand. It is rather well known that England not only got out of that mess but became far richer than ever before.

That, of course, was due to an industrial revolution that disclosed huge new sources of wealth—railroads, steam machinery, electrical power, a thousand or ten thousand inventions and discoveries. We really can't—say those who take the somber view—expect anything like that to happen again. But why not? There were no more natural resources in the earth in 1914 than there had been in 1814. All the tremendous increase of wealth in between was really invented—thought out—a product of human brains. Of course, if brains have played out, we're all sunk.

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Painted by Elmer Brown for Curtis Companies Incorporated.

A room in Sulgrave Manor—the ancestral home of the Washingtons

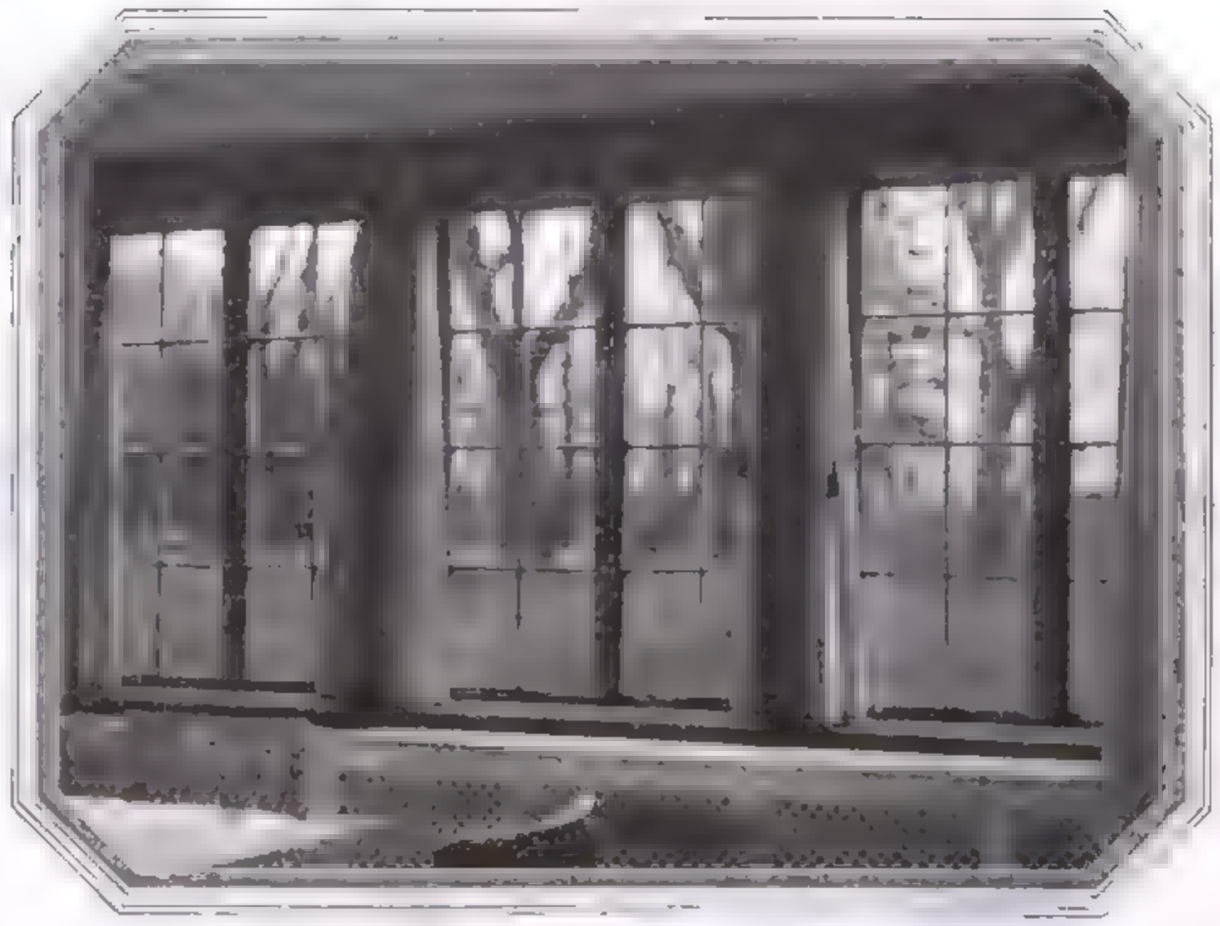
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ancestors lived in a home of Tudor architecture. This home was unpretentious, yet it glowed with good cheer and warm hospitality. The quaint casement letting in the morning light, the beamed ceilings and the blaze in the hearth witnessed the traditions in the Washington family for generations.

In Tudor architecture you find woodwork whose very design indicates that it is meant to last for generations. Staircases of oak, beamed ceilings, paneled walls grow in sentimental value as generations pass. They adapt themselves to distinctive interior decoration, even in the most modest home. The true spirit of the Tudor style finds happy expression in many designs of Curtis Woodwork, as illustrated on the next page.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

ENGLISH CASEMENT AS MADE BY CURTIS

Romantic looking windows that swing out full length. Your eyes may not see all the details of beauty in this design, nor perceive the perfection in the workmanship. The Curtis dealer can and will show you if you call on him. If you are one of those who take delight in the charm of "magic casements", let us show you how well Curtis makes them from the designs of architects who know English architecture. Price about $2.25 per sash. The design is C-1030. There are also other English models to choose from.



Photograph of a Curtis casement specified by a prominent architect for a $200,000 residence

Are you planning a new Home?

YOU will have greater opportunity to achieve a beautiful interior if you will use the help we offer. You'll be surprised at the wonders you can perform with woodwork of high character.

We provide those parts of home construction which will always be seen—windows, which make or mar just as the eyes make or mar the human face; doors, which are graceful and gracious as well as strong and straight; stairways, which say clearly—"Come up! There's comfort with beauty above"; moldings which are necklaces for a cheerful room; built-in conveniences like china closets and bookcases, which hold their contents as a window holds its view of the garden.

These and other household things—built-in dressing tables, linen closets, mantels, ironing boards, kitchen dressers, breakfast nooks,—any of which to see is to covet—we make with the excellence and precision of fine furniture making.

Good Woods and Sound Construction

We start, of course, with the woods. When white pine is used, it is because that is the best wood for the purpose. The same with birch.

Every inch is inspected by expert graders. The selected woods are then dried and treated in special kilns.

From the moment the wood goes to the cutting room until it is made into a completed piece of woodwork, it passes through processes that are as thorough as human contrivances can make them.

The methods of construction might seem to be extravagantly good. It is really thoroughness—woodwork that will stand up for generations.

For design, Curtis employed the services of a firm of distinguished architects. Only a concern doing business on a big scale could afford to give such a service. Trowbridge and Ackerman, New York City, designed a full line of exterior and interior woodwork especially for Curtis. They went to authentic sources for English or Colonial designs.

That is why Curtis designs are so beautiful. Being made of the best woods, perfectly put together, they hold up under all conditions. They take the paint better.

If you have an instinct for quality, Curtis woodwork will become a matter of enthusiasm when you see it

There is a beauty in it which really establishes the keynote of quality for all your interior decoration.

Curtis has brought good woodwork within reach of all homes. It is reasonable in price, so that any house, even the most modest cottage, can now have the best.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

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It takes the place of a movable piece of furniture and has more space for linen and personal effects. The tray fronts are semi-open, showing every article, yet all are hidden by the door. Curtis makes these trays with dovetailed corners, immovable bottoms and center slides. They never bind. The tray case is C-812, the six-paneled door is C-302, and the French doors are C-321

Beauty in the Beamed Ceiling

Curtis offers several distinctive patterns in ceiling beams. Not beams that belie structural conditions and which have no more place in the well designed house than any untruthful thing, but beams that have genuine architectural character and that add dignity and a homelike quality to a room. The beams illustrated here are design C-650.

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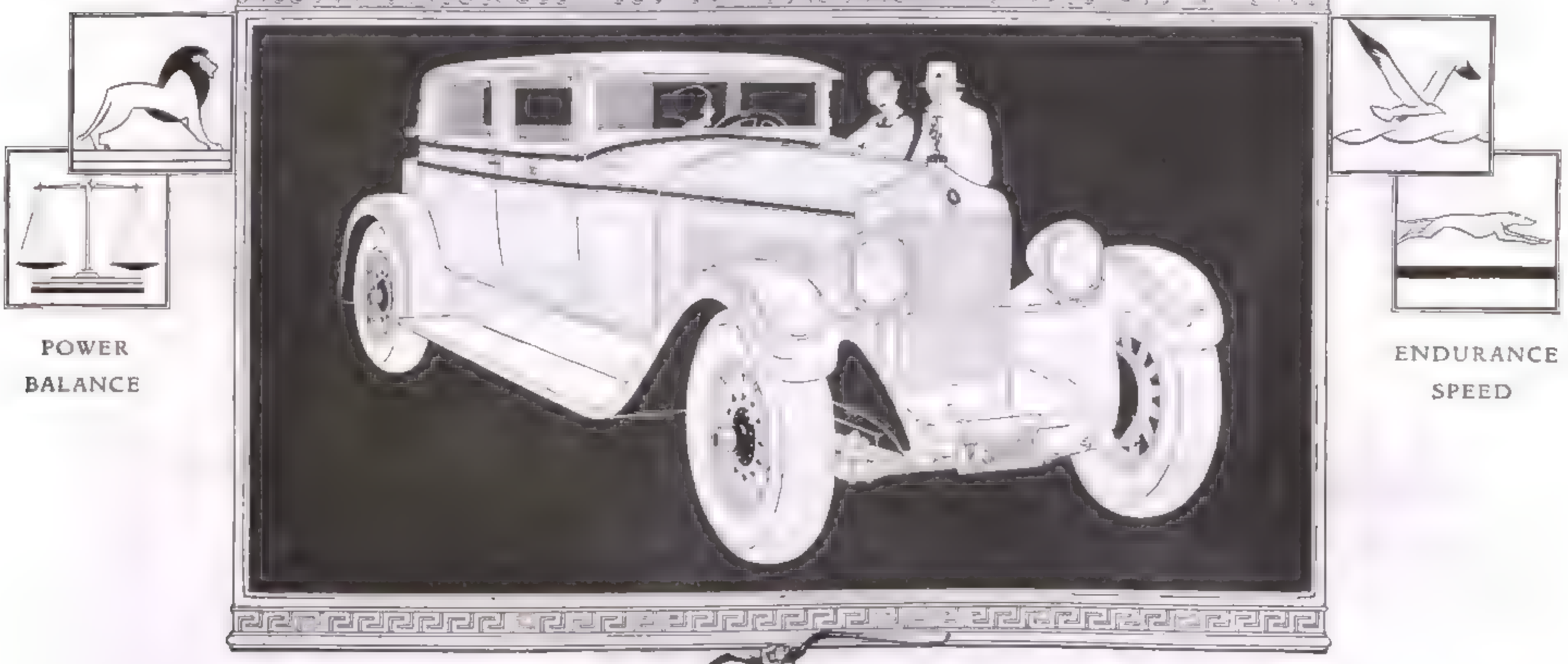
This trademark appears only on Curtis Woodwork. It guarantees the workmanship and authentic design.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

DIANA

THE·LIGHT·STRAIGHT·EIGHT



POWER
BALANCE

ENDURANCE
SPEED

EASY TO START
EASY TO STEER
EASY TO STOP

Tamed, harnessed, *under the thumb*—easy to start, steer, park and stop—Diana Eight's appeal to women is irresistible. They can't shut their eyes to it, can't disregard it. Diana was *engineered* for women to drive. And here are results they sense, see, feel and want. ¶ *Diana engineers won't go back.* They have burnt their bridges behind them, have definitely committed themselves to a design that fits the needs of the greatest potential market—women—and in pleasing women, they cater to all. ¶ Diana is the *Light* Straight Eight for 1926, sturdy, enduring, dependable—a pioneer of daring ideas and new-day performance. Its sensational sweep has stumped the industry. A great engine with every power advantage, eager to go, alive,

WOMEN BUYERS OUTNUMBER MEN 15 TO 4

alert—73 horsepower with a flexibility of from 2 to 77 miles an hour. Acceleration, 5 to 25 miles an hour in 6½ seconds. The Lanchester Dampener positively eliminates vibration, blots it out. And the torque is the *smoothest*. The lighter and more frequent explosions stop the jerking at low speeds, stop the complaints from the rear seat. The entire chassis is designed and built for balloon tires. The brakes are 4-wheel hydraulic. But more than a new-day engineering achievement, Diana is the outstanding *coup d'état* since the self-starter came into use. ¶ Come, now, get into this great car, try it out. Make the hills and the rough your proving ground. That's where the Diana *Light* Eight shows her heels, takes the lead and holds it.

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Built by the **MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY** for the **DIANA MOTORS COMPANY** · Stewart McDonald, *Pres.*, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A SEA COOK ASHORE

(Continued from Page 38

Perfection in this dish was achieved by some unsung Yankee, and from skipper to skipper and cook to cook in a chosen fraternity have come down the points that are Cap'n Goddy's gospel. He boils the raisins and saves the liquor, which goes into the sauce. He butters a big deep pan; sugars it, flours it; lines it with raisins. Then the batter blackened with more raisins, goes slowly in—exactly the tensile half-sticky batter, leaving the bowl with regrets, that his terrific instructor insisted upon. And then—a touch akin to the intuition of a French chef—in order to give it that quick bottom heat so necessary to very wet doughs, he starts it on top of the stove and finishes it, covered with a pan, in an oven so moderate you would hardly know it from a June day.

"Easy, slow an' easy," he asserts, standing off a pace to fill his pipe and with his foot to close the oven with somewhat the gentle finality of shutting the door on a sleeping baby. "All my cakes an' plum duff an' such never has their feelin's hurt. They don't know they're bein' baked. Why, I once saw a man chiselin' a inscription in marble—forget-me-nots on a tombstun. His name was Pound too. That's gospel. An' the way he drilled into that stun was so easy I says, 'If I had you f'r a dentist, I'd think you were kissin' me!' It's the same with cookin' plum duff.

"Most cooks thinks they're pile drivin' anyhow. It takes a lovin' hand an' a clear conscience. That's what; that's the way of it."

Sitting on the cap'n's other chair—there are only two; just common armchairs, with calico cushions over cane seats, and one of them is mended with glue and twine in most nautical twists and knots—his plum duff, his lobsters baked with green corn and that salty rare sirloin become experiences. You feel, sitting there, that you have come aboard; that such a snug cabin of a house—where the alarm clock fits the shelf, where a bench hinges to the wall and drawers and little pull-out boxes slide into nooks and corners, where even the stove seems cut to fit—ought to sway a little, give a lunge and start right off for the Equator. Hundreds of little fish-and-oyster cabins straggle along by the tidal inlets of the Cape, but possibly only two or three of them are actually lived in; and of them, this is the veritable gem. The cap'n admits as much.

All Shipshape and Handy

"Yes, I guess you're right," he says. "A ship's cabin an' a cook's galley. Kinder appeals t' a man that's lived in 'em half his days. That was in my mind, I presume, all the time I was fixin' this up. It's more handy than you'd think t' look at it. Nobody but a real cook gets onto the convenience of it. All you have t' do is stan' in one spot, the stove in front of ye. Due north an' t' your right is the shelf with all your tools an' seasonings. T' the easterly, right at your back, is the table an' mixin' board, which is one an' the same. Turn south, an' sling the dishes in th' sink. Ye don't take no steps at all. But don't work too fast, you might get dizzy."

The table, even, is underhung with flour and sugar bins, and—supreme contrivance—the wall side of the wood box has a little door that opens right out to the woodpile. Back of that stove and to one side of the narrow chimney is a curtain. And Pullman himself could not have fitted an upper and lower berth both more snugly to the constricted space.

"'Tain't no bridal suite, an' 'tain't never goin' to be," says the cap'n. "Porpey sleeps in the upper; that's so he c'n get space under th' roof for them legs o' his."

And you understand the allusion when Porpey sits down to supper. He is what the cap'n calls a nephew by marriage. His height has never been taken by any of the usual instruments for measuring altitude; but sitting against the wall, his legs coil, angle and dispose themselves pretty generally over the premises, until they return to tuck his heels under the bench. Porpey sees the starlight of early morning year in and out. Life to him is nets, tarring nets and poles for fish traps, the scooping of scallops or drawing of seines, the icing and shipping of fish. He has the head and face of a Roman and the silence of a sphinx.

"Silent pardner," says the cap'n, explaining Porpey. "Ye can't rile him an' ye can't drownd him; he got through talkin' when he spoke his piece graduatin' day 't the Kingsfleet High School. He come right down off that platform an' he says, so's you could hear it, too, 'There now, that's enough gab for a lifetime. You hear anybody gabbin' after this, it won't be me.'" He adds with a pinch of mischief. "Let's see, what was that piece, Porpey?"

Page Edmund Burke

The giant shifts a foot, ladles treacle to his duff and fixes his gaze out to sea and placidly growls, "'Twas movie stuff. 'What meat does this our Cæsar feed upon that he hath grown so great?'"

"They make 'em learn it or go to jail," says the cap'n. "That's Massachusetts."

Porpey stirs again. He is going to add a word.

"'Twan't as bad as Consolation with the American Colonies. A guy named Burke wrote that."

The cap'n's eyes twinkle.

"Porpey's lookin' for that Burke fellow. I tell him be careful, they's a good many by th' name."

"I'll know him when I see him," Porpey menaces. "But he won't know himself when I get done with him."

It must be wonderful to have such vital resistance to compulsory culture; what zest there must be in life by virtue of a good grouch against that guy named Burke!

That treacle itself is a marine classic in American cookery in which the cap'n takes no undue pride. You would reasonably conjecture that it was molasses and butter boiled together; it is the liquor of the stewed raisins that mystifies you. There is also an unguessable pungency, something more than a dream of sugar mills sending a caramel breeze over the cane fields of Caribbean islands. I tasted it many times before I settled on what gave that tang. And then I was half shamefaced in getting Cap'n Goddy to confirm my guess. I finally challenged.

"It's pepper. You put black pepper in your treacle. Don't deny it." He looked at me, solemn and shocked.

"That's about it. Didn't really catch me doin' it, did ye? Well, the secret's out. Old Purkis' secret. He was terrible close about that same. Now spice, casher, clove an' such, even ginger, is contrary t' the nacher o' treacle. But a pinch, a speck an' a half, o' pepper—why, it does the trick. Don't it set you up? It 'ud make a stone hen lay a chiny egg."

There is something dead accurate about your able seaman. Had he square and compass, the cap'n couldn't score that pan of duff more precisely into equal sections with his butcher knife. Then he pours a little treacle, now delicately thickened, into the seams. This is the last touch. After an hour's contemplation in the open oven, the duff, still substantial and of this world, has attained to something which speaks of treasure islands, Moby Dick, the rattling of cordage and sunset sails.

This rare dish—among other things, it reveals the raisin in its glory—illustrates the sailor's economy. They didn't have all creation to work with and they didn't, aboard your East Indiaman, your whaler or even your tugboat, throw anything away. Most of all, it is a blend. Its separate elements pass insensibly one into another, and illustrious chefs assure us, if we do not already know it, that all distinctive dishes are good or bad to the degree that they are perfect or imperfect blends. Blend, indeed, is pretty nearly the whole consideration. The only thing, in fact, that we can think of which is a perfect success and is blended with nothing else, requires no fat, seasonings or sauce of any sort, is a diamond, well known for its indigestibility. After that comes hornblende, plumber's blend, cigars and cigarettes. Such a blend as we have in this pristine duff is usually spoiled the minute that cooks not in the tradition begin to tamper with it. They never let well enough alone.

There is a place, a tea room, so æsthetic that you have to be all bilious green before you go there; or you can just daub water colors all over yourself and pretend you have put in an exhausting day smoking, swimming and sketching. It is not a bad plan to go in your bathing clothes. Lots of them do. Outside, you can read in spraddling letters on a cubist poster, Plum Duff, 75 Cents. The lettering is all mixed up with the sketch of a pirate and what appears to be a clambake on the shore, palm trees thrown in.

Within, you can sit and smell the tidal mud and the old lobster garbage just out the window, while the whole room gets full of art and smoke. The plum duff comes to you in a jade-green gunny sack with buttons like coral butter plates—I mean that is what she wears, so far as she wears anything at all when she intenses it to you. That's what she does—intenses it. She has a lovely face, the kind that makes you so sorry for Russia.

Now any publisher who would print in a little pamphlet just what Cap'n Goddy said about that duff would get a million dollars—and a jail sentence. It is a biscuit, flavored with grated lemon peel and paregoric. With it comes fluffed-up egg yolk in a vanilla sauce. Unfortunately, it is not a statutory offense, and its creators will be allowed to die a natural death. But even I would hesitate at the measures Cap'n Goddy proposes. You should hear him tell about keelhauling. He never saw it, but his father did. All torn up, you were, by the barnacles, and you never got your breath for a week. I cannot picture it with his light, happy touch.

The New Bedford Millionaires

Four sirloin steaks, thick ones, cooked one on top of the other. And cooked, too, to save all the juices and to a uniform pinkness. Cap'n Goddy trims out the bones with the other blade, not the tobacco blade, of his jackknife. Moreover, he does this and the immediately subsequent operations along in the forenoon, in prospect of what he calls a buck supper, which is local for stag party.

"The man that taught me the ins an' outs of this was a deep-water man," says the cap'n. "He wanted his steaks pink, but not bloody. An' he wanted fried onions that didn't have no grease to 'em. So you might say he wanted what he couldn't get. But one day he came on a nigger that was white as a pond lily, up t' New Bedford, in a restaurant, jest opened up. That nigger'd run away from way out South. All that was before my day."

"Of course," you hasten to assure him. But you remark to yourself, as the sunlight strikes his tanned, chubby face and his merely grizzled hair, that his years sit lightly upon him. He is weathered, thoroughly seasoned, but not aged.

"That man—he was Cap'n Wingfield, an' he inherited a fortune that went back to whalin' days. He would have bought that colored boy at any price if so be he could 'a' done it that way. But he hired him f'r a cook, he kep' him twenty years an' lef' him money in his will. That nigger was th' kind o' cook that don't happen more'n once or twice in a generation. 'Twas this dish that showed him up to old Wingfield. An' that man knew what's what. He never ate a mouthful in his own house 'cept he had it off Injia dishes an' solid silver.

"I was took there as a lad with my father, just to go down cellar an' see the Madeiry bottles. They had necks six foot long an' bulbs t' the bottom that held I don't know how many quarts. They was in mahogany racks. All that wouldn't go very handy these days. I tell you the grandeur o' them New Bedford folks in whalin' times was somethin' wuth rememberin'. That's a side o' those days that ain't been talked about. Casks o' whale oil wan't the only casks they brought home. And them New Bedford men had millions long before most people ever s'posed they was such a thing as a million dollars. They just sat pretty, an' awful quiet.

"Well, this Cap'n Wingfield says to the nigger in this restaurant, 'This here steak is rare in spots an' burnt all th' rest the way. An' these onions is only so much scorched-up greasy shavin's.' He pushed his plate back an' got up, an' th' nigger says, 'Cap'n, take me t' yo' house. Show me th' tools. Han' me th' stuff, an' I'll cook yo' somethin' jes th' same as what th' angels eat. I sho' will!' This here was what he cooked."

Angel Food for Men

We do not answer for the angels; but speaking merely for men, we agree. It is a dish for your epicure. Not just a steak, but layers of steaks with the juices set and contained. He binds them in a package, without seasoning, ties them with a tape. He puts the trimmed-off fat and certainly a pound more of beef fat in a skillet. It sputters and begins to draw. Suddenly he moves it forward on the fire, and as it begins to smoke he hovers over it with the bundled steaks. The bundle goes in. There is a sensational spluttering, and he, untouched by the indignant fat that spurts, stands by to direct the eruption with a big spoon. He ladles the scorching grease all over the meat, he turns it, bathes it. It goes white, begins to brown. Lifted out, it is seared. That is all. Inside it is as raw as the first of March. To advance it from this stage to its pink-and-tender finish is the trick which Cap'n Goddy considers proof positive of a real cook. And it reaches that stage not smothered in onions, but snowed under, banked and buried in them, in a huge pan with a cover, in a very easy oven.

"It's th' same trick with the onions as with the steaks," he remarks. "Fryin' 'em till they're half done, then scaldin' away the grease with bilin' water, leaves 'em with all their juice inside; an' after that they cook in their own steam. Come out as clear as glass. An' tender? Tender don't describe 'em."

It is rather sensational to see about three quarts of half-fried onion rings take a shower bath in a colander under a teakettle of boiling water, as it is novel to think of allowing an hour to two hours cooking for a rare steak. There is something Chinese in the upside-down theory as well as in the finished dish. But it was never "outer China 'crost the bay!" More likely it is out of some seventeenth-century seigniorial kitchen that this miracle in meat came to these United States.

Lobsters and crabs have undoubtedly started more trouble in the kitchen and out of it than any other of the world's delicacies. Picking out lobster meat for other people to enjoy is in reality an act of charity regardless of the cook's wages. As for crab meat—well, the cap'n says he knew a cook that started to make crab salad for fifty people. He began when he was sixteen years old, several persons of the party succumbed to old age before he was half through and he finished with the last crab

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in his eighty-seventh year. There are things which I find it difficult to believe, but I see no reason to challenge his figures. A man less truthful than Cap'n Goddy would have said a hundred and seven years, not eighty-seven.

"Not that I hold with makin' everybody sit down to a pile o' lobsters," he explains, "an' a hammer an' a bottle o' pepper sauce. It makes such a tarnation mess. 'Tain't civilized, even if the summer folks does do it. Though they don't do s' much as they useter. Summer folks is cleaner than they useter be. An' clambakes on the shore. Probably I've done a hundred an' fifty of 'em. But I never eat a durned clam in the middle o' that hugger-mugger. I always took along a pie an' a drop o' soothin' sirup on my hip. An' ye needed it, what with sailin' o' them kids over t' Monomoy an' the pesterin' way everybody was tryin' to boss the job an' sand gettin' into th' butter. Lobsters an' clams are best done ole Injun; done ole Injun an' eat Sunday afternoon when you get home from meetin'."

That which troubles the chef de cuisine of a great hotel in regard to lobster is how to make it go around. The salad makers and pantrymen know only too well how to pose the claw meat on a lot of egg and lettuce to make it look like lobster through and through. Lobster Newburg can be nine-tenths egg and flour; and as for Lobster Thermidor, a chef is no chef at all who does not know how to mash bread crumbs in lobster fat for a filler. I have stood with a chef before eighty of the showiest plates of lobster that ever reddened the banquet table when he drew back and remarked with solemnity, "We should have this dish photographed. The picture will reveal more lobster than the original."

And yet—aside from all question of stretching the lobster's content of meat—there are things with which it seems naturally to combine. That one of these is green corn, and that together they could be prepared in the cap'n's tiny kitchen with a result redolent of all the exact perfume which goes with a clambake—something, indeed, to suggest the iodine-bearing smoke of that classic affair, a vision of sea gulls and surf—is a thing known probably to a goodly number of 'longshore New Englanders; but I am morally certain that except for Cap'n Goddy and a very few of his sort, this outstanding contribution to American cookery would have passed to oblivion.

The Art of Cooking Slowly

One of its prime ingredients is churchgoing. No question about that. Lest you, the cook, be tempted to lift the lid too soon and let the sacred vapors expend themselves, a more sacred and binding errand—something whereunto arriving you cannot get away for any trivial, worldly reason—is necessary. Even so, it is well to leave somebody at home to see that the stove slumbers along in slow meter.

Such a person at the cap'n's is a cousin, another Cap'n Cushman, whose name of Areunah is always shortened to Runy. He is lank and dreamy and has only two fingers to his left hand. He says it's funny about that. He sat for two days on an iceberg off Newfoundland years ago, and was very glad to sit there too. He thawed large comfortable holes in the ice. Yet it was his hands that froze. Cap'n Goddy puts a polar bear on that ice floe; but Areunah declares his eyesight never was the equal of Goddy's, and that he seems to have missed a lot of the sights in their voyagings. He takes care not to miss, however, any more than he can help of his old pal's cooking. And sits dozing on the steps, his pipe gone out and the warm glare off the water putting him to sleep.

He is not unmindful, however, during the hours that Cap'n Goddy and Porpey are absent, to haul himself rheumatically to his feet and put a few chips or a bit of green oak to the fire. The oven he does not venture to open.

Lobsters Done Ole Injun

"I don't grasp the fine p'ints o' cookin'," he wheezes. "In fact, I'm an eater, not a cook. Cap'n Goddy, he nearly cooked his wives t' death—both of 'em. But his sufferin's was terrible. His first wife was schemin' an' she had a poison tongue. She made him bank all his money in her name an' then she up an' made a will an' left it all to her sister. When she died, her sister got back from th' grave an' before she took her bunnit off she yells to th' cap'n, 'How much did ye pay th' preacher?' 'Ten dollars,' says he. 'That's five dollars too much, an' the other five pays for th' weddin'.' 'Whose weddin'?' says Goddy. 'Ours,' says she. 'Right off. Tomorrow.' He had a few hours' grace an' he come over t' see me. I seen he was in the clutches an' says I, 'Do it. The Lord's always on the side o' the hunted down an' persecuted. You'll outlive her.' An' I was right. They was eight tough years f'r th' cap'n. He like to froze t' death. 'Twarn't no use f'r him to lay in fuel; she wouldn't let him burn it. Kep' herself warm runnin' th' sewin' machine. By tripe, she could make it whiz! You'd think 'twas all th' mills in Fall River. Goddy useter tell how th' cat tried sittin' on th' stove till it give him chilblains in th' tail."

The oven that has harbored its secret these many hours at last gives forth, and the bird's-eye view when a big inverted pan is lifted is that of blackened, soggy masses of seaweed.

Under this mass are the body shells of lobsters, separated from the weed by a layer of paper that the cap'n has carefully greased. They rest in a smaller, shallower pan, which is banked and embedded in more seaweed. Each lobster looks corpulent beyond what is natural; a lobster that ought to reduce and is going to begin right away. All its meat, in sections, with the fat; and green corn, slit and shaved from the cob, is in that lobster.

Those hours and hours under that hot, invigorating, steamy blanket have combined the corn milk and the lobster fat and juice into something entirely new. That the lobsters must have been precooked in sea water is the cap'n's only stipulation as to seasoning. That there shall be melted butter to spoon over it is enough.

"The Injuns never invented this," says Areunah. "You can't prove they ever eat lobster. Where'd they get th' traps? Tell me that."

"They give th' early settlers the tip on smotherin' clams in seaweed," says the cap'n. "An' I s'pose th' settlers thought they might as well see how it would work with lobster too."

And it seems reasonable to call this and certain other precious antiques in the department of American cookery old Injun. Is not the fireless cooker a joint bequest of aboriginal Americans to a later civilization, for did it not come to us from its beginnings of the hole-in-the-ground smothering of game, fish, corn, as practiced by the Delawares and Pequots, the Iroquois and notably the Narragansets, who in King Philip's day were advanced enough in several arts—cookery included—to astonish the encroaching whites? Corn, coarse ground, scorched and steeped, was a beverage among them and became a coffee substitute for our great-grandsires a century or so ago, before it went to the laboratory and got a diploma and was issued in packages that go around the world—even to Mocha and Java.

"Now there's boneless shad," says Cap'n Goddy. "All you do is smother it hours an' hours in a good, convincin' oven. Th' bones go to jelly. That was another Injun trick. Aunt Tom, as they used t' call her, that lived up by Hawk Pond. She useter do shad that way; she was a cook from the old times. There was somethin' curious about Aunt Tom too; very queer."

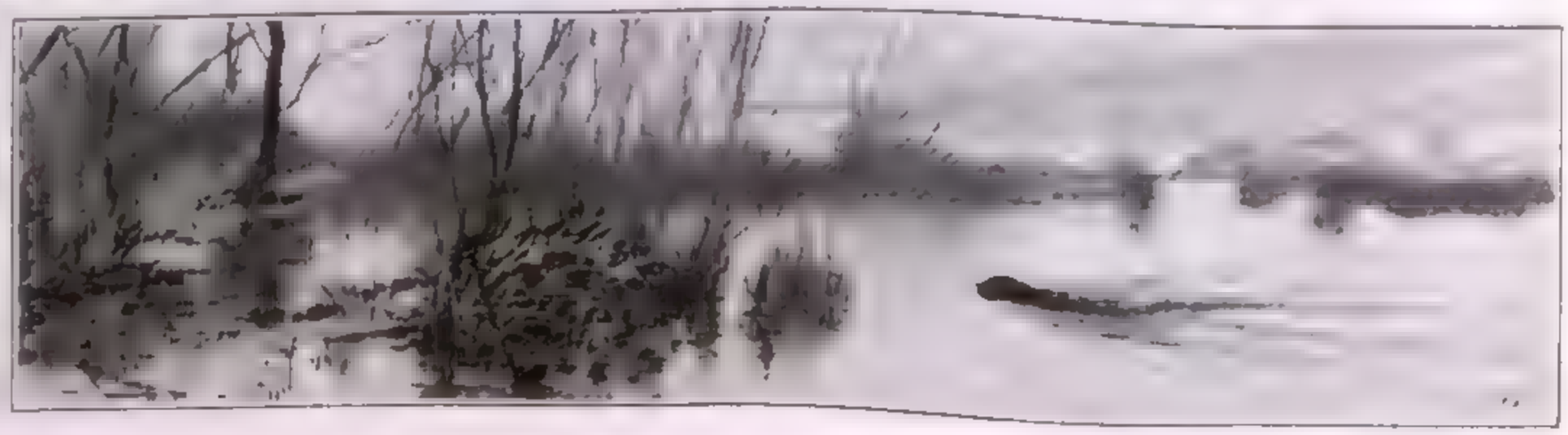
When he leads up with that phrase there is a story forthcoming. He is best around twilight. It may be Aunt Tom, or Peter Bellingham's no-bottom well, or an exhaustless store of tales from water front and deep water; but with the bittern winging homeward, the marsh hawk skimming the bog and at last the lighthouses winking from the horizon, Cap'n Goddy's tales take on the nature of lore and history and parable. He pauses often, scratches a match, and Porpey's bulk in a comfortable hunch will be suddenly revealed.

A Cookbook Inanity

Porpey says he can hear the same ones over and over. He shivers just the same. And you eat a doughnut; or a dozen doughnuts, reaching for them in the dark from a handy plate. They have an undreamed-of quality and a flavor that a French pastry chef would call a nuance. It isn't nutmeg, but the little angel of nutmeg. It is from blade mace cooked in the milk that wets the dough. And cap'n makes them so soft it takes a wide-blade knife to carry them to the fat. Another proprietary bit of technic is putting boiling water instead of ice water to his pie crust.

"There's just two kinds o' water on board ship," he explains, "or there useter be in my day; boilin' water an' rum an' water. An' a sea cook, a good one, knows that pie crust is crisper an' keeps better made with boilin' water. You won't find it in th' cookbooks. I know that. I read a cookbook from beginning to end. An' it kep' on a-sayin', 'set on th' fire an' stir.' An' I want t' know who'n hell wouldn't stir if he set on th' fire? I wisht you'd tell me who."

Period rooms. Assembled treasures. An ardent collector bought a Bennington-ware pudding dish from Cap'n Goddy. She has it on a butterfly table in a waxed-pine room and it holds pastel-shaded flowers. Empty sophistication. You see, it is the inside of the cup that never goes with the sale. That dish used to hold Indian pudding of a soul-searching variety. Cap'n Goddy says, step inside a minute if you're a God-made cook and he'll tell you the secret: "Boil the meal in cider first."



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ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 30)

have successful literary products in recent years. Authors looking at things from this angle see nothing for the great soul in our society save starvation and provocation to revolt. The other point of view is that of the searcher for whatever good he can find. I have something intellectual in common with those who dissect only to condemn; but when I come to look over our community life calmly, with the desire to tell the truth, I find myself unable to be a full-length, whole-cloth satirist. There is so much that is good in any community if one only gives it its true value.

Take Mason City, for instance. It was a typical community of the sort now often held up to ridicule and condemnation; but I, coming to the town from below, and searching for light and leading, found it there. I discovered in Mason City the same scattered jewels of character, ability and unselfish devotion to those ideals which are essential to the preservation of civilization that I have since always encountered in the circles called intellectual. Mason City and New York are very like. If a comparison could be made, it would be, I feel sure, favorable to Mason City, or to any similar town out in the sticks.

If I had left the place or left Wesley in a fit of disgust at it all, gone to some university, written miscellany for the magazines for a few years, lived in some intellectual hotbed where cerebration was forced with the steam heat of an advanced-thought central plant into the flowering out of lovely but diseased bloom, and then come back to Mason City or Sioux City to draw my picture of Midwest life, I should have found nothing good—for I should not have been looking for it. As for myself, I had to have this good or perish, and I found it. If it had been nonexistent, as some of our present-day diagnosticians would have us think, I should have perished.

My own later revolt against our system of collective life was based on my high estimate of the good in our present system, and the yearning to take away the barriers that hamper the growth of our inherent beneficent tendencies. Our other friends seem to be prone to shut their eyes to the good, and impliedly to demand the destruction of a thing which is sound in the main, that an experimental governmental machine may be installed; when all we need to do is to give health to our social organism so that it may grow through self-nourishment. My attitude has always been one of admiration for what the human race has done for itself and confidence in what it might accomplish without convulsive revolt; theirs, it seems to me, is one of contempt for the one and distrust of the other. In 1884 I had no such philosophy worked out; but my intellectual posture was the same. Even in the desert of Wesley I found a few oases.

The Small-Town Forum

My room in the Sherman House was bare, cold and uncomfortable, and the schoolhouse was still more so. I therefore spent most of my evenings in the lobby with the loungers, such traveling men as were unable to get out of town, and the business men of the village. Every one of these knew all about the affairs of everyone else; anatomy of both finances and character went on ceaselessly; the intercourse had all the good-natured unmorality of the small town; it was human nature displayed in the rough. It was well worth absorption and study. I doubt if any period of my life has been of greater value to me as a lawyer, a writer, and finally as a financier, than those two years spent in Wesley.

There were the farmers contending against their unrelenting foe, a spotty and water-logged soil, succeeding and failing as farmers do everywhere, complaining as you would if you were farming; but finally, such of them as could make the riffle, winning through to the better times of tile drains and ditches and the worse times of swollen land values—out of which latter the villagers, some of them, made fortunes.

I can see this village group as though it were only yesterday that I left them. There was F. M. Butts, bitterly disappointed when he found out that I was a Republican instead of the Democrat he had thought me; but always sticking by me for all that. He was conservatively operating his general-merchandise establishment, and beginning in his small exchange business to lay the foundations of the bank, which in the more spacious time which was coming he left to his son, whom he had trained for it. I wonder if Butts saw the development in the future. There was the village humorist, George Lawson, the competitor of Butts in trade, always shedding sunshine as he flew through the village on his one leg, taking two hops on his foot to one stride of the crutch.

I warmed to him when I first saw him in a characteristic colloquy with Carl Oleson, our station agent.

"How's that freight train east, Carl?" he asked. "I've got some stuff to go out on it."

"It's laid up at Algona," answered Carl. "This blizzard was too much for it."

Borrowing a Little Glory

"Blizzard!" exclaimed George. "This wouldn't be a blizzard to a real railroad. Why, man, I can take a bag of feathers any time and go over north of the tracks and let 'em blow across this road and tie up any train on it! That's the kind of a road it is. Well, let me know along toward spring when she pulls through, Carl."

And off hopped George to his store.

There was Carl Oleson, that very important man, the station agent in a village which was scarcely more than what we used to call in that country a hay switch. Carl was a Scandinavian whose crooked back was higher than his head as he sat at the telegraph key which he could make talk so effectively—a good, honest, able chap, with whom I roomed at the Sherman House and whose physical disability was all that kept him from high place in the railway field.

There were John Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson, who made so good a home for me after I left the Sherman House. He was a carpenter, and a faithful follower of the Son of the carpenter, as was his wife. I wonder where they are. And there was the Methodist preacher, who was also a carpenter, and very largely with his own hands built the village church, for which I organized concerts and made rimes as take-offs for "the reverend." He had the anti-Methodist notion that a church steeple ought to be surmounted by a cross. The congregation vetoed this idea; but the preacher had his way, to the scandal of the congregation and the mirth of the community; for though he followed orders and put a weather vane on the spire, he formed it without much point or tail, and fixed it so firmly on its shaft that it would not turn with the wind. So there it stood, a cross after all—a most Machiavellian trick!

And speaking of Machiavelli reminds me of Frank Hume, the lumber dealer, and the way I won him from his opposition to me; for there is always politics in a town like Wesley in giving out of a great position, paying out seventy-five dollars a month. Mr. Hume was mildly against me because, I think, Butts was for me. This attitude was not so strong, however, as to prevent his sitting down at dinner at my table in the hotel dining room one day. I had the Journal of Education spread out before me and had just finished reading in it an article in praise of the educational work and the educational philosophy of the Rev. Robert Herbert Quick, then the head of one of the great British public schools. He was referred to as a great light in education. The Journal referred to him as "Mr. Quick."

"Just look that over," said I, handing Frank the paper and pointing to the article.

He read it, turned the paper over to see what sort of sheet it was, saw the "Boston" on it; and looked at me with surprise, and, I thought, an increment of respect.

"Boston paper, I see," said he.

"Yes," said I: "and perhaps the highest educational authority in this country. A very high-class publication, Mr. Hume. Out here, though, a high standing in the world of thought doesn't seem to do a fellow much good."

"I suppose that's so," Mr. Hume admitted. "But it's a nice thing to know that the big fellows back East think well of you, after all."

"Yes," said I; "it may mean a good deal in the way of advancement in the future."

How shockingly immoral! But I remarked the fact that Mr. Hume's attitude toward me was much more respectful and friendly thereafter. I think he was dazed into favoring me.

There was Fred Anderson, too, who was the chief and only clerk in Butts' store. He put me in the papers. There was a girl in the case—a lovely young friend of mine. Fred has since gone up in county politics, has had his turn at county office and done well generally. He then wielded the power of the Wesley correspondent of the Upper Des Moines, one of the best county weeklies in Iowa; as it should have been, since it was edited by Harvey Ingham, now editor of the Register of Des Moines; and that means that he has gone to the top. His little weekly paper in Algona was then weaning him from the law. In fact, I was made the subject of an exchange of jokes between Fred Anderson and the correspondent at Irvington or Luverne. I didn't like this; but my friend Anderson knew it was doing me no harm. It is better in a county like Kossuth to be a joke than nothing at all. I remember how Fred looked as he stood behind his counter and laughed at me as I begged him to let up on his airing of my private affairs.

The Erudite Doctor

Not much here that was literary, or satisfactory to a young man who meant to be a writer, even though his works were still heroically unwritten, one will think. Yet I was not quite without bookish companionship. There was, for instance, that young lady who taught the primary grades one year, who could talk poetry, and was so angry at me for praising Don Juan that she read it through; and was not afterwards any the less friendly. And soon after arriving in Wesley I found the village doctor.

I had seen a remarkable-looking man about the place and in the lobby of the Sherman House, and I had heard a doctor spoken of; but I had not associated him with his profession. He was a huge man, upward of six feet high, roughly dressed, with a dark woolen shirt, the rolled collar of which was hidden at the sides by huge, blond, unkempt Dundreary whiskers, between which the chin was stubbled with a few days' growth of beard. We fell into the casual conversation of the stove side. His voice was low and guttural; but there was something in his pronunciation and accent which excited my curiosity. The pronunciation and the diction were that of a well-educated, cultured man. The accent was that of an Englishman of the better classes. Either then or soon after, Wilkie Collins' novels were mentioned. I hesitated for the name of a character.

"I think you mean Doctor Benjulia," said he. "Well-drawn character, that."

I soon found that the doctor knew apparently all about English as well as French literature; much more than I knew. I should have felt that I had found an affinity, save for the reserve whereby he

Tougher than a cross-word puzzle

HER boss left town last night, and she is trying in vain to make out one vital word in a memo he left on her desk. Perhaps her failure will cost the firm a good customer—but it will not be her fault.

Business memos should never be hand-written. They should be coronatyped, and the writer should keep a carbon copy.

The business man who keeps a Corona on his desk, finds dozens of uses for it daily. It saves a lot of dictating and makes possible an early getaway.

The new Corona Four with standard keyboard costs only $60 cash. You can rent or buy on easy monthly payments. Look for Corona in your phone book or write Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 117 Main St., Groton, N. Y.

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Without gasoline or fire mend a 17-inch blowout or a pinhole in a few moments. Las-Stik becomes self-vulcanized by heat from driving. It cannot then be torn off with pliers without tearing the tube itself. Strong, elastic, sure, simple, inexpensive. Complete outfit 50c at dealers'. Repair all kinds of casings. Use 2 or 3 layers.

Las-Stik TUBE PATCH

Dealers write for successful Las-Stik Merchandising plan.

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Thin..crispy..sugar shells *"stuft"* with pure..luscious fruit-jams.. ..nuts *and* Marmalades!.....

DELICIOUS! Your vacation flirtation with Diana "Stuft" Confections will surely develop into a lifelong love. Take it along when you motor or picnic—use Diana "Stuft" Confections for every summer social occasion. Ideal for those dainty summertime luncheons. Give the children all they want.

Since we originated Diana "Stuft" Confections they have gained millions of admirers who all say there is no candy so ideally suited to every summertime candy appetite.

Sugar shells are easy to make. But to get them paper-thin and stuff them to overflowing with pure fruit-jams, nuts and marmalades—Bunte does that best. We make our own fruit-jams—so we know how good they are.

Diana "Stuft" Confections and the 1200 other Bunte Candies are all fathered by the same high ideal—the Bunte Golden Quality Creed. For almost fifty years we have daily remembered that Bunte Candies are made for someone to eat—and have worked accordingly.

The good stores everywhere carry Diana "Stuft" Confections. Be sure. Look for the Bunte trade-mark name on the 2½, 4½, 9 and 16 ounce purity jar, or the tidy tin holding 2, 3 or 5 pounds. Each package contains twenty-one varieties of candy. Keep some on hand at home. The packages are air-tight. The candy reaches you as fresh as the day it left the kettle.

BUNTE BROTHERS, Est. 1876, *World-Famous Candies*, Chicago

DIANA "STUFT" Confections

In glass Jars
4½ oz. 30¢;
9 oz. 50¢;
16 oz. 75¢.

Bunte
Golden Quality
CANDIES

In Air-tight Tins
2 lbs. $1.25;
3 lbs. $1.80;
5 lbs. $2.50.

Slightly higher prices west of Rockies and far South

limited our conversation to the impersonal, and to the field of bookish chat. I had at least found a most enjoyable person with whom to pass an occasional hour.

There came to me at Wesley a message from Klinefelter, my discoverer, that the county superintendents of schools of some territory called the Northern District of Iowa would meet in convention at Okoboji from July seventh to July thirteenth inclusive; and that I was requested to appear and lead the discussion of a paper by Prof. W. H. Cobb, of Northwood, on Teaching as a Means of Self-Culture. This honor came to me without doubt through my friend Kline. I assume that when Frank Hume, our Wesley lumber dealer, heard of it, any doubts he might have entertained as to my being the Quick praised in the Journal of Education were dissipated.

If there was any aspect of the profession or occupation of teaching with which I might have been presumed to be familiar, it was that phase of it which related to self-culture; for I had entered it for the sole purpose of educating myself, rather than of doing the poor children any good. I accepted the position on the program of the county superintendents' convention, however, not for the purpose of enlightening that body on my cultured methods, but of meeting "the fellows," as Klinefelter suggested. I met "the fellows," and the meeting was one of those catalytic things which playful destiny throws into one's life just to see what will happen. It is only in retrospect that one can see a part of the result, and never more than a part. I know, however, that if I had not met Major A. W. Clancy there among "the fellows," I should never have become a lobbyist at Des Moines and I should never have been the law partner of Joseph S. Lawrence in Sioux City. If I had not there met W. F. Stoner, I should never have so nearly attained the fulfillment of Grandma Coleman's prophecy that I would have to be some kind of patent-right man as to have gone out inducing school boards to adopt in their schools certain textbooks published by the house represented by him. We never know where any step will take us, do we? One alights from his car to look at the view, and in a chance word dropped by a stranger at his side finds the influence which sends him overseas or to strange realms of earth or fancy, and makes over his life.

Chagrin for the Boy Orator

I was immensely impressed by the fact that I was to address a gathering of such great men as the county superintendents of Iowa. Moreover, State Superintendent John W. Akers was to be there, and that C. W. von Coelln, of Des Moines, who had forced the disclosure of the date of my nineteenth birthday. Not only was I impressed but I was a little terrified. So I made sure, I thought, that there should be no failure on my part. I wrote my address in full. I then committed it to memory. I planned every act of my appearance. I would rise, step forward, glance calmly about at the sea of faces, and deliberately at first, but with rising passion and accelerated diction as the theme took hold of me, I would give those educators—I did not know that a third of the crowd would be schoolbook agents—a treatment of Teaching as a Means of Self-Culture which would send them away thinking and asking each other who the gangling and tow-headed rube from Wesley, who clearly was a coming man, could possibly be.

I knew, said I to myself, exactly what I was about. The fact that I met, two days before my speech, a most intelligent maiden lady from Des Moines who allowed me to take her boating on West Okoboji Lake; that on coming into port I had found myself somehow the coöccupant of a hammock with a young lady from the same city, of the class which now would be called flappers, and had sat with her while the constellations swung majestically down into the west; that next day the mature young lady was frigid to me, not to say cryogenic; that I had gone on some fishing excursions; and that all these and other dissipations had taken the mind of the rising young educator from Wesley from his speech may have accounted for the fact that when I rose to speak I could not think of a single word of the infernal thing. Kline sat there in agony as his discovery halted, boggled, turned all colors, I have no doubt, and finally reached clumsily into the pocket of his nice clay-worsted coat, pulled out the manuscript and haltingly read the stuff.

Did Kline denounce, condemn or even reprove me for making a mess of the address which, after vouching for me, he had given me the opportunity of making? Not he! He congratulated me; and his report of the affair in the Mason City papers stated that after Professor Cobb's "thoughtful and scholarly paper" came "a paper on the same subject by Mr. Quick of Wesley in which the reflex effect of the teacher's training as exerted upon the future condition of society was presented with a striking originality and force." Trust old Kline to cluster about a friend in trouble! And he insisted, in his comforting comments to me on the episode, that no man not possessed of an iron nerve would have been able to rally from his aphasia, exhume that paper and get away with it as I did. I needed all the comfort he could give me.

A Brief Career as Book Agent

The schoolbook agents were a new sort of persons to me, and they were here in strength. Their task, for which they were well paid, was to cultivate the county superintendents, principals and teachers, as well as the school boards, so as to be able to protect the interests of their publishing houses in holding the territory in which their textbooks were already in use and to secure adoptions where they were not. They were a smooth, able, diplomatic group of gentlemen, who knew everything to be known about schools, and much of the unknown. Perhaps the most impressive and resourceful of them was that Major A. W. Clancy just mentioned, an elegant, suave person, clad in the best of tailoring, who had an attack made more difficult to resist by that empty sleeve of smoothest broadcloth. At that time he represented Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., if my memory serves me correctly.

Jonathan Piper was one of these schoolbook men who had a really important influence in educational matters, and in the politics which is always generated by the great financial interests concerned in the matter of selling textbooks to every parent in the country. Few people understand the powers enlisted in the publication of schoolbooks. Piper was a really big man. W. F. Hoig was a handsome, blond personage who belonged in the diplomatic service. O. J. Laylander was at the Okoboji convention as a teacher; but before long the book publishers took him to themselves; and in the group was the bluff, hearty, forceful W. F. Stoner, the representative of Porter & Coates of Philadelphia.

How Mr. Stoner, unless Klinefelter suggested it, conceived the notion that I would make a good schoolbook man I have no idea; but he approached me with the proposition that I should take a position under him. He thought I could go out into the rural districts, where there was a prevalent confusion in the textbooks in use, and secure adoptions. If I could, the profits would make my salary as a teacher look rather small. This placed me in a dilemma. I doubted my ability to sell books; but Mr. Stoner suggested that this was a different sort of thing from ordinary canvassing. I could talk schoolbooks as an expert. I could do the schools a lot of good by bringing order out of textbook chaos. He showed me the line of books published by his house and made an excellent selling talk to me.

I was in doubt because I had once for a short time been a book agent. Once on the farm in Grundy County a man named Kuhl had talked me first into buying a book

(Continued on Page 141)

Important — is the *choice of lumber* in home building

YEARS AGO, with one primary purpose in mind, The Long-Bell Lumber Company made its decision to trade-mark the lumber and timbers it produced: To identify *maximum lumber value* as against "just lumber."

Long-Bell products have been sold and used in constantly increasing volume because Long-Bell production has maintained that standard of maximum value which justifies the manufacturer's name on every piece.

The *choice* of lumber is important. It goes into homes and buildings which must stand the buffets of time. Durable construction demands good lumber.

To give such lumber values, exacting production standards are followed in all Long-Bell plants. From the first operation on, the aim of every skilled workman is *maximum building value*. Today, with its advantageous experiences of fifty years in the business, the company produces trade-marked lumber and timbers *dependable for the best construction*.

Your local retail lumber dealer can supply Long-Bell trade-marked lumber. Ask for it.

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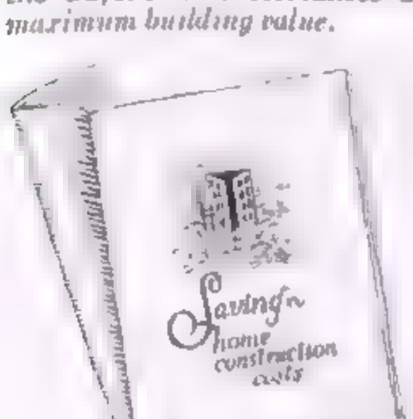
Douglas Fir

Long-Bell production of Douglas Fir lumber and timbers follows high standards. Skilled supervision in modern manufacturing plants at Longview, Wash.—virgin timber from the world's greatest fir region—the trade-mark on every piece—here are the buyer's best assurances of *maximum building value*.



Going to Build? Read This Booklet

Every prospective home builder should have a copy of this interesting booklet, "Saving Home Construction Costs". We will send it complimentary if you will write for it.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. Long Bldg. *Lumbermen Since 1875* Kansas City, Mo.

LONG-BELL *Trade-Marked* LUMBER

Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors.

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

A new idea for your informal parties
a buffet supper of KELVINATED FOODS

Guests may enjoy your entertainment, but they *remember* the refreshments you serve. Recall the parties you have enjoyed most. Isn't it true that an *unusual* repast has been the crowning event of the evening in every case?

Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration will help you make *your* parties events to be remembered. Kelvinated foods are unusual.

Think of being able to serve dainty *chilled* salads instead of ordinary ones. Think of cooling your beverages with cubes of sparkling *colored* ice rather than plain cracked ice. Imagine sherbets, frappes and other frozen delicacies, prepared without ice, that cannot be duplicated except with Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration.

Kelvinator can be placed in your own refrigerator. Its dry, frosty cold, will "crisp up" your salads, keep your fruits and vegetables temptingly fresh, and enable you to serve cold foods *cold*. It will add many new and unusual foods to your menu.

It will keep your refrigerator constantly cold and will free you from the uncertainty of ice delivery. Phone your local Kelvinator dealer, or write to us for information.

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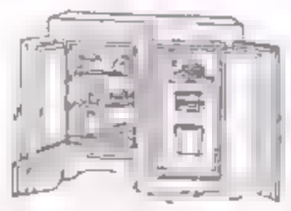
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 510 West Pitt Street, Windsor (150) © K. C. 1925

The ZONE *of* KELVINATION

Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration chills a refrigerator by means of a freezing unit that is many degrees colder than ice. This unit not only keeps the air cold, but makes it dry and frosty as well. This zone of crisp cold is the Zone of Kelvination.

Kelvinated Foods

Foods kept in the pure cold air of the Zone of Kelvination really get better. Meats become tender, mellow and flavory. Green vegetables regain the crispness they have when fresh from the garden. All perishable foods are chilled to a point where deterioration practically stops, and they remain fresh indefinitely.



Fits any Refrigerator

Kelvinator can be installed in any good refrigerator. It requires but a short time to make the installation and the necessary electric connection and from that time on you simply *forget* it. Your refrigerator actually keeps itself cold.

The Kelvin-et—$250

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The Kelvin-et is a compact refrigerating unit for small homes and apartments, priced at $250 f. o. b. Detroit. It is Kelvinator and refrigerator, all in one. It is delivered to your home like an ordinary refrigerator, and requires only an electric connection. The Kelvin-

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Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

Continued from Page 138

called Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms, and then, seeing that I was easy, into becoming an agent; and sold me all the books he had at a reduced price. I remembered the agony I endured as I tried to sell these stock book canvassers' wares. I had to sell them or go into bankruptcy. Finally I had closed them out at a loss. Years after, when I was just beginning my law career in Sioux City, I ran across a man with two little black eyes set close to the bridge of a beaky nose and with a beard like a minor prophet, who was working on the books of a transfer company in the town of my adoption. I recognized him as Kuhl. I was in need of acquaintances, and mentioned to him the fact that he had once made me an agent for Hill's Manual. He looked up, dodged, though really I had made no move whatever to hit him, and hurriedly went out.

I never saw him again. Whether he decamped because his sin had found him out I never knew. If he did, he overestimated my resentment. All I wanted of him was the law business of his firm.

In spite of this experience, I closed with Mr. Stoner and went out to sell schoolbooks. The plan, of course, was not to sell them direct, but to talk to members of school boards, convince them of the benefits of uniformity in books in schools where such uniformity did not exist, arrange to substitute my books for the old ones so far as the rules of the publishers would permit, secure a board meeting, and so manage that the necessary resolution should be passed. I was rather surprised at my own success, and Klinefelter was overjoyed. Within a month I had earned as much as a half year's salary as principal of the Wesley schools. I really don't know how I did it. The first two or three townships were easy. I selected those in which I was well acquainted in Cerro Gordo County.

At last I found a township in which the president of the school board refused to call a meeting to consider the matter of a change in books. So I went about talking with the members of the board and getting them to sign a request for such a meeting. In due time I went back to the president with the signatures of a majority of the board.

Back to Teaching

"Well," said he, "you've beat me. I'll call the meeting."

"Why," said I in perfect sincerity, "I don't see how you can say I've beaten you. All the meeting is for is just to confer and consider the matter."

"They're for your scheme or they wouldn't have bothered to sign that paper!" was his answer.

And sure enough they were; but I was so innocent that I had not known it. I was very much encouraged by this success. Here was a way around the barrier which loomed up before me in the teaching profession. If I could succeed in the schoolbook business my way was clear. I should soon have a state under my supervision. I remembered Major Clancy, Hoig, Piper, Stoner, Eaton and the rest of the schoolbook fraternity, their evident prosperity, their power, their good clothes, their fine apartments in hotels. I should take my place among them. The barrier was practically passed.

And then something happened. I received word that Porter & Coates were taking their agents off the road. I cannot now remember the exact status into which the business of schoolbook publication passed at that time; but it was one of the phases which resulted in the formation of the American Book Company. The business of Porter & Coates was taken over. Mr. Stoner was taken care of in the new merger, but I was out of it. I had just taken a nibble at the feast when the banquet was called off.

There was nothing for me but to go back to teaching. I did this; but I did it with the determination to take up something else very soon. Time pressed, I thought, for I was twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

I resolved to leave Wesley, go to Mason City, enter some law office and study law, making my living by selling insurance or in some other way. I would leave a profession in which I was, by my limited education, barred from any real success. I would go into one in which ignorance was no handicap—the legal profession. I was not yet ready for that other refuge for the unschooled and uninformed—the writing trade.

As I look back over my life I am always finding circumstances which diverted the current of living and changed my life. With me there have been many such watersheds of circumstance, because, I suppose, I have been such an inveterate opportunist. This schoolbook merger was one of these things. I know I should have succeeded in the business. I had already shown that I had the faculty of handling its factors. If the merger system had not then for a few years shut off competition, I should no doubt have been a successful representative of these publishers. I should have learned by one device or another to handle teachers, superintendents, school boards and, finally, legislatures. Probably I should have thought different thoughts and lived a life on a plane quite alien to that I have occupied. Altogether, I am not sorry that the employment ended when it did. At my age it is all one can expect when one looks back at such things to be able to say "It's just as well."

Running for Office

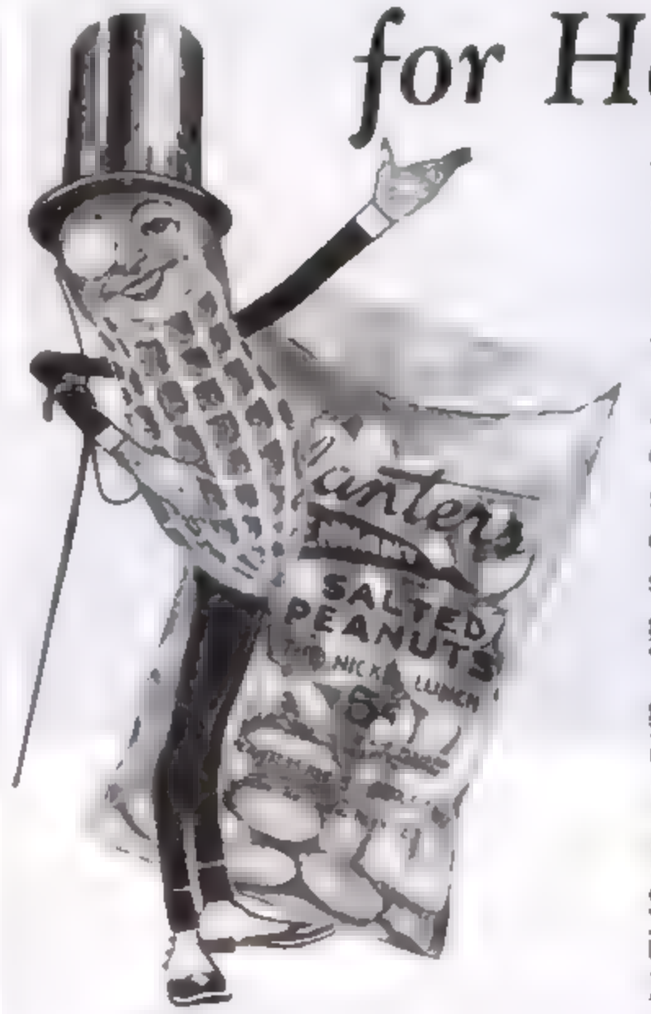
Forty years ago the young man of ambition among us who became in any manner prominent was very likely sooner or later to find himself running for office. That's what we called it in Iowa. I believe in New England they call it standing for office; but one had to do much more than stand to get anywhere in Iowa in his effort to devote himself to the public good. I have run for office several times, and once or twice I have merely been a candidate. Now why? Why, in those days—and in many communities now—did such young men as myself regard county, town or other office as a thing worth seeking? My experience at Wesley in Kossuth County may give an inside view of this matter from my way of looking at it.

I had not yet determined to leave the county when I became a candidate for county superintendent of schools. That is, I had my name placed before the Republican County Convention as willing to accept the nomination, and a nomination was equivalent to an election.

In those days such offices were eagerly sought by men in positions like mine. The ablest men in the younger group were literally forced to look at officeholding as a means of advancement. It is the same in many places yet; but it must be remembered that very few of our boys then went to college to be trained for the work of their lives. They developed their life work out of their immediate surroundings. The holders of public office received salaries which seem small to us; but they were larger than now as compared with those of employes of business houses. I suppose that those of county auditors, county clerks, county treasurers and county recorders were larger than the pay of most bank cashiers and vice presidents; and the offices gave to their holders a very valuable acquaintance not only with the people of the entire county but with business opportunities, and especially with the inside of the land business, on which most of our fortunes were founded. They had to do with the payment of taxes for nonresidents: and when such owners grew weary of holding lands and were ready to sell at a low price, some county officer was in position not only to buy low but often to have the land sold before making his purchase. There was nothing very reprehensible in this according to the ethics then prevailing, though

"The Nickel Lunch"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

for Hot Days



Too hot to eat? Never! Not if it's Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts. Big, golden whole kernels—crisp—salted—hunger-provoking.

And they are the most nutritious of foods. Each plump peanut specially selected for size—each one a little storehouse of wholesome nourishment. Irresistibly good prepared the Planters way. Tantalizing—flavory—easily digested. The best of lunches for hot days. In 5c bags on counters everywhere.

But, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the Planters name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

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PENNANT
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the Eastern speculator would, of course, have had another code to apply.

I did not know the details of the manner in which the public officers used their offices to establish themselves as our county aristocracy of wealth and prestige; but I had lived under our frontier conditions all my life, and had seen the results. I had seen the big men among us growing in wealth and power as they held office and after their retirement. The student of local history will find among the prominent families of the 80's and 90's the men who held the county offices in the 60's and 70's, and their children. I think that the golden days of officeholding were passing when I ran for county superintendent of Kossuth County; but I could not be supposed to know that. Anyhow I think I was correct in thinking that if I won it would be a distinct step forward for me, and if I lost, as I expected to do, I should have gained in acquaintance and should be in no way disgraced. This is an inside view of office seeking in Northern Iowa in 1885, when I was not quite twenty-four years old.

In Harvey Ingham's weekly paper, the Upper Des Moines, in the issue of September 2, 1885, appeared this announcement:

"I am a candidate for the office of superintendent of schools, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

"J. H. QUICK"

Mr. Ingham probably wrote the comment in the same paper, and in the expression "shies his castor," as compared with the English in his writing in 1925, we have a gauge of the advancement which Harvey has made since then as a writer:

"J. H. Quick of Wesley," says the old U. D. M., "this week shies his castor into the ring and becomes a candidate for county superintendent, subject, however, to the action of the Republican convention. Mr. Quick, though not as old a resident of the county as the other candidates, has shown much ability as a teacher and has prominently identified himself with the educational interests. He is a thorough Republican, and should he be the choice of the convention, would doubtless make a strong run."

Impressing Mr. Ingham

Very mild, if not faint praise, this. Just about what the editor of the organ would say as a justification for supporting a candidate should he be nominated. The incident, however, brought Harvey Ingham into my circle of acquaintances, and finally into that of my real friends. I have seen him grow year by year in power and insight and breadth, until he stands as a great force for liberal and straight thinking and for moral action not only among the people of Iowa but of the whole Midwest. I have asked him if he remembers me as I appeared at that time.

"My recollection of you," he writes, "was as you came into the office to say that you were going to run for superintendent. I can see you distinctly as you appeared then. Of course, this is its own comment on your personality. For literally thousands came and went, and I do not have the slightest recollection of any of them. Hudson tells us that we remember what we see emotionally. There must be something about the individual to arouse some feeling as we meet him, or his image passes, like the image of a casually seen house. What is it about the man of mark that you see it in him at the first glance? How few men of real distinction do we meet that we do not feel it at the time. In any event, real personality will impress itself in some way, and we remember striking figures."

As to the question concerning the man of mark, I give it up. And all that Harvey says about this first meeting is that there was something—he is careful not to say what—which impressed him emotionally. There are many emotions, among them the sense of the sublime, the ludicrous, the grand and exalted. Harvey doesn't say which of these or of several others I excited. I have not filed any motion for a more specific statement. Let us pass on.

I was not nominated. In fact, the convention was in no way embarrassed by my candidacy. The Wesley delegation and one or two adjacent townships voted for me. I remember one phase of this convention which shows how the Civil War spirit still persisted. When the last candidate was under consideration a delegate rose to name his man.

Well Wishes From Wesley

"I want to state to the convention," said he, "that my candidate is an old soldier. And I want to state the startling fact that we have almost completed our ticket, and have not put on it the name of a single old soldier!"

There was a hush. Had this enormity been perpetrated? Another man arose.

"The gentleman is mistaken," said he. "We have nominated a hero of the war for sheriff. Marsh Stevens is an old soldier, and a good one."

They breathed easier and proceeded with their work. The incident shows, however, that the great days of the soldiers' control of politics were passing. Ten years prior to this the problem of those who wished it was to get any but old soldiers on the ticket.

In April, 1886, I made my great break. I ended, as I supposed, my career as a teacher. In Fred Anderson's Wesley items in the Upper Des Moines this statement appears:

"J. H. Quick closed his third term of school here last Thursday. He would have closed it a week sooner, but was called to attend the funeral of his sister at Mason City. He has given good satisfaction as a teacher. He is a hard worker, and if any of the teachers of Kossuth County for the past eighteen months have earned their money, then Mr. Quick is one of them. We have never known one who has done more hard work in the schoolroom than he, and none have left with more warm friends. He informs us that he will discontinue teaching and read law and fit himself to practice. We have no doubt he will make a success of it. He has the well wishes of all his many Wesley friends."

So I left Wesley in this little blaze of glory. I had its "well wishes." I carried with me a feeling of warm friendship for many of these people. I have told what sort of place Wesley seemed to be then. Now it is a solid, well-established village, with all the qualities which make residence in a small town in Iowa one of the most comfortable and prosperous in the world. The farms about it are most of them drained and the village has partaken of the benefits of the development of the territory. It has moved up to the Iowa level.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr Quick. The next will appear in an early issue

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AMERICAN AUDIENCES

(Continued from Page 46)

wilderness in search of peltries did not bring much culture; nor could the people of the wagon trains who followed them some years later. Here and there genius was born anew, but for the most part on the prairie farms everything was subordinated to the immense task of taming the soil and harnessing it to man's purpose.

The old notion that there was something ungodly about any music that made people feel gayer, happier, was never very far behind the frontier. In the mining camps, where it was the careless partner of gambling and women and whisky, it may have got a black eye. There was singing at funerals; sometimes at weddings; always, of course, at dances. But as music it was kept in its place by being referred to as tunes. That seemed to take the curse from it, so that one could listen without blushing.

That was not so long ago; and yet, today, they know the classics. Indeed, they have a wider acquaintance, probably, with what musicians have found good in the world's magazine of music than any similar group of people. A Mexican Indian might respond more easily, more intensely, to that same music; but America is spotted with audiences that know who wrote it and how much he got for it.

An eagerness to learn marks the American audience. As the programs for a concert course are prepared in advance, an artist sometimes finds that he is singing to many people who know his songs as well as he does himself, even though they cannot sing them so well.

A Period of Operatic Giants

"Sometimes they express disappointment," said Edward Johnson, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, before starting out on a recent concert tour, "because they have been unable to get hold of one of my songs. Then I tell them that I brought it back from Europe, that it is a new one; and they are as interested as they would be in a frock from Paris. I find, too, that an American audience wants to know the story of a song. When they have that they listen far better.

"I sing one called Angelica. Singing it without an explanation, I found the response only polite; but when I explained, there was a difference. It tells the story of a man who walked past the home of his sweetheart at night, discovered the house was illuminated, and thinking she was having a party, grew jealous and sulky. He was about to create a disturbance, when the watchman chided him for behaving so badly before a house of sorrow. His sweetheart was dead. When I sing that song after telling the story, it goes over with a bang. That way I get what we all strive for in our audiences—goose flesh."

Mr. Johnson has discovered something else about that entity, an American audience; it wants to hear again and again the songs it knows; and that is just as true of the most blasé of American audiences, that which attends the Metropolitan Opera performances.

All of us have our lives pretty well divided up among a number of audiences. We are Republicans or Democrats, or we go to the Central Avenue Church or the West Side Sängerbund, being as definitely assigned to certain audiences as soldiers are attached to their regiments. Sometimes the attachment to an audience is based on nothing more than a residence convenient to the auditorium in which that group of people meets; sometimes its members are bound only by a mutual reading of the advertisements of the person charged with the responsibility of filling the seats of some hall.

The obituaries of small-town newspapers reflect this little-considered fact by listing under various designations the audiences to which the late fellow townsman belonged, such as the Fourth Baptist Church, the Elks, and the Fourth Ward Democratic Club—all audiences. But there is none in America quite so permanent as that glittering nucleus of the Metropolitan Opera Company's audience which owns the boxes of the parterre; but even there startling changes have been worked in the pattern of faces.

Tom Bull has seen all of them since the fire, which must have been as long ago as when Enrico Caruso was a stable boy in Naples. Tom Bull stands at the door collecting tickets from all who pass, his countenance as impassive as a wax mask; but beneath his glossy silk hat seethe some very definite opinions about present-day grand opera and operagoers.

When Mr. Bull was thirty years younger, the line of faces that formed an animated horseshoe each night of the season was changed but little from one performance to another. Then the list of parterre box holders contained not many more than a single name for each of the thirty-five boxes—Goelet, Vanderbilt, Wetmore, Astor, Iselin, White, Gerry, Morgan, and so on. Now there are only three boxes so held—those of J. P. Morgan, Elbert H. Gary, and the estate of James B. Haggin. The others have leased their boxes for different days of the season or have made other partnership arrangements, which in every case had to be approved by a board comprised of the other box owners. The parterre is no longer the impregnable fortress of fashion it was when Jean and Edouard de Reszke were filling the huge auditorium with their resonant voices and holding the stage with magnificent gestures.

That was a period of operatic giants. The De Reszkes, Pol Plançon, Lassalle and Maurel were all men over six feet in height, with voices to match their stature; and the women, equally magnificent, included Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Lilli Lehman, Eames and Sembrich. It was an epoch, men such as Tom Bull will tell you, of great voices that do not exist today. Then it cost ten thousand dollars to raise the curtain and there was such enthusiasm that in one season Calvé sang Carmen at thirteen matinées, each time to a capacity audience.

The people who went to the opera then may admit that Caruso was the greatest of lyric tenors, but "lyric" is a subtle qualification. They mean that he was not the great actor that some of his predecessors were, which makes an argument as good as that revolving about the question, Who could have licked John L. Sullivan when Sullivan was at his best?

Metropolitan High Lights

When an opera is sung in Italian nowadays, the Metropolitan is crowded with standees, most of whom are Italians. There is another night in the week when the orchestra chairs are held by an audience that seems preponderantly Jewish.

There has been a slight increase of Germans in the Metropolitan audience, a tremendous increase of Italians; but the percentage of French people has not altered perceptibly.

Generally it is a cold audience that fills the Metropolitan; but if a singer pleases them they seem to shake the walls with the storm of their enthusiasm, though that does not happen so often, probably, as France changes her government. It is in dress that the Metropolitan and all other audiences reflect the greatest differences. Thirty-five years ago old ladies came to the opera, even to parterre boxes, in black. Now even the ancient dames are to be seen in bright colors, but they wear fewer jewels.

Thirty-five or even twenty-five years ago, if Tom Bull had been equipped with a clothes hamper and the authority to lift jewels as he took tickets, he could have filled the receptacle at a single performance and his loot would have made the collection of Captain Kidd seem in contrast as the

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contents of a peddler's barrow. Yet a portion of today's audience there is made up of the children of that earlier audience. The tendency for display has lessened, curbed by influences not to be identified without a survey of psychologists.

Likely enough, there is not a single diamond stomacher to be found in the parterre, although a search of the grand tier might reveal a couple.

The peak of Metropolitan enthusiasm in Tom Bull's memory was the night in 1902 when Jean de Reszke appeared in Lohengrin after it had been reported that he had lost his voice. There was a perfunctory applause, followed by a hush, until he had sung four bars. The rich tones were as fine as ever. Then there came from that audience a demonstration that interrupted the opera for ten minutes.

This year Lawrence Tibbets, in a performance of Falstaff, aroused his audience to a demonstration that lasted as long; but right up to the close of the season there were old-timers who, while admitting he was splendid, would remind you that, after all, you never had heard Jean de Reszke.

They have one last crushing word too. They recall that the De Reszkes sang equally well in French, German and Italian.

Grand Opera, though, is hardly to be thought of as an American institution; it draws its flavor from abroad. However, America has shown that symphonic orchestras, which are to music as four-in-hand driving is to horsemanship, may flourish here. The older ones have existed for eighty years and more, the audiences changing for the most part only as death nudges the elbow of some seat holder; but to take the vacant seat there is usually waiting the grown child of some romance fostered by the breath of the orchestra a generation ago.

How many first-class symphony orchestras are there in the United States? Harry Osgood, music critic, undertook to answer that question. He found that there were thirteen—two in New York and one each in Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Rochester, Detroit, St. Louis and Los Angeles, this listing by no means attempting to rate the order of their skill. Each of the thirteen listed, however, is an audience first and an orchestra afterward.

The recruitment of such an audience invariably calls for the same sort of leadership as in a well-organized political ward; but once recruited, it comes to depend upon a regular ration of symphonic music as an opium eater upon the substance that nourishes his dreams.

Developing the Need of Music

The Cleveland Orchestra is one of the fine examples of an American instrument of this caliber, and it was built in Cleveland, flowering on the stem of a music-loving audience. Nikolai Sokoloff, the conductor, did there pretty much what in an early day Theodore Thomas did in Chicago. He created an orchestra out of odds and ends of musical talent, and then as opportunity and occasion arose, strengthened his organization until it was unquestionably first-rate.

The Cleveland Orchestra has made tremendous tours, giving fifty-nine concerts away from Cleveland this last season. It is easily in the first rank of American orchestras, but before it was an orchestra it was an audience. What Cleveland has done with an audience, plus Adella Prentiss Hughes, plus Nikolai Sokoloff, other American towns can and will do. But in Cleveland they will tell you that the important thing there is the work with the children, developing in them the habit, need and the understanding appreciation of good music.

What happens when audiences turn from some form of entertainment is best shown in America by the theater. In thirty-six states out of forty-eight, America is a dramatic desert. There is hardly a theater where a legitimate company can play in one of those drama-barren places. But there was a time when there were literally hundreds of road shows touring the United States.

Out on the Pacific Coast there are always a few straggling shows; a line of hybrids play the larger towns of the South; but that is about all. The rest of the theaters have been transformed into movie houses or vaudeville halls. There was a time no longer ago than fourteen years when a road show could spend an entire season in Pennsylvania. There was a book called Freckles dramatized then with something of the inscrutable appeal of Abie's Irish Rose. Separate companies were sent out in rapid succession and each went its triumphant way, making money for everybody concerned. One of the Freckles companies played exclusively in Pennsylvania, another in New York State. That was when Chicago was a prolific producing center. Lincoln J. Carter, Klempt & Gazola and Richard Crecy all had productions on the road, and there were a score of lesser producers gleaning their profits from small towns with legitimate shows.

Know Your Audience

Chicago in those days also was a center for the production of musical comedies and tab shows—for vaudeville circuits. Oliver Morosco was putting shows out of Los Angeles, and there was a little town in Iowa that was known as the headquarters of a repertoire company, the principals of which owned farms, which to them represented fall money. Corse Payton used to start his tours from Iowa; and dating from the Civil War, there were myriads of stock companies ready to support artists who were referred to as floating stars, since they were not fixed, but would go from town to town to be grafted as fine blooms on the stock companies. But each stock company had a following, a dependable audience, as much a separate organization as a family.

The glamour of one of those drifting companies touched Marion, Ohio, and one young reporter there abandoned his newspaper and joined up with a company of Shaksperean actors and was allowed, at the risk of his life, to play Hamlet in a town not far from Marion. Just one day later he was back in Marion, seeking once more to have the name of Warren Gamaliel Harding inscribed in the newspaper pay roll.

Something has killed that activity in the United States. Various causes have been blamed, but the real one was not the growth of the movies, nor the development of the automobile, nor prohibition, nor the radio. It was a complete disregard of audiences. The people who were making their living out of those traveling shows, and especially the producers, forgot the element of goodwill. No matter how the show had been cut or the company altered, almost invariably it carried the line, "Original New York Cast." The time came when the people began to inform themselves about New York shows through the magazines and by visits East. They learned to know a humpty dumpty when they saw it, and people who really enjoyed a well-acted drama above any other sort of entertainment began to grow hopeless about it. They took to the movies and became spectators instead of audiences.

It was not the economic strength of the movies taking over one theater after another that made the dramatic road show homeless. It was the disintegration of the drama's audiences that drove it out into the stormy night along with its betrayed and weeping heroines.

Music is on a much firmer footing than the drama in the United States today because music has been predicated on audiences rather than on people, the word being used here in the sense that it is employed by a Broadway producer who says, "Give 'em what they want." It is on the basis of a steady audience that the Theater Guild and kindred organizations have been able to produce some of the best plays of the decade. They found their audience first, organized it, and then gave that audience what it wanted—powerful, stirring plays instead of a dull compound of material always stirred with the same soiled stick. An audience recruited that way is a very different thing from an ordinary crowd.

There is a leaf there, too, for the man or woman who must weld together a political audience. The speakers' bureau of each of the two major parties is usually a hastily organized thing that begins to function a few months before the national campaigns are made active. Speakers are drafted from those orators who can be commanded; and as a rule it is only the heads of a ticket that inspire enough enthusiasm to fill a hall without resorting to threats against job holders. If there were political circuits having a foundation of subscribing audiences, the problems of the United States might be laid before the people in an orderly and unending program; election day might in time cease to be a problem in nonvoting.

Political audiences, though, are changing. The radio is a shuffle that is weaving them into a single fabric, one that will shrink from the old-style hokum, but give good service if treated with intelligent consideration. Why should any citizen go out at night to be shoved and mauled in the crowd when he or she may stay at home and listen to the issues of the campaign or stop listening when the orator begins to talk nonsense.

An Old-Style Campaigner

Still, I am persuaded that there are political audiences that prefer the old style of campaigner. I am thinking of a Kentucky audience of the last presidential campaign. It was in an auditorium seating nearly ten thousand people, and even so, some had to stand. The principal speaker of the evening had one string to pluck, and he plucked it, for it was the issue of the campaign. They listened attentively, but their applause was not overwhelming, although in many ways they demonstrated their admiration for the speaker.

Then former Governor Ed Morrow began to address them. He was what they wanted. He is a raconteur of great charm. As a Republican, he finds his strength back in the hills of his state, where Democrats are still regarded as rebels and strangers are foreigners.

There was a buzz for silence all over that armory.

"Listen to Ed now! Listen!"

Ed was talking about the tariff.

"Where's all the money?" asked this Kentucky Republican. When he said "where" it was as if he was calling from one hilltop to another down near the Tennessee line. "Where's all the money?" he would roar, and then answer himself: "It's over here." With one sentence he had swept Europe into oblivion.

There were yells of approval. It was the way Ed Morrow said it, and the fact that he permitted them to see that he still wore suspenders, which is something that may not be done with grace over the radio.

There is a vast gulf separating audience entities from mere crowds of spectators such as are found at prize fights, games, horse races. The barbarian crowd is usually enjoying itself. It will be a great day in the world when the same can be said generally of audiences.

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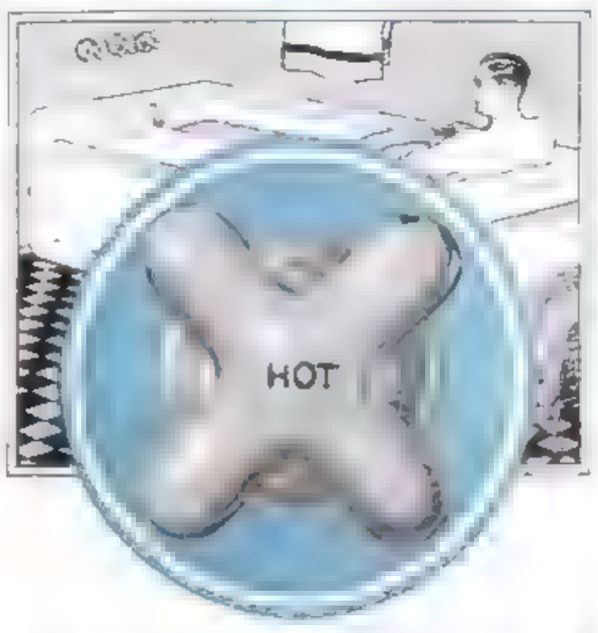

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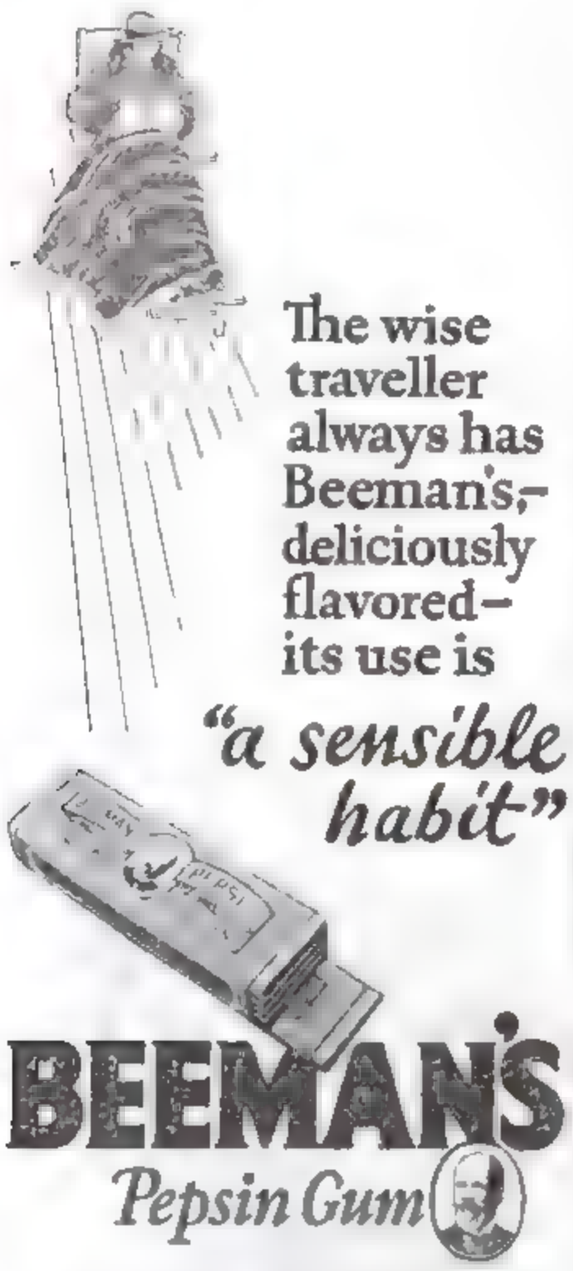

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RUSTY GIVES 'EM WHAT THEY WANT

Continued from Page 17

"Huh!" says she. "Ever drive anywhere in the East?"

"I've only been over the Ideal Tour six times," says I, "and I know the Berkshires and White Mountains like I do the back of my hand. You don't need to read any route book to me, ma'am."

"You recommend yourself well, at least," says she. "And I suppose you'll have some good excuse the first time we get lost. Hohum! How soon can we get out of this dead hole, Alvin?"

He figures it'll be a couple of days before he can get his business affairs in shape; but it was Thursday when we finally pulled out, with more baggage than I'd ever loaded into or tied onto one limousine. Meanwhile I'd seen quite a lot of the Ickses without gettin' much of a line on 'em. You gotta size up your people, you know, if you mean to make a real job of it; and I've always played myself as a star at the quick wise-up. But this fam'ly trio had me guessin'.

What was they all so crabby about, for instance? This was supposed to be a pleasure trip they was startin' on, yet you'd thought to hear 'em that they was bein' banished or something, 'specially Miss Mildred. She's a sullen-mouthed, white-livered little thing, not actually homely, but nobody you'd stretch your neck after. Well along in her twenties, I should guess; but with no more signs of ever havin' been through the flapper stage than I show of havin' been a varsity fullback. She's one of the few unbobbed females of her time; and if I'm any judge, one of the unkissed too. Maybe that was what ailed her. Anyway, I didn't notice any young sports rallyin' round to bid her good-by; or girl friends either. Nor the neighbors didn't seem bowed with grief at the signs of the Icks mansion being closed for the summer. Not one of 'em rushes in with goin'-away gifts or advice about routes to take or places to stop. Might be they was so sad they was afraid they'd break down, and then again it might not.

Which was kinda odd, considerin' that the colonel must be quite a guy in his own home town, livin' in one of the show places on one of the best streets and all. But the only ones that waved a hand as we rolled out through the iron gates was old Honus, the gardener, and Lena, the Swede cook. They seemed to be fairly cheerful, at that.

"Did you put something in the society notes, Alvin?" asks Mrs. Icks as we swings out of the downtown district onto Beloit Boulevard.

"Me? Why should I?" says the colonel, lightin' a fresh cigar.

"Of course you wouldn't," she complains. "You'd sneaked out of town before daylight, I suppose, if you'd had your way."

"Sorry, Myrtle," says he. "If you'd spoken earlier I'd arranged for a brass band to escort us out."

That was a sample of what I was to get for the next few days; for, with the colonel on the front seat 'side me, and the two women in the back, I couldn't very well miss any of the repartee; and it was almost like bein' adopted into the fam'ly. They didn't keep anything back on my account, no more'n if I'd been deaf and dumb. And what I didn't know about 'em I begun to find out. It takes tourin', too, to uncover dispositions. Believe me, the Ickses had 'em.

Not that Alvin would have been so bad if he'd been let alone. He really had his good points. Seems like a quiet, modest old boy who wanted to sit back—maybe a bit chesty in his big car—and enjoy the scenery and his smoke. Acted like he'd made up his mind to take things as they came, the poor breaks with the good, and not stew over trifles.

But that wasn't Myrtle's program at all. She was a grouch toter, although what it was all about was still a mystery to me. As for Miss Mildred, while she don't often join in the anvil chorus, she ain't exactly what you'd call a little ray of sunshine. Her line is to get on a weary, bored pose, as if she didn't care where we were goin', when we were due to get there or what we did next. Not such a merry motorin' party. I might as well have been drivin' third from the hearse, and for a while there I asks myself why I wasn't contented as a yeast-cake distributor. Might have been a little monotonous goin' over the same route every mornin'; but anyhow, I didn't have sour looks aimed at the back of my neck all day long. I didn't know whether I could stick it out or not, but I was sure that after a week of this I'd be ready to growl and bite somebody on the leg.

It was at the end of our third day's run, when we'd left Buffalo a couple of hundred miles behind us, that Alvin got himself in wrong for fair. We'd pulled up in front of one of them St. Lawrence resort hotels—kind of a swell joint too—and he'd been in to see about the reservations he'd wired for. He reports that the best they can give him is some nice rooms in the annex, which gets Myrtle glary in the eyes.

"The annex!" says she. "Along with chauffeurs, I suppose. Did you tell them you were Colonel Icks?"

"Now what good would that have done?" he protests.

"Well, you might try once in a while letting folks know you are somebody," she sputters, "instead of acting as if you didn't have a cent in the world. What good does our money do us, I'd like to know, if you're going to ——"

"If you insist, Myrtle," he breaks in, "I'll go back and tell 'em I'm General Pershing or the Prince of Wales."

They was still scrappin' it out when I unloads the last of their junk, escapes to the hotel garage, finds my quarters and asks if there's any jazz goin' on in the neighborhood that night. There was. And I've stored up so much unused conversation since I started that I near talks an ear offn the young lady biscuit shooter that's picked me as her boy friend for the evenin'. I just had to tell somebody about the Ickses, but it ain't until I get to Alvin's offerin' to register as Pershing that I gets a chuckle out of her.

"Say, he mighta got away with it, at that," says she. "Some of them room clerks are such poor prunes they'd fall for anything. I wisht one of 'em had half your speed as a stepper, Rusty. Ain't you ever gonna check in here again?"

"That's all I'm livin' for, girlie," I tells her; "a few more fox trots with you. Come on; here's another startin'."

I expect it was from her I got the hunch, for I was mullin' it over as I hit the hay, and somehow by mornin' I had the scheme nearly worked out. Besides, I was gettin' a slant on what was wrong with the Icks combination. They'd managed to climb on the stage, but they wasn't gettin' the spotlight; and they wanted it. At least Myrtle did, and probably Mildred. They saw other folks with less money winning out on the best places, drawing the choice rooms, being seated by the head waiter, and it made 'em green in the eye. Why didn't anybody treat them to a little kotowing? How was these strangers to know that they hadn't always been rich? Huh! And what if they hadn't?

'Course, Mrs. Icks overlooks the fact that she's a tubby old dame all dressed up like a plush horse; that you can't catch as many flies with vinegar as you can with strained honey; and that colonels don't count for much anyhow. Most likely, too, she's had such a big dose of cold-eye from the home folks that it's left her curdled. She's ready to hate the world. Mildred ain't quite so vicious, but she's been snubbed into a state of chronic sulks; and even Alvin hasn't been able to dodge the blight.

Which was where I begun to be sorry for 'em and plan how to get 'em what they wanted. And it's surprisin' how much easier a hard job is when you turn it into a sportin' proposition. First off, I'd only been doin' the drivin', and puttin' no more into it than as if I was motorman on a street car. But after I got my hunch things was different.

"I'm gonna show the Ickses," thinks I, "what shufflerin' de luxe is like. They've never had any real service and don't know how to call for it. Well, now they're gonna get service as is service."

So that mornin' when they trails out from the hotel they finds me standin' at attention with the limousine door open, a lap robe over my arm and the baggage all stowed neat.

"'Morning, colonel," says I, salutin' snappy. "Fine day we got for rollin', Mrs. Icks. 'Morning, Miss Mildred. Lemme take that wrap for you."

'Course, the women only stares at me; but I breezes right ahead, helps ease Myrtle into her corner with a cushion for her elbow and one for her feet, tucks the robe around 'em and waves the colonel into the front seat before I trots around and gets in on my side. Also, I've looked up a few points of interest on the way out, which I mentions respectful as we passes, and slows up where they can get the best view. "The Pullman castle, colonel. And on that next little island beyond is the summer residence of the Hon. Peter Goofus, whose daughter married that French count who beat her up right after the weddin'."

Oh, I had the guidebook patter to feed 'em all right, and what I forgot I made up as I went along.

All I gets out of Mrs. Icks is a grunt or two, but the colonel almost warms up. I tells him of a couple of side trips I'd doped out if he'd like to take 'em, and of the best place to get lunch. Also, when I strikes a rough piece of macadam I pilots the bus around the pot holes like I had a cargo of dynamite aboard; and when I has a chance to speed up I watches in the mirror to see if the old girl is gettin' nervous. But at the noonday stop I tries out my big play. It's a popular joint that has a rep for good meals and there's already a lot of cars parked out front.

"How about lettin' me get a table for you, colonel?" I suggests. "I think I've got a little pull here. I might make a stab, eh?"

"Go to it, Rusty," says he. "Hope you have better luck than I usually do."

I didn't depend on luck, though. I pikes right in and calls for the head waiter, tellin' him I wanted seats for Colonel Icks' party.

"All right," says he. "Guess we can accommodate them." And he points to a dark corner near the kitchen door.

"Nothing doing, old dear," says I. "That wouldn't suit the colonel a-tall. You know who he is, don't you? What? Well, whusper—cousin of Henry Ford's. Yeah! That'll be better, that one in the bay window with the flowers on it. And you'll see he gets good attention, eh? At-a-boy!"

Say, it don't take long for a name like that to be passed around, does it? By the time I unloads my passengers and tows 'em to the dinin'-room door the head waiter had his two assistants lined up, bowin' and scrapin', and as the procession starts down the main aisle there was hardly a person in sight who didn't know that somebody important had arrived. And for once the Ickses got the best in the house and got it quickest. I'd finished my feed in the grill and was upstairs to see their exit too. Judgin' by the neck stretchers and the way people in the lobby crowded around the door, this rumor about who they was related to must have spread all over the place. The cousin part got changed into brother-in-law, and I heard one guy informin' another that he bet it was Henry himself. Anyway, the Ickses found themselves in the spotlight; and when the colonel suggests pushin' on, Myrtle plants herself in a porch rocker.

Continued on Page 151

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(Continued from Page 148)

"Oh, what's the hurry, Alvin?" says she. "This is such a nice, comfortable place."

"All right," says the colonel. "That'll give me time to wire on for reservations for tonight."

I'm at his elbow, though, before he gets to the blue sign.

"Don't bother with things like that, colonel, while I'm handy," says I. "I'll send it."

"Oh, very well," says he, handin' over a five-spot.

But I didn't write any message myself. I hunts up the house manager, tells him where Colonel Icks is headed for and hints that maybe he can send on word who is comin'.

"Certainly," says the manager. "Delighted to be of service to Colonel Icks."

He must have put in all the details, for our arrival was as well advertised as if we'd had an advance agent out. The minute I announces to the door man at this swell mountain hotel that this is Colonel Icks' party he blows a long blast on his whistle and a whole squad of bellhops swarms out. Honest, they all but carried Myrtle up the steps; and when I trails along with her jewel case I finds that they've been assigned the presidential suite, all done in gold and old ivory, two sleepin' rooms, two baths and a parlor, with roses and other flowers stuck around reckless. Even a private maid to wait on 'em.

"Well," says Mrs. Icks, "this is something like, isn't it, Mildred?"

She's kinda dazed by it all, but she comes nearer beamin' over her triple chins than I ever thought she could. And after his warm reception at the desk, where the assistant manager shook him by the mitt, the colonel strolls in with almost a swagger.

"Is everything O. K., colonel?" I asks.

"Very fair, Rusty, very fair," says he, givin' me the friendly wink. Then he pulls me one side and says confidential, "I don't know how you manage it, son, and perhaps I'd best not know, but you're a great help."

"Just part of my job, colonel," says I. "All you gotta do is come across strong with the tips."

"I see," says he. "I'll remember."

I expect he shed the ones and fives liberal, too, for there was nothing of the tightwad about him when he thought he was gettin' his money's worth. And, of course, this report that he was connected with flivveralty was bein' whispered everywhere. I understand they had waiters so thick about 'em at dinner that they hardly had elbow room, and that the fish course was a five-pound black bass sent over to their table with the compliments of a guest who wrote on his card that he was from Detroit too. Who contributed the silver teapot full of Canada ale the colonel never found out, but I think he laid it to some more of my strategy.

What I wasn't lookin' for was that a little of the glory trickled down to me. I got the choice of stalls at the garage, a front room at the quarters and the chummy hail from all the helpers. I'm asked to sit in at two different stud games, notified of a bone-rollin' contest that I'd be welcome at and tipped off to a ball that the help was havin'. Although I knew it was gonna lose me money, I picks the dance; but the society of the little blonde that cuddled up to me most of the evenin' was almost worth winnin' the last jackpot.

"I expect," says she, "they give you a new runabout every Christmas."

"Huh!" says I. "Anything less'n a sedan and I'd quit 'em cold."

"It must be sumpn grand to be so close to such bigbugs," says she. "Do the fam'lies visit back and forth much?"

"Do they?" says I. "Why, the old boy is at our place half the time. He calls me Rusty and I call him Hank."

"Oh-h-h!" says Blondie, and maybe it was on the strength of this, as we was sittin' out on a bench in the moonlight, that—well, I'm glad I thought up that cousin stuff. She sure was a tasty little queen.

She was among those present, too, when we pulled out of Grand Notch next mornin'. 'Course, if she'd been in the mob around the front entrance, I'd have missed her; but the cunnin' jane waves a pillow case at me from a third-story window. And all I can do, standin' there with my neck stiff, is to wiggle a few fingers back. Ain't it a shame the way us shuffers have to leave so many busted hearts behind us? About the only one who witnessed the tragedy was Mildred. I saw her glance up at the window and then at me, and hunch her shoulders. Poor little rich girl! Nobody in the crowd was wavin' anything at her. She'd just been stared at curious.

The colonel and Mrs. Icks, though, has been havin' the time of their lives—especially Myrtle. I expect she'd never had so much notice taken of her in all her career as durin' the last twenty-four hours, and she was just eatin' it up. She seems like a different party already. No more naggin' from the back seat; not a word. She sits there placid and calm, gazin' sort of proud at the back of the colonel's head. The next thing I know she's callin' him "Alvin, dear." As for him, he wears his cigar in one corner of his mouth, chats friendly with me at times, and gets sentimental about the scenery.

So I can see I've started something it's gonna keep me busy to string along with. But it's more or less excitin', at that. We was makin' short runs through the White Mountains, taking in all the show places, and at every new joint I had to set the stage all over again. 'Course, I might of stuck to the Cousin Henry act and played it safe. But no, that wasn't sporty enough for me. I had to work the shift, try new stunts.

And, believe me, I almost strained my imagination. One day I'd tout the colonel as a brother-in-law of William Jennings Bryan and the next he'd be Jack Dempsey's manager. Then I'd switch the spotlight to Mrs. Icks. I had her billed as Mary Pickford's mother and as a sister of the late Lydia Pinkham. Anything seemed to go. I'll bet I could have passed her off for Charley's Aunt or Mother Machree.

I never knew before how simple it was to kid the human race as we grow it in this great land of the free and home of the Boston Braves. Honest, all I had to do to get folks gawpin' at the Ickses was to tie 'em up to some well-known name—a name that was displayed on a radiator or blown in the bottle or used often in the headlines. Merely let it drop casual and you had 'em goin'. Nobody asked for proof or affidavits. They just swallowed what you fed 'em and went buzzin' around with the big news: "See them people that just came? Well, do you know who they are? Why, the stout lady is so-and-so to the great Whosit. Yeah! I had it straight from the room clerk."

And the Ickses got suites that was reserved for somebody else, head waiters bowed 'em in and out, bellhops fought for their luggage, and wherever they went heads was turned and tongues started waggin'. The colonel was the only one of the trio, too, who don't seem to take it as something due to the inventor of the Icks Invincible Floor Tiling, or an ex-member of the governor's staff. I finds him watchin' my moves, puzzled at times and smotherin' a grin. But he's got so he leaves everything to me, from mappin' out the day's run to gettin' 'em good seats at a hotel concert of an evenin'. I've promoted myself from plain shuffer to bein' a travel courier, and I must say the old boy was generous in slippin' me a yellow-back now and then.

"For incidental expenses, Rusty," he'd generally whisper.

My star play, though, was when I dug up a man for Mildred. 'Course, he was a kind of stringy-built, pop-eyed young gent on the parlor-lizard type, but he sure was strong for gettin' acquainted with Miss Icks—heaven only knows why. He must have spotted me as conductin' the party, for he comes clear down to the garage and calls for me, askin' if I couldn't fix it so he could meet the young lady.

"I dunno about that," says I. "It depends. Just who are you, anyway?"

"Why," says he, pinkin' up in the ears, "I'm nobody in particular, you know. Do I have to be?"

"What about your folks?" says I. "The Ickses don't meet everybody."

"Quite right," says he. "But I—well, we live in Buffalo. Dad owns paper mills and power plants and such things. We're respectable enough, if that's all. Of course, dad is no celebrity, and I understand that Miss Icks is a connection of the Pickford family. She must be a charming girl. Has such an interesting face and what I call pensive eyes. I was watching her in the dining room tonight. A bit brassy of me, I'll admit, but there was a look about her eyes that ——"

"Yes, I get you," says I. "I've heard the symptoms described before. How are you at fox-trottin'?"

"Beg pardon?" says he. "Oh, at dancing? Well, not so bad; just fair, I guess."

"Huh!" says I, givin' him the up-and-down. "We might take a chance. What's the name?"

"Rollins," says he—"Wilbur Rollins."

"Not of the Rollins-Kipp Corporation?" I asks.

"Yes," says he. "That's dad. You know about him?"

"Saw some of the signs as we drove through your town," says I. "Maybe Colonel Icks will place you. We'll see. Gotta make good with the colonel first, you understand."

"To be sure," says Wilbur; and he gets all steamed up as I tow him to the veranda outside the ballroom, where the Ickses are watchin' the dancin'.

It ain't long after that before Wilbur gets his wish; and as I left, him and Mildred was whirlin' around, her head snuggled coy on his shoulder and him with a sappy grin on his face, while Mrs. Icks beams placid from the sidelines.

"If there's any reward paid in for this," thinks I, "I suppose I ought to split fifty-fifty with Mary Pickford. Too bad for Wilbur that this is only a one-night stand for us."

And it was at the next stop, one of them spring-water resorts, that I listed Mrs. Icks as a sister of Babe Ruth's. I'd heard reports that the place was jam up and I didn't want to break my winnin' streak by bein' turned down on reservations. So I plays the Bambino for an ace and it got over big. When the word got around, even the kitchen help wanted to swarm up and have a peek at the swat king's sister. They had the usual triumphal entry and drew some good rooms.

I was havin' a little chuckle all to myself as I starts to take the bus down to the garage, when who should step out of a car that's just pulled in but this Wilbur Rollins. He grins sort of sheepish as he sees me.

"I didn't mean to tag along, honestly," says he; "but I—I just couldn't help it. She—she's wonderful, you know."

"Is she?" says I. "Well, why not? Look who she is!"

You see, havin' him turn up again unexpected sort of made me forget how I'd changed the battin' order. It did occur to me later on, but I didn't do any worryin' over it. Besides, I was havin' one of my merry evenin's on account of not bein' any stranger at the springs and runnin' across a chambermaid I'd met there the summer before. Maybe that's why I was still a little sleepy in the eyes next mornin' as I was around the lobby gettin' the baggage down for a 9:30 start. Anyway, the first thing I knew this big argument was well under way. One of the desk clerks and the head porter was the chief debaters, but a couple of guests chimed in.

"Say, how do you get that way?" the porter is demandin'. "Don't I know the whole family? And I tell you the Babe ain't got no sister."

"Ah, you always know it all," says the clerk. "But he has got a sister, just the

Continued on Page 153

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(Continued from Page 151)

same, and she's checkin' out of Suite 10 right now. She's Mrs. Colonel Icks."

"What's that?" crashes in a heavy-jawed guy in a plaid golf suit "Say, you must have got that wrong. Why, I was stopping down at the Notch a few nights ago and the colonel and his party were there. I heard he was a cousin of Henry Ford's. Who fed you this Babe Ruth stuff?"

By that time I was wide awake and edgin' off, but the desk clerk spots me.

"There's the one!" he shouts. "Colonel Icks' chauffeur. You just ask him."

And before I can make a get-away I'm surrounded by parties that's anxious to bet real money on the decision and by others that just want to hear what's goin' on. They're wavin' bills at one another and demandin' that I tell which is right. It struck me this was an elegant time for a quick exit, but I couldn't see just how to make it. So I tries a stall.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," says I, "but the colonel wouldn't like it if I talked about his family affairs."

"Wouldn't, eh?" sneers the desk clerk. "Well, you weren't so backward about it when you blew in last night. What's the idea?"

And just then, mixed with the crowd, I saw Wilbur, listenin' with his mouth open and lookin' dazed. I grabs him by the arm and pulls him into the center.

"Listen, folks," says I. "Here's a personal friend of the fam'ly: knows all about 'em. He'll give you the details while I'm loadin' my car. Your shoot, Wilbur."

And with that I slips away to hustle the bags aboard. Ten minutes later I was steppin' on the pedal and we was headed for Portland and home. The colonel smokes quiet beside me for some time, but at last he opens up, talkin' low.

"Rusty," says he, "as I paid my bill, there seemed to be quite a commotion in the lobby. Young Mr. Rollins was there. He appeared to be trying to explain something about us."

"Yes, sir," says I. "Was he good at it?"

"From what I overheard," says the colonel, "he was having rather a hard time. I caught the names of Babe Ruth and Henry Ford and Mary Pickford, and I gathered that different individuals were under the impression that we were, Mrs. Icks and myself, in some way related to each of those personages."

"Funny how reports like that get around, ain't it, colonel?" says I.

"You couldn't throw any light on it, I suppose," says he.

"Me?" says I. "Didn't you say once, colonel, that maybe I better not tell you too much? Well, I think that was a wise guess. But if you insist "

"I don't," says he. "I was sorry about young Rollins, though. Mildred rather liked him."

"Too bad," says I. "But he should have tipped me off he was gonna repeat. I don't expect we'll see him again."

"Probably not," says the colonel. "And perhaps it would be better, on the way home, if we went simply as Colonel Icks and family."

"Yes, sir," says I. "The rooms might not be so good, but the strain would be less."

Neither of us, though, had quite sized up Wilbur. He was right on deck at Boston that night, comin' in only half an hour behind us; and by the way I saw him and Mildred cuddled up as they walked across Copley Square after dinner I judged that he didn't care whether she was a relation of Babe Ruth or of Mary Pickford or neither. More'n that, he finishes the trip with us, but I managed to duck every time he came around.

"Well, Rusty," says the colonel, as we strikes Beloit Boulevard once more, "we have had a very interesting tour—very; and in some ways a most successful one. Now I suppose we'll have to settle down into the old rut—from home to the office and from the office back home."

"Sorry, colonel," says I, "but I don't see how I can do it. I'm afraid I'm too restless for that kind of a job."

"But there'll be a wedding before long," he suggests.

"Oh, I'll stay for that," says I. "They—they wouldn't want me to drive 'em on their honeymoon trip, would they?"

"I believe that is part of the plan," says he.

"Then Wilbur can count on me," says I. "I guess I owe him something like that."

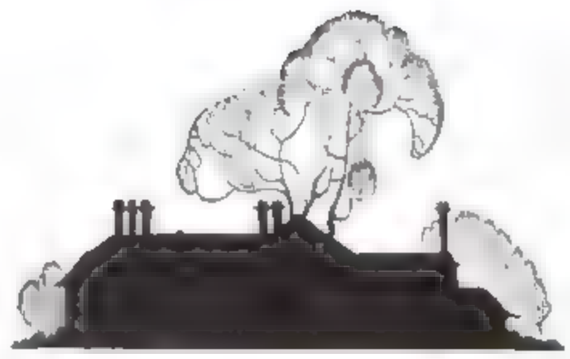
And the colonel and I swaps winks.

The other night I dropped into the little hole in the wall where Heinie Lunn is puttin' up ham sandwiches.

"You still hangin' onto that job, eh?" he asks.

"No, Heinie," says I, "it's the job that's hangin' onto me."

Mississippi River, Near Chester, Illinois



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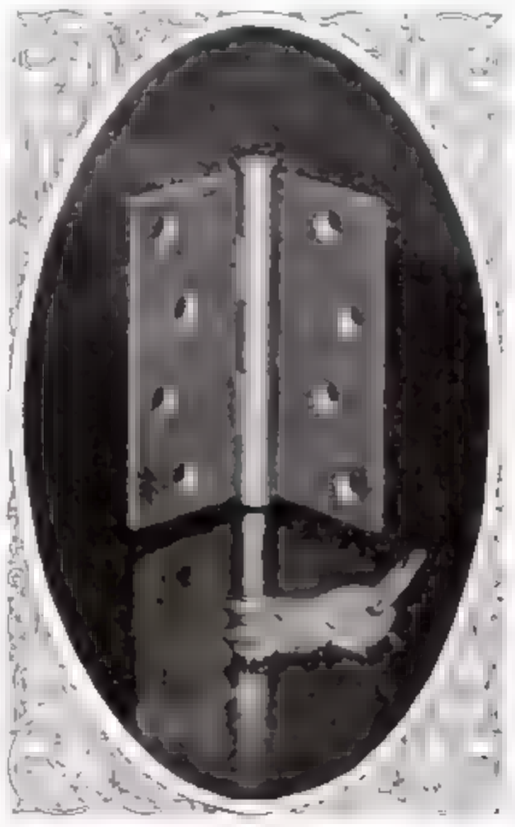

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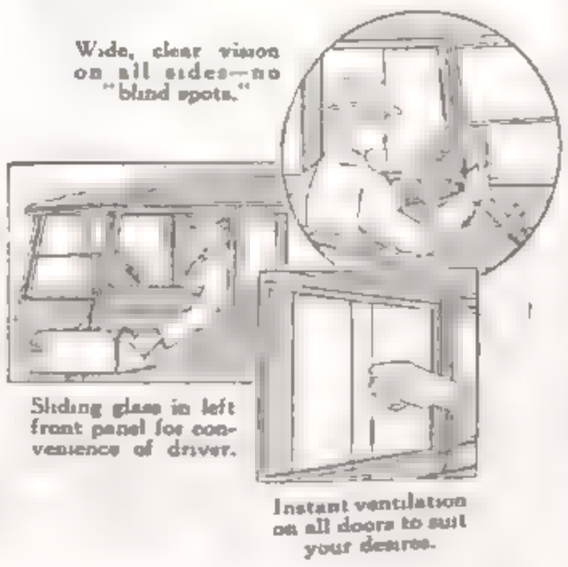

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 21)

apartment on Gramercy Park, New York. Another apartment on Gramercy Park was occupied by Gerald Chapman, who broke out of the prison at Atlanta, where he was serving a long sentence for a desperate mail robbery, and not two years later was sentenced to hang for a murder. Not only has the pressure of responsibility of an individual fixed in a community been removed by our nomad life, not only has the stabilizing influence of a constant home training been taken away from children, but it is no longer possible in this camping-out movement to know whether the man whose feet we hear walking overhead will cut our throats or corrupt our sons and daughters.

"And then there's the automobile," said one police chief, speaking for many. "How many families there are where the mother and father jump into the car and go out to the road house for cocktails, leaving the children at home. And then when they are tired of it, or can't stand it any longer, the children take the car and go out to the road house for cocktails. You can see the pictures of the whole family in the car going out to strip the woods of the wild flowers; but I tell you I know the history of too many wild boys not to know that whatever takes parents or children out of the home, unless it is handled right, makes more trouble and less home."

Another man, the retiring head of the detective bureau in one of our large industrial cities, said:

"It's not open to argument that the criminals we have to deal with now are boys. It's nothing to find a lad of sixteen doing stickups with an automatic. It would surprise you to know what the lads and girls of good families are heading for. And it's the lack of home that does it. You know this old stuff about youth getting out of control of the home, and parents saying there's no use to put up a fight. I tell you it's not youth but the home in America that's gone wrong. Porcelain bathtubs and radios, vacuum bottles, and so on, and even automobiles for the poor. It all looks like a great civilization. But the home—the old home, with the whole family in it at night, has flapped away. Everybody is excited, everybody is on the move, the move, the move! That's one cause of crime in America."

Literature of Discontent

I have used the expression "the age of irresponsibility." When it is possible to set forth its effect upon youth in relation to crime it will be done more fully; but just now it is sufficient to point out that those who come in close contact with crime and criminals are well aware of the effect upon lawbreaking which proceeds from the kind of soft and wheedling peevishness of a degenerate crop of the literature of discontent. A city magistrate in New York said to me:

"One book shows a woman who has to live in a small town and does not like it. So she runs off with a neighbor. She is the heroine of the book. She is a criminal. Another book exposes the domination of a spirited girl by her mother. She finally shoots the friend of her mother who encourages this domination. She is the heroine, but a murderess. And so it goes. If I go up to my neighbor's daughter and say, 'Poor thing, life treats you unfairly. Why don't you commit adultery or use the knife?' and she does it, I am put in jail as an inciter to crime and an accessory; but if I write a piece of lawbreaking literature which says this to a thousand shopgirls or industrial workers instead of one, I am only a best seller. We are getting soft."

This realization of getting soft is one becoming convincing to observers of the cause of crime. America has yielded too much resource too suddenly. The hardening processes of struggle to succeed, of work for daily bread, no longer are sufficient to give enough moral sinew. The son of an impoverished widow who has been supported by a relative of mine for some years applied to my relative for a position.

"It is true I do not live directly in the town where your mills are," said he; "but I have bought a car."

The kind of quiet wrestling with life which produced President Coolidge's father and the President himself produced a fiber that mere advantages and luxuries will not beget.

"One may want to find a big executive downtown in New York these days," said an old industrial leader who really built an industry and did not merely ride into prominence on its back. "Well, if it's before ten or after three, the young Napoleon has either not come in or has gone for the day. If it's winter he is at Palm Beach; if it's summer he has just run over to Europe. And these young men are bored, too, an i complaining. Men like Hill, Cassatt, Carnegie and my old friends were down sometimes at 7:30 and were anything but bored. And we didn't need personal publicity agents in those days!"

Misdirected Sympathy

Whatever may be the fact about the loss of stalwart quality in leadership at the top, the police will tell you that today there is a dangerous claim entered by the new generation. It is a claim for the right to enjoy every luxury which a complex civilization has devised, and a claim to a measure of idleness and excitement. This claim is a lawless claim. It is an attempt to beat the rules. The right of the individual to take gains without labor, adultery without conscience, freedom without responsibility, has become not only a practice but through the literature of discontent a definitely absurd philosophy of life.

"Well, that's at the top," said a Western prison warden to me. "But it reaches to the bottom too. It is contributing a new class of desperate, rotten-hearted criminals to our penal institutions. They are our youth; you might say our boys and girls. That's what we are getting now."

A recent investigation of the integrity and morals in New York City schools was enough to shock the investigators. Into what fetid jelly the boredom of luxury, ease and idleness may run when egged on by popular degenerate literature, preaching emancipation from all law under cover of pity and understanding and realism, is exemplified by the Loeb and Leopold fiasco.

Unfortunately our lack of rigor and backbone, our softness and philosophical sentimental nonsense not only leads to lawbreaking, but it leads to condoning crimes after they have been committed.

This is a police byword in various parts of the country today: "Oh, sisters, stop sobbing for the criminal; sob for his victim."

If there is anything which tends to break down the morale of all our law-enforcement agencies, it is to find that punishment is interfered with by a lot of professors, social workers, amateur philosophers, ladies' sympathy circles and rescue leagues.

"Love," said one of these bearded gentlemen who unconsciously are not only friends of criminals but friends of crime—"love and not fear will dominate the world."

"It may be so," I replied. "But for an immediate deterrent of crime there is nothing like the fear of punishment. And unfortunately we must act not in 3925 A.D., but today. Given a fixed amount of criminal tendency in any country or community, inexorable swift punishment and nothing else will determine the amount of lawbreaking and will establish the authority of the state. And it is not your love of the criminal which interests us; it is whether he has love enough for you and me not to leave us in a pool of our precious loving blood."

(Continued on Page 157)

The warmest homes in January

Residence of L. Martineau, Vaudreuil, P. Q., Canada. Celotex was decorated and used on all walls and ceilings as insulation, sound deadener and interior finish. This home is warm in winter

Residence of Spencer Lainhart, West Palm Beach, Fla., Harvey & Clark, Architects. Celotex was used on all walls and ceilings as insulation and sound deadener with plaster applied directly to its surface. This home is cool in summer

—yet the coolest in August!

Celotex Insulating Lumber gives a new all-year comfort —without extra building cost

Here are pictures of two homes—one in Canada, the other in Florida.

The northern home is built for winter warmth; the southern home for summer coolness.

Both are built with Celotex Insulating Lumber.

Celotex keeps homes cool in summer as well as warm in winter. It resists the passage of heat waves. It provides *heat insulation.*

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A Celotex home is wonderfully cool on even the hottest summer days.

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Celotex not an extra

Yet Celotex gives this comfort at no extra building cost.

Wherever used, Celotex *replaces* and saves the cost of wood and any form of insulation.

It is used in place of wood lumber, as sheathing on walls and roofs. It is stronger in wall sections than wood.

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In winter Celotex keeps homes cozily warm and, at the same time, reduces fuel bills approximately one-third. In addition, a smaller, less expensive heating plant is required. Fewer radiators are needed.

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Scientific tests show that two-thirds of the heat generated to warm the average home is lost. One-third escapes naturally through doors and windows. The other third is unnecessarily lost. It leaks through walls and roof—a total waste.

Celotex stops this unnecessary waste. It pays substantial dividends in fuel savings the very first year and every year after.

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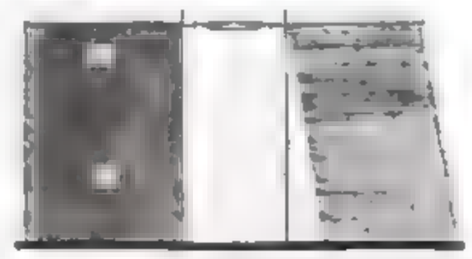

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Directed by
F. Harmon Weight

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ABERDEEN, S. D.
Garrick Theatre

ALLENTOWN, PA.
Orpheum Theatre

ALLIANCE, OHIO
Ohio Theatre

BELLINGHAM, WASH.
American Theatre

BOISE, IDAHO
Pinney Theatre

BUTTE, MONT.
Rialto Theatre

CANTON, OHIO
Strand Theatre

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Dreamland Theatre

DALLAS, TEXAS
Capitol Theatre

DEMOPOLIS, ALA.
Si-Non Theatre

DENVER, COLO.
America Theatre

DETROIT, MICH.
Broadway Strand Theatre

DURHAM, N. C.
Paris Theatre

EASTON, PA.
Opera House

FORT WAYNE, IND.
Palace Theatre

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
Rialto Theatre

GREENSBORO, ALA.
Opera House

GREENSBORO, N. C.
National Theatre

HAMILTON, OHIO
Palace Theatre

HARRISBURG, PA.
Colonial Theatre

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Colonial Theatre

JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Nemo Theatre

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Liberty Theatre

LINCOLN, NEB.
Lyric Theatre

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Forum Theatre

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Alamo Theatre

MADISON, WIS.
Madison Theatre

MARION, ALA.
Bonita Theatre

MEMPHIS, TENN.
Pantages Theatre

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Alhambra Theatre

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.
Strand Theatre

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Orpheum Theatre

OGDEN, UTAH
Ogden Theatre

PITTSBURGH, PA.
State Theatre

PORTLAND, ORE.
Rivoli Theatre

POTTSVILLE, PA.
Hollywood Theatre

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Fay's Theatre

QUEBEC, CAN.
Victoria Theatre

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Fay's Theatre

ROSWELL, N. M.
Princess Theatre

SACRAMENTO, CAL.
Goddard's Theatre

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
American Theatre

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
Pantages Theatre

SAN JOSE, CAL.
Liberty Theatre

SCRANTON, PA.
Strand Theatre

SEATTLE, WASH.
Columbia Theatre

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
Strand Theatre

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
Olympia Theatre

SPOKANE, WASH.
Clemmer Theatre

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
Gayety Theatre

TOLEDO, OHIO
Rivoli Theatre

TROY, N. Y.
The Troy Theatre

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Rialto Theatre

WICHITA, KAN.
Palace Theatre

WILDWOOD, N. J.
Blakers Theatre

WILKES-BARRE, PA.
Savoy Theatre

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
Ideal Theatre

YORK, ALA.
Sumter Theatre

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NEW YORK TIMES "'Drusilla With a Million' at the Capitol Theatre sent audiences away with wet cheeks"

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS "Did the audience like this picture? Oh-no! They fairly ate it up, subtitles and all."

N Y. MORNING WORLD "Here is a picture with a tremendous human appeal This picture . . . a knockout."

NOTE

"Drusilla With a Million" will be shown during the week of Aug. 16th, or shortly thereafter at the theatres listed in the columns to the left If you wish the picture shown in your community, sign and mail today coupon below.

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(Continued from Page 154)

This concern for the criminal rather than concern for the society he has defied, the clamor for saving him rather than for the preservation of law enforcement, the emphasis upon the tragedy of the criminal's fate rather than upon the fate of the victim and the authority of law has become an example of grotesque soft thinking.

I have in my file a newspaper clipping regarding three young bandits who were executed in Sing Sing Prison, New York, on April thirtieth. They were executed for a murder for which they had adequately and maliciously prepared in the course of planning a bank-messenger holdup. They were three utterly worthless, menacing members of society. The article was inspired by those who are interested in one of the movements to keep youth out of trouble. Read the expressions from the spokesman:

"What should the community do to prevent such tragedies as that at Sing Sing Prison on April thirtieth, when three young bandits were put to death in the electric chair?

"A week, a month, will pass and all will be forgotten. There is one salutary note. Perhaps it is from the pen of a man about to meet his doom or from the chaplain who attended him in his last hours. It is always the same: 'Would that a kinder heart, a firmer hand, a more understanding mind take interest in the culprit.'"

What about the murdered bank messenger? Perhaps if his voice could be heard it would say:

"The only tragedy which took place to my mind was when I, going on my honest errands, was blown down by lead. In light of the murderers who go unpunished, this execution was not a tragedy but a triumph. I, too, will lift a salutary note. Perhaps it may come from an innocent citizen who has met or is about to meet his doom, or from his mother, wife or children who are bereft: 'Would that a more rigorous public opinion and a stricter unrelenting law enforcement and a less softly sentimental failure in the past to punish crime had deterred the three insolent foreign defiers of humanity and of America who brought me to the grave.'"

When only one out of a hundred killers is paying the death penalty, the discussion as to whether capital punishment is brutal hardly appears of particular interest. James E. Baum, manager of the American Bankers Protective Committee, considers that anyone who is asked if he believes in capital punishment may well answer, "Maybe I do; when does it begin?"

Penitentiary Philosophy

The wailing about young men who are serving time and the tears for those who pay the death penalty are not a useful contribution to crime prevention. It is less pertinent to ask "Do you believe in capital punishment?" than to ask "Do you believe in murder?" It is useful to ask whether we believe crimes of violence should be punished, because that question actually has arisen. It is less useful to ask whether we believe criminals who get into our penal institutions should have steam yachts. Herbert S. Hadley, formerly prosecutor and governor of Missouri and the plain-speaking member of the American Bar Association's committee to report on defects in the administration of justice, says:

"It is my judgment that of those committing major crimes, such as homicide, burglary, robbery, assault, and the like, not one out of every five is adequately punished."

The statistics obtainable bear out this statement. When city records show that half the violent offenders escape arrest and half those arrested escape conviction, and that two-thirds of those convicted are sentenced to inadequate punishment and that half of those who are sentenced are coddled by the sentimentalists, it is sensible to jump away from the criminal-coddling business and give our energies not to excuse and forgiveness but to punishment.

No one wishes brutality in our penal institutions. Commissioner Richard E. Enright, of New York, said to me:

"Granting, however, that a criminal is entitled to proper physical care and that mere cruelty is inexcusable, it is absurd for society to employ police and judicial systems to punish and then wipe out the punitive effect."

In the report of Enright for 1920, the man who has done so much for national and international coöperation between police departments writes:

"I cannot refrain from some reference to the manner in which avowed criminals are dealt with at the present time. Jails and penitentiaries were feared at one time. That is no longer the case, for, as the professional criminal well knows—and as he informs the inexperienced aspirant for infamy—they have degenerated into a sort of sanctuary in which the practice of coddling and pampering the lawbreaker and the pervert has been reduced to a science or a fine art. A sentence to one of the penal institutions of the state is now looked upon by the lawbreaker with something approaching tolerance—a little annoying, perhaps, as interfering with customary routine, but on the whole as a species of compulsory vacation during which he can recuperate."

The same view is held by police and criminals all over the country. Several prisoners held for trial have said to me in substance:

"Oh, well, I'll get mine—two or three years. Good behavior, women on the parole board; say, altogether fourteen months. Not so bad in the penitentiary at that."

The Discharged Convict

Another—a gunman—in order to explain to me, asked me: "Have you ever been up to some of them training camps for millionaires? They pay to get ordered around, take plenty of exercise and plenty of rest and eat plain food. There isn't much difference in a penitentiary, except we get moving pictures."

No one wants the discharged convict, the jailbird, to be deprived of opportunity to reform. No one wants him hounded by detectives or kept from employment, but there is an absurdity in striving to shorten the sentences and pamper the wrongdoer. I shall have a great deal to say on this subject later, but just now I point to the reported case of a New York millionaire who subscribed to one of the prisoner-aid societies. It was this society which, without disclosing all the facts to him, placed a discharged and incorrigible convict in his house as a butler. Naturally, when the jewelry had gone, the New Yorker told the police that he had joined those who would "stop sobbing for the criminal and would hereafter sob for the victim." There are numerous cases of the same kind.

The professional reformer will always be found wanting more laws on the statute books to be broken, and yet tearfully considering the perilous past, the plightful present and the glowing hopeful future of the hardened individual who breaks them. We are suffering on the one hand from the cranks who wish to reform all human nature and human habits by minority laws and on the other from the cranks who wish to spread tolerance and forgiveness of lawbreaking about in an orgy of sentimentality. These two busybody classes first contribute

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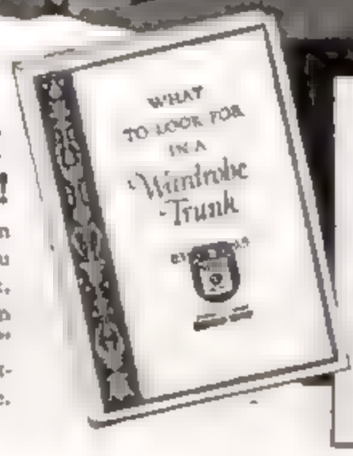

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the tremendous burden of unenforceable laws, the very existence of which spreads the lawbreaking attitude from one end of the country to the other, and then blither about the misfortune of the rare specimen who is caught and punished for lawbreaking.

The largest cause of the crime tide in America is the lack of punishment of crime.

Whenever law enforcement is mentioned today, someone always believes that the subject concerns the Volstead Act. It is a tragedy that it attracts so much attention that we fail to realize that we are not enforcing law of any kind.

The whole system is on the verge of a breakdown. The man with a gun kills and goes free. The arrested man gets bail and goes forth to commit new offenses. The lawyer for an indicted man plays on delays and technicalities and no harm comes to the wrongdoer. If the individual who defies society goes to jail he is pampered and coddled.

It serves no purpose to mince words. We have not learned how to punish crime. Our system establishes license and not authority. We have a difficult population because of its mixed racial, untrained and undisciplined foreign element.

We are in an age of irresponsibility, and life being soft, the voice of decadence is heard preaching freedom to youth while pale fingers accompany that sermon on the harp of forgiveness and sweet feeble love.

The reason we have so much crime committed against us is that we commit so much nonsense about government and law and crime and criminals.

We are like the feeble parent who invents a new don't every moment and makes life miserable for the children, but never spanks or punishes. Among the children there may be some who are bad because they have adenoids or are abnormal, but even they are smart enough to understand that a parent without any discipline is an apostle of chaos.

It is for this reason that I have undertaken to find out what is the matter with our public opinion about law enforcement, the effect of indulging youth in its lawlessness and the holes in our system—the police, the courts, the penal system—through which the wrongdoers of America slide out to commit again their brazen and unpunished depredations. Europe is laughing at us. So is the crook.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Child. The next will appear in an early issue.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 40)

No one knew better than Dexter that no likely awards would begin to compensate property owners for the ruin of their lovely old estates; but his first word was his last as he bowed Mr. Challenger out of his private office.

Baker and Harvey, the other partners, were called into conference. Again the three men threshed the whole thing out together. Then each of them went into seclusion and buried himself in his books; but not one of the three could find any law or precedent which would be of the smallest avail to our clients. The projected vandalism of the S. & C. came to be regarded almost as an accomplished fact. Thus the case dragged on until more pressing matters pushed it into the background.

Such was the status of the affair one hot August afternoon when work was so slack that I went in to ask Mr. Challenger if I might have the rest of the day off to go to the ball game. I had planned to lead up to the request by saying that there were no unfinished tasks on my desk and that I was ready to take on any new work he might care to assign to me. But my chief gave me no chance to mention the ball game; for after reflecting a moment upon my question as to new work, he surprised me by saying:

"Well, Eddie, there's always the S. & C. business. I haven't been able to make a dent in it; but perhaps you can. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,' you know. You might as well waste your time on that as on drawing ducks on your blotting pad. See what you can do."

All in a daze, I made my way to the files for the papers. Before I untied the packet I sat down at my desk and did some hard thinking. Then I lectured myself in this fashion:

"Eddie, what you don't know about the body of law governing railroads would fill a book of a hundred volumes; yes, two hundred. You have just one thing to do to fit yourself to tackle this case. Your job is to find out all there is to know about the subject. You have got to go back to the man who invented the locomotive, to the man who dreamed of the first railroad before the first railroad was ever built. One by one you will have to learn all about every statute as it was passed, read every case, understand every decision and every principle involved in arriving at it. You must get to know all Challenger knows, all Baker knows, all Harvey knows. Then you must press on, for the key to the situation lies beyond the limits of the knowledge of any man in this office. Where the others leave off your only effective work begins."

I was young then, and the colossal task I had so blithely laid out for myself did not dismay me as it would now. All that hot August and all through September I toiled. Other work intervened, but whenever I could I returned to what had become my sole obsession. Months went by and still no key to my problem was to be found. A dozen times I was on the very point of giving up the job and admitting myself beaten. Then, one memorable day I looked up a law which, from a footnote in a digest, I thought might have something to do with railroads. This blunderbuss statute was enacted by our state legislature away back in 1849. Before I had even grasped its title something told me that my quest was at an end. My heart almost stopped beating as I read this long-forgotten law.

The statute before me had to do with the issuance of stock by corporations. Among many other things it provided, in effect, that if any of the stock of a railway company was water the corporation must file with the secretary of state certain prescribed data regarding its capitalization and financial structure. And then it went on to say that if the corporation neglected to file such a statement within a specified period the attorney-general was required, upon petition by any citizen, to move for the annulment or revocation of its charter.

This musty old law, printed in a tattered book whose sheepskin binding soiled my hands with red powder, seemed to me the most thrilling piece of literature I had ever read. Its golden words seemed too good to be true, for the stock of the S. & C. had been rather thoroughly watered, and I thought it highly improbable that the incorporators had complied with this statute of 1849. If my surmise was correct, I had them on the hip.

Next morning found me at the state capital a hundred miles away. I was at the office of the secretary of state before the scrub women had departed. Presently the chief clerk arrived and gave me access to all the records pertaining to the S. & C. railroad. One by one I went over them and satisfied myself that the statement required by the statute of 1849 had never been filed. To divert the attention of the clerical force I called for the records of several other corporations, and by a little discreet questioning convinced myself that no one in the secretary's office had ever heard of the statute which I had just resurrected.

My brightest hopes began to take on solid substance. The S. & C. was on the wrong side of the law. I held that railroad between my thumb and finger. I could crush it like a mosquito. Shipman's tropical water lilies were safe. Edgerley's Colonial mansion would not be cut in two. The Richter children would continue to splash in their marble swimming pool. Our clients' wavering faith in the genius of Mr. Challenger would be confirmed.

The fight was already over except for the shouting—and I was the only living man who knew it.

All these thoughts danced in my mind as I boarded the train for Springfield. With a pad of yellow paper before me I drafted my petition to the attorney-general. I revised it and tinkered it, wrote it and rewrote it, and finally made a fair copy. When the train pulled into the Union Station at Springfield I did not hasten to the office, but drove to the shop of our printer and asked him to keep a couple of men until they could set up my petition and strike off fifty copies of it. After dinner I looked in again and revised the still damp proofs the printers handed me.

Next morning, at half-past ten, I presented myself at Mr. Challenger's desk. I tried to speak casually as I laid before him a dozen copies of my petition to the attorney-general; but I fear there was a ring of triumph in my tones as I said, "Perhaps this will block the S. & C. people, Mr. Challenger."

In matters of comprehension, Mr. Challenger's mind worked like lightning. One glance at the papers I had handed him was enough.

"Suffering cats, Eddie!" he cried. "We've got 'em, got 'em where the hair is short!" and my dignified and gouty old chief began to caper round the room like a demented goat.

"My boy," he went on, "you've dug up a statute I had forgotten before you were born, but that grand old law is still on the books; still on the books, and just as good as ever! Leave me now, but come back at one. I'm having Shipman, the water-lily hound, for luncheon and I think he'd like to meet you."

The rest of the story worked out as dramatically as I could have desired. As we filed out of the elevator on our way to meet Mr. Shipman we nearly bumped into Dexter, counsel for the S. & C.

Mr. Challenger hailed him "Ah, Dexter," he exclaimed; "glad to see you. Just as a matter of courtesy I want to give you an opportunity of glancing over a petition we are filing with the attorney-general, day after tomorrow."

He handed Dexter a copy of our petition and signaled to me to hurry on. We left Dexter behind gaping at the paper in his hand.

Our luncheon was a memorable one. When Mr. Challenger introduced me to Mr. Shipman, the marble floor under my feet seemed to turn into rolling billows; for instead of referring to me as "Eddie Barton, my law clerk," he said "Mr. Barton, my new junior partner."

Mr. Shipman was duly informed that his Victoria regias were safe; and the joy and gratitude of the little old gentleman were almost as pleasant as the news of my unexpected promotion.

When we returned to the office we found Dexter pacing up and down Mr. Challenger's private room. He was red in the face and was swallowing hard. He seemed to have shed his arrogance like a coat on a hot day.

"Do you want to ruin us, Challenger?" were his first words. "Have a heart! Tear up that cursed petition of yours and we'll do anything you like—pay your clients' fees for them, lay our rails like corkscrews, and make our right of way turn out for every henhouse between here and Clearfax. What do you say?"

Mr. Challenger smiled and nodded. "I think it might be arranged," he said.

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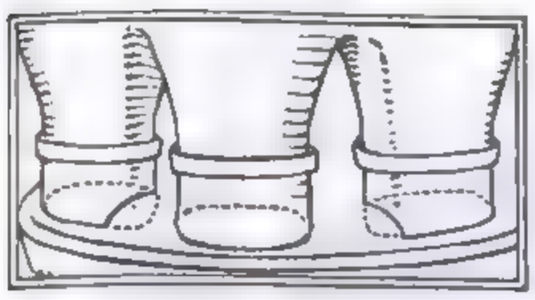

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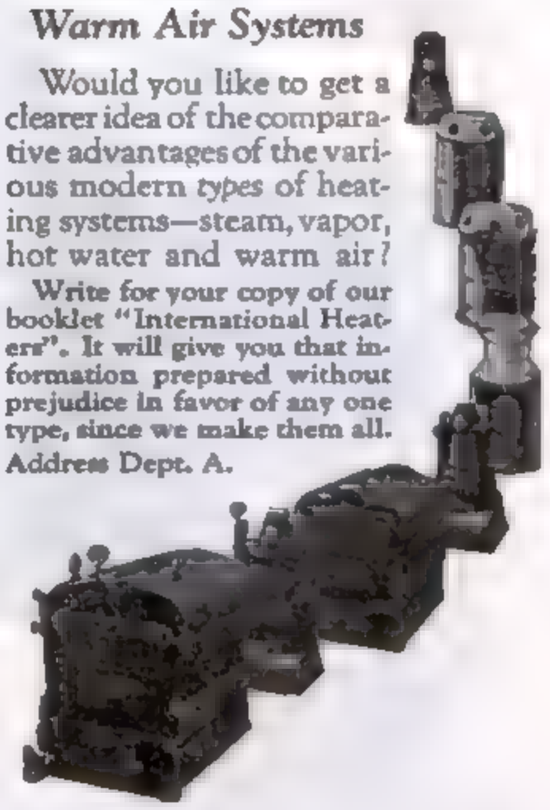

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the March Hare. "In fact I may say it's untrue."

"Why, you know you're mad," said the Hatter.

"The doctors say it's thyroids," said the March Hare.

"Why, you told me only yesterday," said the Mad Hatter, "that you were a herd of elephants. If that isn't crazy I'm the King of Belgium."

"It sounds like a bit of an overstatement to me," said Alice.

The March Hare beamed upon them with a grin of tolerant amusement.

"Of course you'd think so," he said.

"Well, you're not really a herd of elephants," said Alice.

"He isn't even two or three elephants," said the Mad Hatter.

"You don't understand," said the March Hare. "That's only my phantasy life. My thyroid glands are undernourished and therefore I'm a herd of elephants. Great big pink ones. It's quite modern and scientific."

"That may be, but how about the time you poured a pot of hot tea down my back?" said the Mad Hatter. "There was no phantasy about that."

"Ah, that," said the March Hare dreamily. "It's a long story."

"I love those stories," said Alice. "I read the illustrated daily papers."

"When I was three years old," the March Hare began, "I had a nurse."

"You were going to tell us about that pot of tea," said the Mad Hatter.

"It starts in with that nurse I had when I was three years old," said the March Hare. "She always drank chocolate for breakfast."

"I always drink chocolate for breakfast," said Alice.

"Of course," said the March Hare contemptuously. "You naturally would. The Chocolate Complex is what the doctors call it. But here's the most significant thing in the entire story: My nurse's name was Miss Coffey—Miss Rebecca Coffey."

"Truth is certainly stranger than fiction," said the Mad Hatter.

"When I was seven years old," the March Hare continued, "I was sent to school. And there I learned spelling and arithmetic."

"How you must have suffered," said the Mad Hatter, drawing out his handkerchief and bursting into tears.

"And that," said the March Hare, "is why I poured the hot tea down your back, and why I believe I'm a herd of pink elephants."

The Mad Hatter put his arm around the March Hare and patted him affectionately.

"I never understood, old friend," he said brokenly, "I never understood."

"I'm afraid I don't understand yet," said Alice. "I suppose I must be pretty thick ——"

"You are," said the March Hare.

"Thick as thieves," said the Mad Hatter.

"It's psychology," said the March Hare.

"I suppose you never heard of Freud," said the Mad Hatter.

"I have, too," retorted Alice. "He's the man who believes ——"

The Mad Hatter and the March Hare turned pale.

"I'm surprised!" said the Hatter in a shocked tone. "And I always thought you were such a well-bred girl."

"And with gentlemen present too," said the March Hare. "What 's the young generation coming to?"

"Why, I didn't say anything," said Alice. "I wasn't conscious ——"

"That's just the point," said the March Hare. "It's your unconscious that causes all the trouble. I have the grandest little unconscious in America. Experts come from all over the country to study it. Now when I poured that tea down his back in a spirit of harmless fun the doctors all said it was Unconscious Humor."

"I never dreamt ——" said Alice.

"Of course not! That's what the trouble is with you. If you only would dream once in a while, then we could find out what you're suffering from."

"I'm not suffering from anything," said Alice in great indignation. "I'm perfectly all right."

"Egocentric," whispered the March Hare to his companion. "Delusions of grandeur."

"One of the clearest symptoms of paranoia known to science," said the Mad Hatter.

"I tell you I'm all right," Alice protested. "I'm having my teeth straightened, but otherwise there's nothing the matter with me."

"It reminds me of a man I used to know," said the March Hare reminiscently, "who had three children in a sanitarium ——"

"How awful!" said Alice. "What did he do about it?"

"He said that he believed in a safe and sane fourth," said the March Hare.

"That's too silly for anything," said Alice.

"Not for anything," said the March Hare earnestly. "It's not too silly for some of the comics, for instance."

"He has you there," exclaimed the Mad Hatter triumphantly.

"I won't stay here another minute," said Alice.

As she walked away indignantly she heard the Mad Hatter say in his mild, dreamy voice, "Now I really think there ought to be a National Inhibition Act."

—*Newman Levy.*

A Fable for Graduates

THREE brave young men who feared no flaming dragons
Went hunting stars to which to hitch their wagons.

The first rash youth will range the sky no more;
He hitched his wagon to a meteor.

The second youth has equal cause for woe;
His star is fixed; it shines, but will not go.

The third young hero travels fast and far;
He hitched his wagon to a moving star.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Annual Yen

WITHIN my heart a longing dwells,
That Wisdom cannot pacify;
Within my soul a something swells
That's too obscure to classify.
An inspiration that defies
My art to put it verbally—
Without a lot of wordless cries
And passionate hyperbole!

I do not wish for sudden wealth
Or pleasures sybaritical;
I do not long to gain by stealth
Some sinecure political.
For Fame I do not pray to Fate,
Nor court the dire benevolence
Of Bunk—of which I've seen, of late,
A most alarming prevalence.

I want Jove's nectar—but a lot
More Jovial and nectary!
I want a dwelling place that's not
In any street directory!
I want the ocean for my tub
And all its shore to rest upon—
I want ambrosia for my grub,
Olympus to digest upon!

And yet, I do not think that I
Have wished for the impossible;
The thought behind this anguished cry
Is more or less cognoscible.
If in my longings I reveal
Myself as too impatient, I'm
But giving voice to how I feel
As I approach vacation time!

—*Ted Robinson.*

Looming above the west shore of the Chicago River like some heroic architectural masterpiece of imperial Rome, the New Chicago Union Station, formally opened on June 15, 1925—one of the largest transportation edifices in the world.

Thirteen months before the opening of this superb structure

OVER a year before public use was formally made of this wonderful new transportation temple with which Chicago now welcomes travelers from all points of the compass, an amazing thing in railroad experience took place on this site.

In response to small invitation advertisements, thousands upon thousands of people took time from the affairs of business and household to attend an exhibit of the specially Pullman-built new cars and the giant oil-burning cinderless locomotive of the Great Northern Railway's New Oriental Limited—extending to this train a welcome never before or since given any of the trains entering and departing from Chicago's Union Station, and seldom, if ever, accorded a new train in America anywhere.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

Providing travelers to and from the Northwest with a quality of accommodations years ahead of its time, the New Oriental Limited became almost overnight one of the world's most talked of trains.

By a long lead, the preferred train Northwest, it is upon this luxurious, all-steel, transcontinental flyer that you can ride, without extra fare, whenever you have occasion to go in either direction between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Grand Forks, Minot, Havre, Glacier National Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland or Vancouver.

"See America First". In all the year you will find no season more delightful than this for Northwest travel. In all the world you will find no scenery more magnificent than that bordering on this steel highway with which the late James J. Hill bridged the continent.

True to those principles of his, which made over the whole theory and practice of transportation, the New Oriental Limited is giving the American public a kind of service that is far and away beyond what they expected or deemed necessary—winning for itself and for this railroad an acclaim and a respect few trains and few railroads have ever attained.

The New Oriental Limited leaves Chicago Union Station daily 11 p. m. Central Standard Time—via Burlington-Great Northern; King Street Station, Seattle, 8 p. m. Pacific Standard Time. For interesting descriptive Booklet of the New Oriental Limited, address Room 700, Great Northern Railway Building, St. Paul, Minnesota. A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager.

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ON your foreign or coast-wise shipping, consult with General Box Engineers. The results of their work may astound you.

For one product, the hexagonal Pioneer Box increases the capacity of car or ship by 25%. The shape fits the product and prevents shifting in car or hold. The boxes are strong enough to stand dock usage and are delivered to foreign buyers with no breakage of the porcelain contents. One foreign customer of the company estimates the saving to him due to the box at $150 a car.

This was accomplished through the coöperation of the manufacturer and General Box Engineers and without cost to the manufacturer. The same coöperation is available to you. The same assured service can be yours, for there are twelve General Box Factories that render nation-wide, dependable service regardless of demand or emergency.

Write for a General Box Engineer to study your packing and shipping methods. Write, too, for "General Box Service"—bulletins that tell how other manufacturers have cut shipping costs.

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ONE SERVICE FROM FORESTS TO FINISHED PRODUCT

What Pioneer Boxes Are

Pioneers are boxes or crates made of thin, tough lumber and strapped with three or more steel wires of great strength. The wires are stapled on. The staples are anchored.

The boxes (or crates) are made in many sizes and shapes and are delivered in flat folding form.

Pioneers are used by leading shippers in almost every industry.

Receivers like these containers because of the simplicity of opening and unpacking—and re-using.

A booklet "Incoming Shipments" covers the subject of proper boxing and crating from the receiver's point of view. Sent free, on request.

THE ZIGZAG OF LUCK

(Continued from Page 34)

tottering paces and collapsed, dead—heart disease. Nobody knew he had heart disease, and he couldn't tell them; all he could do was battle with the noble courage of a thoroughbred till he died; the courage of breeding.

Next to the Viceroy's Cup, the greatest race in India is the Civil Service Cup, a race for ponies, run at Lucknow. It is a terrific betting affair. Officers in the service pay Aga Khan, the Arab importer at Bombay, large sums for ponies with a chance of winning the Cup. But sometimes Aga Chance or Aga Luck shoots over a despised tat that makes India gasp.

There was a lady in Simla who had a pony that for some unknown reason had been named Lucky Boy. Probably it was satire—that is, at first, for he was nothing but a square, hulking, big-quartered cart horse; he was as delicately modeled as a wheelbarrow and as suggestive of speed as a war tank. The lady had tried to sell him, and finally tiring of the uselessness, she sent him about Simla with her syce, who carried a chit stating that anybody could keep the pony by paying the syce seventy-five rupees.

A young officer, with a desire for ponies and little capital, bought Lucky Boy, and that same year I saw him entered in the Civil Service Cup. The young man became the object of unbridled mirth.

Now it was my old friend of Calcutta, the bookmaker, who said to me one day, "'Ave you 'eard anythink about this Lucky Boy 'orse?"

I laughed.

"Plenty. The griffin who owns him can stand a bit of chaff."

"Look, 'ere, sir," the bookmaker said, "if I was you I'd 'ave a bit of brass on 'im for the Cup." I stared; then I laughed. "You won't 'ave it, I see," he continued. "Let me tell you somethink, you 'andin' over your word you'll keep it under your 'at. Lord Bill backed 'im 'eavy with me afore I left Calcutta, an' 'e's bought 'im from the man that drew 'im in the Civil Service Cup sweep."

Adding Insult to Injury

Now this wasn't a laughing matter, for Lord Bill was Lord William Beresford, the gamest, shrewdest racing man in all India.

I had seen Lucky Boy in his working gallops, and it seemed unbelievable that this porpoiselike little cart horse could live at the pace the favorite, the silver-gray Arab Blitzen, would set him. And there were others; twenty-odd Arabs and country-breds of high class in the Cup.

But Cup Day I saw the wide-quartered bay, Lucky Boy, come thundering down the stretch three lengths in front of the silver gray, and the field trailing.

The griffin's seventy-five rupees bought him an outfit of polo ponies—blind or fool's luck!

There is something diabolical about the grim pursuit of ill luck, how it will mount to perch on the shoulders of a victim like the Old Man of the Sea. I had an extraordinary experience over one horse—Dandelion. I bet $200 on him to win the Brooklyn—he ran second; I bet $200 on him in the Suburban, and he ran second again. In between these races he was in another, and I bet $200 on him in that. As he was coming through his horses, turning into the stretch, looking all over a winner, he fell.

Then we met again at Belmont Park, he that was now my *bête noire*. I went out into the paddock to have a look at Dandelion; he was out in the open under the trees and was showing flashes of the evil temper for which he was noted. I was standing quite fifteen feet behind him, when he suddenly raced backward and lashed out with his hind feet. A hoof caught me in the ribs with a crack like the tap of a hammer. I didn't fall; I just had a stupefied impression that, of course, I was killed, that I must be all smashed up inside and that in a minute or two I should curl up and die. I didn't experience any fear; just a bitterness that this chestnut devil Dandelion, whom I had had faith in, had gone out of his way to kill me. I remember that Richard Carman, a racing owner whom I knew, came hurrying up and put a hand under my arm. I rather fancy I was swaying drunkenly. He helped me to a bench, and I said, "I'd like some whisky, Dick," and Carman brought me some whisky in a glass from the bar.

To this day I can't remember how I got back to my hotel in New York, for I had to go by train; I must have been in a complete daze. The hotel doctor discovered that there were three ribs fractured and bound me up in many yards of flannel.

I had had enough; I never had anything more to do with Dandelion. But I am reminded of the incident whenever I meet Tom Phalen, an owner of steeplechasers, who always says, "You couldn't kill Fraser with an ax. I saw a full-grown racing stallion kick him in the chest, and you could hear it all over the paddock."

Pittsburgh Phil's Method

I knew that wonderful betting man, Pittsburgh Phil—George Smith—but I never thought to observe his thumbs. It would have been interesting, for he was possessed of immaculate self-control. It was the secret of his success—the ability to wait; that and the courage to back his own opinions. Sitting under the giant elms in front of a hotel in Saratoga one night, he talked to me of these things:

"Some of the boys I used to work with write to me, asking me to help them win; many of their stories of need are pathetic—a sick wife or mother, or sick themselves, and no money. But I can't help them. I can't tell anyone how to win over the horses—it's a hard game. It isn't luck, for luck won't stay with a man. I've won, but it's been a terrible strain—the concentration. Sometimes for days I don't bet at all, just sit there in the stand and watch for something in a race that I can use later on. I'll see a horse that had bad luck and should have won, or wasn't trying; then when I see him in again where he looks to have a chance, I wait until the odds show me that his connections are backing him; then I send in my money, a good stiff bet—but always at the last minute, for I watch them going out, having a fair eye for how a horse should look."

Pittsburgh Phil was afflicted with T. B., not strong, and it was said that this mighty repression of emotion, the smothering of a manifestation of the inner excitement, was killing him. Ed Cole, sport writer on the Evening Telegram, a great friend of Smith's, said to me one day, "If Phil would only let himself go, give a yell, it would let off that seething, body-destroying pressure; but he sits up there in the stand, his face a placid mockery, serene, the eyes hardly betraying interest, and inside he's burning up, having on the race perhaps what would be a fortune for you or me."

His wins were really terrific at times. I heard Joe Ulman, who was a mighty plunging bookmaker, say, "Phil has broke me again; this is the third time!"

"Yes," a friend of his added, "and you'll never break Phil—nobody will. He's so far in the lead that we'll never catch him."

"There are others," Ulman declared with a grin.

One day I saw an illuminating incident illustrating the keenness of Phil's judgment. His brother trained for him, and they had a horse in a race the day I speak of. In the paddock, I was standing beside Smith, who was looking at his horse.

"We ought to win this, George," his trainer-brother said.

(Continued on Page 165)

Those who stopped in the hallway to listen did not know that he was playing her accompaniment *without touching the keys!*

It happened at the Drake Hotel, Chicago during the National Music Trades Convention in June

And now anyone—without previous training —can do the same at home

You can play roll music on the Gulbransen Registering Piano with the same control of the Keys—the same selective Touch that a pianist has in playing by hand

THAT morning one of the visitors at the Music Trades Convention was playing roll music on the Gulbransen Registering Piano with all the expression of a brilliant pianist—*yet this man could not tell one note from another on a piece of sheet music!*

His audience sat and listened in amazement—among them composers, musicians and dealers in musical instruments.

It was a thrilling revelation—this instrument on which can be played roll music with all the Self-Expression—the Personal Touch—the variety of Tone Volume—that hand-playing has.

Yet there are actually thousands of people—people unable to read sheet music—who play the Gulbransen easily and inspiringly. And you can do the same.

Your Undiscovered Talent

You can play the introduction to a ballad or an operatic aria as a musician would play it—lively at first, then slowly as you near the words, then pausing for the singer, then subduing the melody to a whisper.

The vocalist carries the air. The piano plays only the accompaniment, usually in the bass or lower register. You can do this on the Gulbransen, regardless of the melody notes that are cut in the roll.

Notes accented, notes subdued, notes sustained, tone volume varied, *and melody notes omitted entirely if you wish*, leaving these notes for the voice or violin.

On the Gulbransen Registering Piano, you can play only such notes as you choose—bass or melody alone, or both together—*and play them with your Touch*—as in playing by hand.

You can play a piano solo correctly, accenting the melody or the chords.

You can play dance music in perfect time and rhythm.

There are many who play the Gulbransen exceptionally well. Who play accompaniments for noted artists, but always by roll on the Gulbransen. They play for artists who would not tolerate the "mechanical" playing of ordinary player-pianos.

Do you wonder that the first time people play this beautifully toned instrument they ask, as was asked by scores of musical folk at the Drake Hotel:

"How can roll music be played on the Gulbransen equally as well as music played by hand?"

The Answer is Personal Touch

Personal Touch—selective touch—self-expression—control of keys, as in playing by hand—that is the missing art that A. G. Gulbransen contributed to roll playing.

Hand-playing had it. Player-pianos did not. So untrained persons could not play as musicians do.

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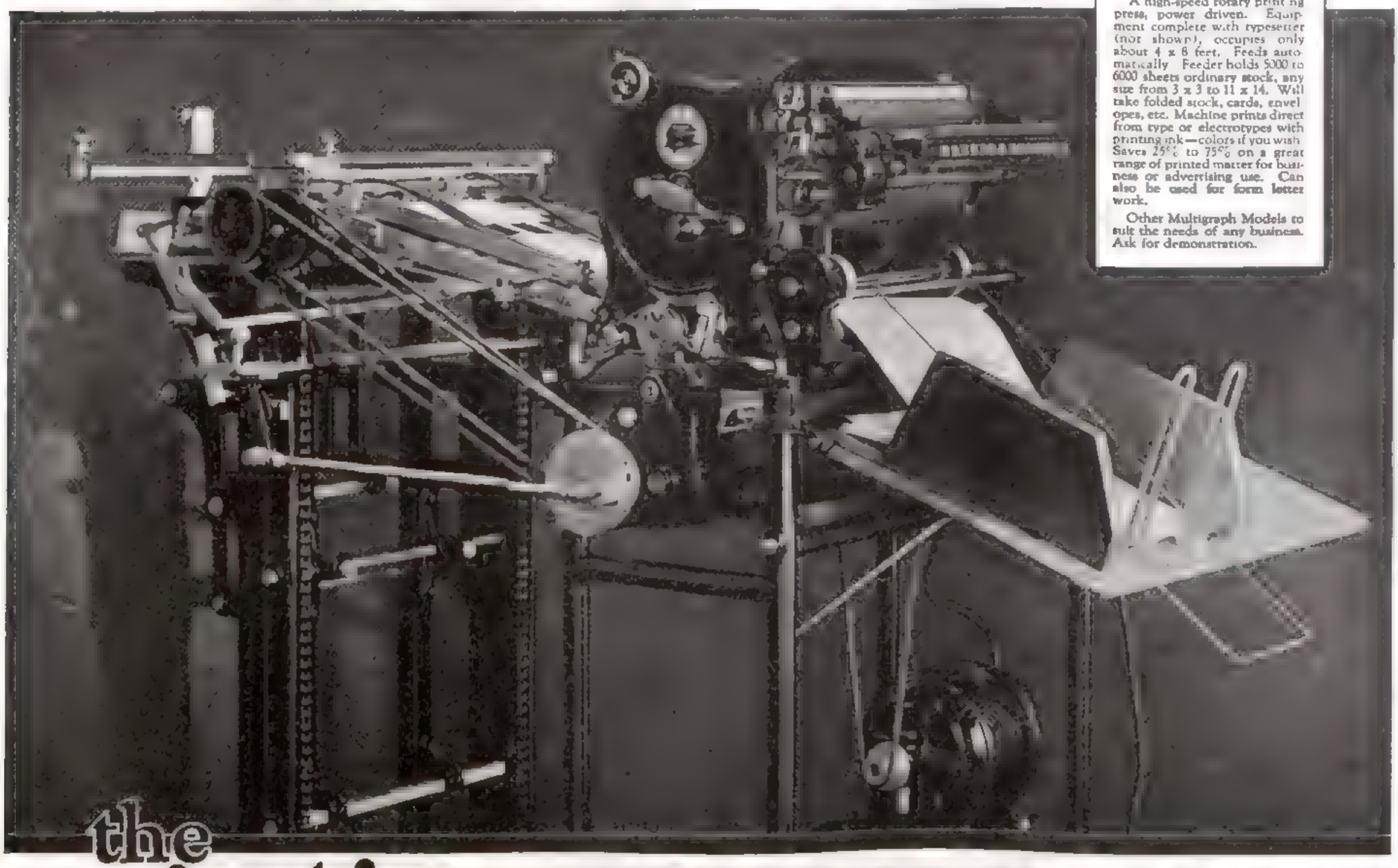

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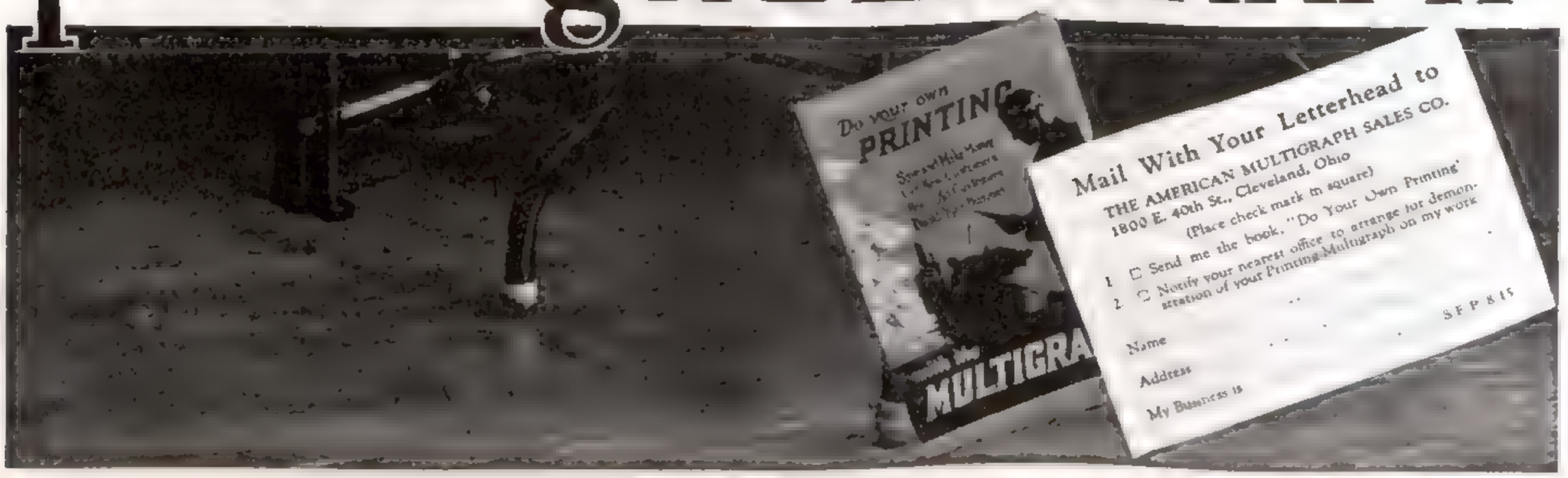
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(Continued from Page 162)

"So-and-So will win," Phil answered, mentioning another horse.

The brother disagreed with this judgment; but Phil was right, for the other horse won.

Oddly, the juiciest win I ever had over a horse was one on which I asked Pittsburgh Phil to take a chance. It was at Aqueduct, and a mare named Petra II was entered in a selling race. The year before, I had seen this Petra, as a three-year-old, win the big stake race in Detroit. She was a brown filly and had been bred by James R. Keene. As she had not run in the East, little attention was paid to her in this Aqueduct race.

I went down to the paddock and looked her over, and on my way back toward the betting ring I met Pittsburgh Phil. I told him how good this little mare was, what I had seen her do; that she was a much better class than the ordinary selling platers she was in with.

But Smith declared, "The favorite is a certainty—he can beat all these other horses."

As I turned away I ran into Jack Ryan, a sporting writer on the Morning Telegraph, and when I spoke of Petra II he said, "She's 20 to 1, and pigs don't fly."

The Day Steel Broke

Oddly, Jack's words cost me some money, his mentioning 20 to 1, for as I pushed my way into the ring through the betting mob the first book that I encountered had 60 to 1 Petra II chalked on the blackboard. Feverishly, I shoved a hundred dollars into the hands of the man on the stand and he gave me a ticket on Petra at 60 to 1. I thought he had made a mistake in the odds and hurried out of the ring for fear I'd be called back.

Petra won by four lengths; it was just a romp. And when I said joyfully to Ryan that I had got 60 to 1 on the filly, a broad grin spread over his Irish face, and he said, "She was 100 to 1 all over the ring!"

Of course the greatest gamble in the world is stocks. The stock gamble is the more dangerous because it is tenacious. The premier stake is like the first tentacle of a devilfish that reaches one's body; the calls for more margin, the throwing in of good money after bad, the struggle to win out—that is what submerges the man in the deep waters that he had no intention of braving.

Mr. James R. Keene was a great gambler, stocks or horses, and it was in connection with Mr. Keene that the touch of control that I have played against me, gave me a loser.

My friendship with him dated from the publication of my racing novel, Thoroughbreds; that book won his heart. Once we journeyed down to the Derby in England together. It was the year his horse ran third, the race being won by the Prince of Wales' horse, Diamond Jubilee. Even that day Mr. Keene gave me a minor chance for a gamble.

He said, "My horse isn't good enough to win the Derby, but Virginia Earle will win today."

Now Virginia Earle opened at 6 to 1 in the betting, but I waited in Tattersall's ring, thinking the price would go to 10 to 1 at least.

Suddenly there was a mad scramble in the ring; the bookmakers' runners raced here and there and betters were like a mob at a fire. A man crashed into me—almost carried me off my feet; he was a human bullet. It was Jem Carney, ex-champion lightweight of England, who was then a runner for a bookmaker. When I managed to reach one of the bookmakers, where they were lined up and down the iron picket fence that separated Tattersall's from the Royal Inclosure, he said, "Even money Virginia Earle." The next bookmaker ignored me; I didn't get a bet up.

The force that had caused this financial storm was the betting commissioner acting for the Keene connections, who had passed down the iron fence on the inclosure side to take all the bookies would lay. Virginia Earle won and I hadn't a shilling on.

But the real chance for a gamble came from Mr. Keene in New York. It was when United States Steel was put on the market. I was living at the Waldorf, and the Waldorf was seething with it; the stock was going up, up—climbing. I caught the germ; and meeting Mr. Keene just as he was taking the elevator up to his room in the evening, I asked him if I should buy some stock as a gamble.

He answered, "Fraser, I'm very tired. You come down to the office in the morning and I'll see you."

On the way downtown next morning I called on a friend of mine, a vice president of one of the big magazines, and told him what was on.

"That sounds good," he said; "let me in." He got a few hundred dollars from the cashier and handed it to me, saying, "Play that with yours."

Then I continued down to the place of unrest. I had never been to Mr. Keene's office, and when I saw on the door of a quiet, unpretentious suite, "Talbot Taylor," I thought I had been misdirected. However, the man at the door assured me that Mr. Keene was inside, but couldn't be seen. He did consent to take my card in, but wisely agreed with me that if the name wasn't an open sesame a message would be useless.

A thin, nervous man sat on the end of a bench beside the door to Mr. Keene's room, his whole expression indicating unrest, excitement. Suddenly the door was opened and the pale, intense face of James R. Keene was thrust through. The man on the bench jumped up as if the bench had kicked him.

"What do you want?" Keene barked.

The man mumbled something, and Keene snapped, "You get out of here!"

Keene turned to me as the man slunk out and asked in a voice that was now not harsh, but tired, "What is it, Fraser?"

"You told me to come down this morning about the steel stocks," I answered.

He put a hand on my arm, saying, "Fraser, when I don't know, it is time for you to keep your money in your pocket."

I took my friend's money back to him, and he said, "That's good; now we needn't worry."

That day Steel broke; that day and the next it went down, down to the bottomless pit, dragging every stock with it. The Street went mad; sane men became maniacs and tossed overboard rails and industrials—everything.

Missed Chances

Too late, I came to know that I had been given a precious jewel—that hint. I might have gone to a big plunging broker and sold Steel short. But I looked at my fairly wide thumb nails and had a drink. Chance had knocked at my door and I had slept on.

That touch of friendliness is an illuminating side light on Keene's character. He was a big man; and somehow a big man, when he gambles, elevates the gamble in caste. And behind that hawk-like face was a brain as susceptible to the humanities as the call to battle. This was the man who buried his horse Domino, and erected a monument at the head of the grave to commemorate the gallant little black that had won the Futurity in 1893, beating Richard Croker's Dobbins by a nose.

That was a terrific battle, horses and jockeys—Taral and Garrison. Taral had punished Domino so severely that the black never forgave him, and more than once tried to savage the jockey; in fact it became necessary to put a cloth over Domino's eyes when Taral was being lifted into the saddle.

The missed chances are almost as bitter in remembrance as the losses.

One evening in the Waldorf, Auguste Heinze said to me, "Let's go into the café and have dinner together—you never worry me." As we sat at a table, Heinze said, "Is there anything on that menu

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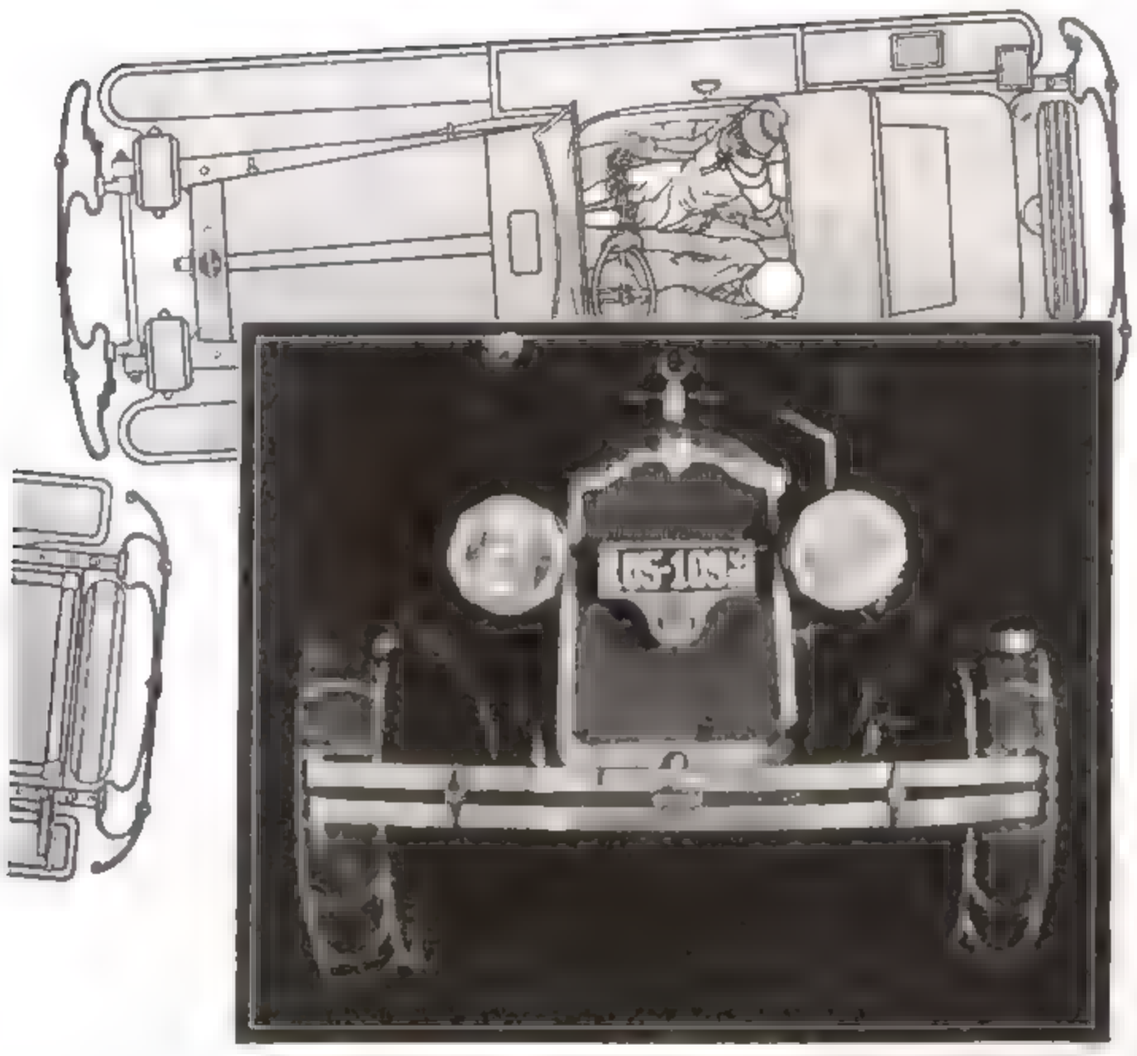

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that's different—something that won't worry us?"

I said, "Here is red snapper; red snapper when it's good is very good."

The red snapper was very good, and as we ate it and sipped a choice wine, Heinze remarked, "Fraser, if I were to lift my voice a little and tell you something about what is going to happen tonight, I could empty this room—they'd go out as though the hotel were on fire."

I believed him, for I knew he was spectacular. I judged that it had something to do with his long-continued fight with the Amalgamated people over a mine in the West, in which men had been kidnaped and carried off, and others had been beaten up. It was a flamboyant battle for possession, submerging politics, for Heinze had put himself up as a candidate for election to Congress.

He engaged Pat O'Farrel, a brilliant, assertive writer, to go out West to edit a paper to carry on the good work. I have in my possession some copies of the paper which Pat O'Farrel sent me, and if this were known I couldn't get insurance on my house—Pat's articles breathe fire. This battle over the mine had somehow drifted on to New York with Heinze.

However, I didn't ask Heinze what the momentous thing was, but he did talk a little about it, about his enterprise. I remember he said, "The only time these fellows had me licked they didn't know it, and I bluffed them out." His voice was not raised as he said this.

But that night, upstairs in a room of the Waldorf—I think it was an all-night sitting—he made a settlement with his opponents. It is said that two of the great ones went to the room disguised; certainly the public knew nothing of it.

Heinze received $6,000,000 to sign off. Perhaps it might be said that he was loaned $6,000,000, for I understand that his enemies simply lay in wait, knowing that Heinze was an inveterate plunger and that they would get it back. I understand they did—somebody did.

Now a stock manipulator would have gleaned enough from what Heinze said to have made some money on the Street next day; he would have been there at the opening of the stock market.

Behind the Brownstone Front

Is there such a thing as a luck locality? Does luck hover about a person, or a place, or both? Again, a ship is neither of these, a person or a place, but some ships are notably unlucky; and we know of the belief in a lucky seat at a gaming table.

Is luck transferable from person to person? Is it like radium, sending out its fortunate rays from the person in which it temporarily homes to envelop another? I remember an experience that would suggest this latter elusive possibility.

Crossing the ocean, I became acquainted with John Daly, who ran the most exclusive gambling house in New York at that time, located in Twenty-ninth Street, just off Broadway. It was one of those old brownstone fronts; and when one had ascended the stone steps and rung the bell, a little window in the door would be opened and a colored face would scrutinize the visitor. The owner of the face was Jim, and if Jim knew the caller, the strong white teeth would show in a smile of welcome and the door swing noiselessly open.

Daly had taken quite a fancy to me on the steamer—not in the card room, for he never gambled himself. He invited me to come to see him in New York.

"I have a big stable of horses along with Dave Gideon," he said, "and I'd like you to come to see me, not to gamble—for I never ask a man to come to my place to gamble—but we can sit there and talk horse. I love them; so do you."

So quite often, when I was in New York, I would wander down to see John. I would find him in a big, luxurious drawing-room, three or four old cronies gathered about and no evidence of any gambling; the finest of cigars, the rarest of liquors, the choicest of wines, a buffet table with an epicurean layout of food, and colored attendants to come at the holding up of a finger.

One night—it was about midnight—I felt it was incumbent on me to pay my footing for all this; perhaps there was even a subtle intoxication of chance hanging over the place. I went up the stairway, ushered by Jim, and into the room of business. There were very few there—it was an off night.

Beyond the roulette table was a faro layout; sitting behind the little square box, the dealer. I had never seen faro played, so I watched for a little.

Two rather flashily dressed young men approached the faro table, and in less than ten minutes lost $2000. I was standing rather close to them, and overheard one make rather a significant remark to his associate.

He said, "It's all gone, Jim. Come on, we'll go and get some more where that came from."

But I had my little business of paying my footing to attend to, and went down to the far end of the roulette table, where a croupier was leaning idly against the wall. Looking across, I recognized the one solitary player. He was certainly busy, so busy that I merely nodded to him, though I was acquainted with him.

Passing Along My Good Luck

I ignored the numbers and played simply rouge or noir—red or black; less chance for a big winning, but longer action for a limited stake. Fate had evidently decided against my plan of paying my footing, for I won and won; not heavily, but steadily; a piking play—five dollars or ten on the red or on the black. The croupier was bored, my play was tiresome—no play at all; he yawned and shoved the chips over toward me apathetically; he was sleepy.

So in an hour, when I had won $200 or $300, I said, "I think you want to go to bed, my friend—I'll quit."

I went around the table and took a stool beside the other player, asking, "How is it going?"

"Rotten!" he answered.

"Well, I'm dead in luck," I said; "let me see if I have brought that luck over to you." He laughed.

"I'm $23,000 in the hole now, and going down strong."

I remember that he shoved a stack over on 49—black, I think; then he plastered more chips up and down the table. That was his way—action. The little ball of decision jiggled and pranced around the wheel and nestled down in 49; then it kept on, seeming to know the number the player had heavily backed.

At last he shoved across the pile of chips in front of him, saying, "I'm tired; it's morning. How do we stand?"

The croupier counted the markers he had put up at the side of the table, saying, "You owe $4000, sir."

My friend turned to me, saying, "You brought the luck over, son. I've cut the $23,000 down to $4000."

When attending the races at Saratoga I generally wandered into Canfield's club in the evening; and as if betting on the horses all afternoon weren't enough, I would amuse myself at the wheel.

Now the unlucky 13 is rather a favorite of mine, and I would put a chip on that number in preference to any other. One night it turned up three times hand running, and I won a trifle. But the 13 must have crept under my pillow, for in the morning, when I bought a race program in the rotunda of the United States Hotel and scanned the entries for the big race of that day, a two-year-old affair, I noticed that a gray colt named Oxford was Number 13, and the silk of the jockey was black.

Now 13 on the roulette table is black; moreover I had watched Oxford in a race a few days before, and though he finished fourth, he was going strong and would have

(Continued on Page 169

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(Continued from Page 166)

won in another sixteenth. Also the jockey who rode him, Tommy Burns, whom I knew well, had told me when I asked him that the gray was a good colt.

I had breakfast in the pavilion and sat at the same table with Jack Follansbie and Major Daingerfield, nephews of James R. Keene. Mr. Keene owned the favorite for the race—I forget the colt's name. They were discussing the race quite openly, as I knew them quite well.

They stared, then laughed when I declared that Oxford would win, because he was the rankest kind of an outsider. They passed ribald remarks upon my judgment of the speed of horses, and the intelligence of themselves.

At the time of the race I went into the paddock to see Oxford saddled; and as he went out for the race, passing quite close to where I stood, Tommy Burns grinned and nodded. It might have been just a greeting, or might have meant "I'll win." I went into the betting ring—there were bookmakers in those days—and one of them laid me 30 to 1 against my modest bet.

Oxford won quite handily, coming from behind.

Follansbie asked me what I had known about the horse. I didn't tell him it was a hunch—13 on black.

Luck has a peculiar surge to it; it runs fat or lean; it is either present or absent.

At this time at the Spa, Aleck Shields won the Saratoga Cup with Advance Guard; and Aleck's great friend, Tom Phalen, of Toronto, won a lot of money. That evening I was going home to Toronto and went down to the club after dinner to wait for train time. I told Phalen I was leaving and gave my reason—I was cleaned out.

"Here, take this $100," he said, "and go in and hit the wheel once."

I hit the wheel and it back-fired.

Then Tom said, "I'll touch up that red for fifty myself." He drew a great roll of bills from his pocket, stripped one off, crumpled it into a ball in his hand and deposited it on the table just in front of where we stood, saying, "All on the red."

A red number turned up. The croupier retrieved the crumpled bill, smoothed it out and asked, "How will you have this, cash or chips?"

"Cash, please," Tom answered; and as the croupier made a little mound of bills, Phalen asked, "What was that bill I bet?"

"Five hundred," the croupier answered, showing the bill.

A Quick Loss

That was luck. Phalen had bet the $500, thinking he had bet fifty, and had won.

I saw Mr. John W. Gates amusing himself at the wheel there one night. I had joined a little group that was standing idly by, watching his play. Of course Gates played the wheel as he played everything in life, with vehemence. As the croupier waited, his fingers toying with the little ball of destiny, Gates shoveled the chips on as if they had no more value than so many buttons. Five, a red number, caught his eye and he stacked the limit on it; he stacked the limit on red, on the low, below 18; he backed the column numbers.

The croupier gave the ball a spin, and when the wheel had ceased its whirl the little marble nestled down into Number 5.

"Guess I'll quit," Gates said; "what do I owe you?"

The croupier counted the black markers that were strung along like negro sentinels, and answered: "Twenty-four hundred; and you've won $3600. Here is $1200."

At Canfield's, my attention was drawn to the gambling byplay of a well-known race-horse owner and plunger. He had made a large fortune racing horses purely as a betting business. I knew him, and had noticed with curiosity his quiet method at the wheel. He would saunter into the room of chance, go up to the roulette table and place a fifty-dollar bill on either the red or the black. It was an even money chance whether it won or lost—that was the extent of his gamble, the itch to bet had been allayed by the, to him, trifling wager.

I discussed this matter with him once at the Waldorf. Sometimes I used to sit at a table in the café in the Waldorf-Astoria in the afternoon around which a wonderful group gathered. Diamond Jim Brady was generally there, sometimes Andrew Millar, of Life; sometimes James R. Keene, oftener Foxhall Keene, "Boston Jack" McDonald; and the plunger of whom I have spoken, invariably there.

But I was sitting alone with the plunger at this table—perhaps we were early—and I said, "Mr. Blank, I used to admire your control at the roulette table in Canfield's, your daily bet of fifty dollars."

He looked at me, a reminiscent depth to his eyes, then he said, "That little thing cost me some money one night. The races were over and I was leaving on the midnight train for New York, so I went down to Joe Ulman's to put in the time. A friend of yours from Canada"—he mentioned a man's name—"suggested that we sit down at the faro table to pass away an hour.

"I had never bucked the tiger"—played faro—"but I sat down to keep him company. In an hour I rose from the table to catch my train—and owed the room $80,000. So, you see," he added, "the card game is a tough one, a dangerous one. A bad jockey is always riding chance; you never know what he is going to do."

Where Luck Was Eliminated

I knew quite well in London a man who raced as Mr. Kilsythe, who for a time was phenomenally fortunate. He had been a barrister in The City and was one of the most gentlemanly mannered men I ever met; indeed, he was ministerial in his aspect. I had known him for months in the Metropole under his proper name without knowing he was Kilsythe, the great racing factor.

Luck set strong in his favor from the start. He bought a youngster named Euclid for £180, and almost the first time of trying won a big handicap, and had bet £500 at 20 to 1, winning £10,000. He bought a selling plater, Penelope II, for less than $1000 and I saw him at Brighton win $50,000, for the mare started at 20 to 1.

The Monday of the Newmarket meet I came across him in the foyer of the Metropole, dressed, as he always was, in proper simple race-going attire.

"Are you going down to Newmarket?" he asked.

"No," I answered; adding casually, "I suppose your mare Penelope hasn't any chance in the Czarewitch."

"I think she'll win it," Kilsythe answered quietly. "She's in with six-stun-two, and she's mighty good at a distance. She's 100 to 1, and you had better have £5 on. I'm going to make the biggest killing ever was made in England."

I didn't share Kilsythe's faith. However, 100 to 1 was enticing, with the tip straight from the owner.

I went to a bookmaker in the Haymarket and said I'd have £5 on Penelope for the Czarewitch.

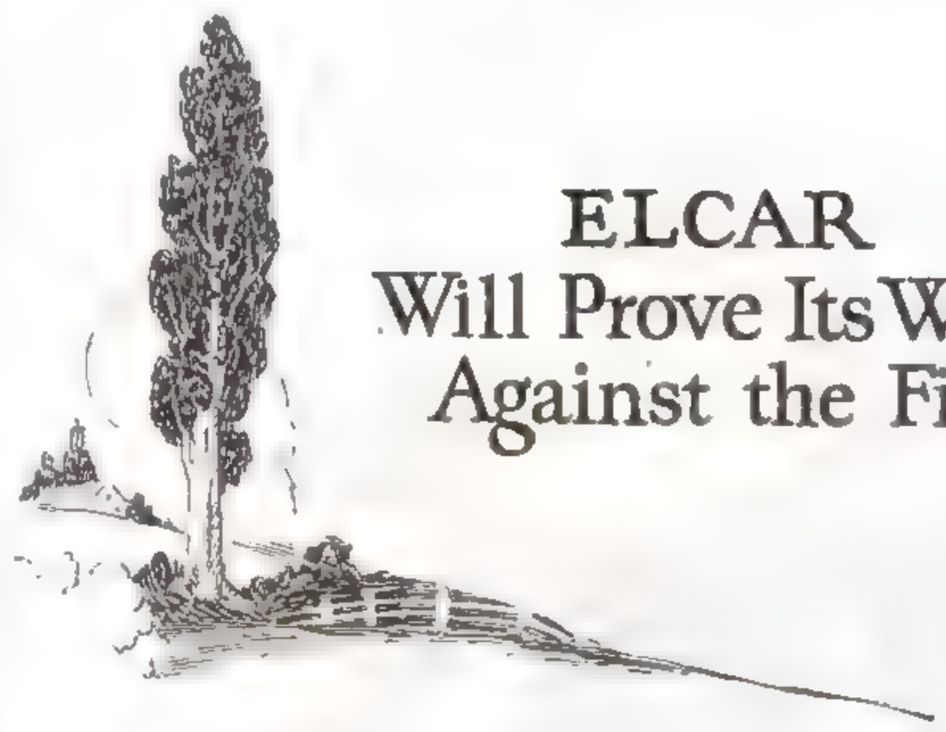
"Aren't you going to back her for a bit of place money"—the bookie asked—"25 to 1 to be 1, 2, 3, sir?"

I shook my head. "If she runs where Kilsythe thinks she will, she'll win," I said, "and if she runs where I think she will, she'll be last."

At the time for the Czarewitch on the day of that race I was hovering back and forth by the ticker in the Metropole Hotel, occasionally taking a look at the paper ribbon that wound out from its gossipy mouth. Frank P. Slavin, the champion prize-ring man of England, came in, bent on the very same errand, for at that time Paddy, as we who knew him well called him, had turned bookmaker.

Slavin took the ribbon in his hand, and said presently, "They're off!"

By Any Test On Any Road—



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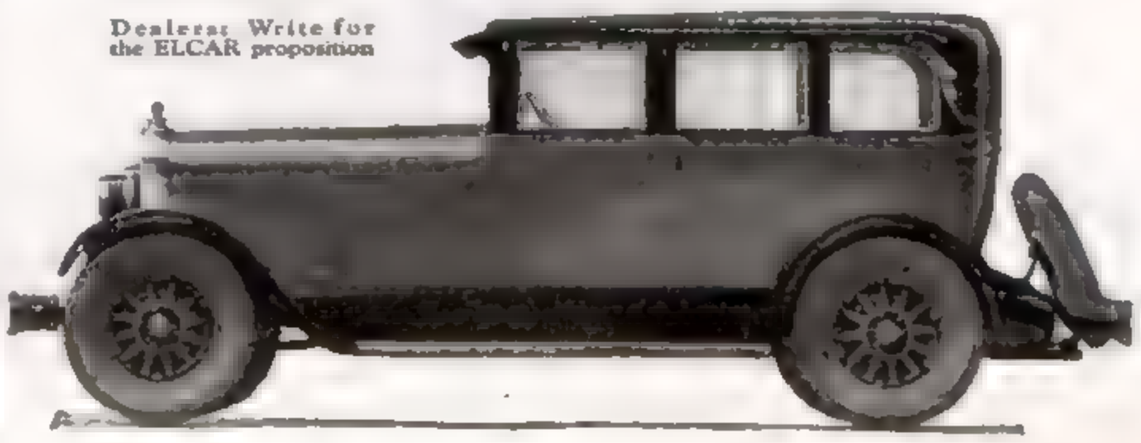

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There were kicks, splutters and jiggings from the splattery box of wheels, and Slavin said, "Here comes the winner. Ragimundi wins!" he said; and I ejaculated sneeringly, "Kilsythe and his selling plater!"

"Penelope second," Slavin declared the next second. He turned to me, "Didn't you back her across?" he asked. I hadn't.

Now this race as run was the result of absolute calculation and not luck; it was stated openly after the race that Aleck Taylor, who trained Ragimundi, had prepared him for two years to win the Czarewitch: that is to say, after having found out that he was a good stayer, taking care that he won no big race that would have piled on the weight for his handicap in the Czarewitch. And Kilsythe, racing his mare quite openly, had gone up against a hidden factor.

Now we come to the ebb tide.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and the oddity of it is that the fool often gets away with the bacon. It is related that there were but seven men who didn't jeer at Columbus when he set sail. What I'm coming at is this—that in addition to beginner's luck there is blind luck—the drunken man's luck.

I knew a man who was the antithesis of Pittsburgh Phil in betting, and he left a larger fortune than Mr. Smith. It was based, to say the least, on backing horses. This man was Ambrose Small, a theater owner in Toronto. He had no pretensions as to horse knowledge. He was a curious piece of mental crisscross, paddling his own canoe, asking nobody's advice; and yet when he bet on a horse he bet on the owner, followed him blindly, taking no cognizance of what other horses were in the race—nothing but just that the owner had his horse in a soft spot and said horse would be at a long price.

Betting on the Owners

Of course a killing of this sort would have taken months to fructify. The owner, being in Small's confidence, would say, "I can slip my horse into a race at Pimlico"—or Hamilton, as the case might be—"where he will be a sure winner, and will be at least 10 to 1." And Small would answer, "Let me know when you're ready."

The horse would run for a month or two with lazy inaptitude; then when *der Tag* came around, Small would send his trusty with, say, $10,000 to play the horse. Or sometimes, in the last hour, the bet would be wired to Chicago to the Stock Yards—O'Leary.

Strange to say, there were few disastrous plunges, very few. Once Small burned up the books in Chicago. One big layer of odds was hit so hard that he took six months to settle. But Small, hard man and all, was like that; he just said, "All right; as you get ahead, send it on."

It was a very curious trait, this of Small's—this blind trust—for he, at times, played with men that some other men would not have trusted.

Not that it always went smoothly. One time there was a big killing made at Hamilton over a horse that had been bought in the States and brought up by a man in whose name he ran, though it was Small's money. This man considered that Small was shy on the settlements after the win, so he locked up the stall door on the course and posted a man in front of the stall who was supposed to be guarding the horse; but the horse was speeding across the United States border by express.

Small was denied entrance to the stall to take possession of the horse, and when by course of law he had the doors opened, there was no horse. As to that, neither was the owner on Canadian soil.

Costly Suspicion

But there was a tragic ending to the terrific run of luck that had piled up a couple of million dollars for Ambrose Small, for one December evening about six o'clock he disappeared from his office in the theater, and from that day to this, some five or six years, Ambrose Small has not been seen dead or alive. No charge of murder can be laid against anybody because there is no *corpus delicti* to prove that he was murdered—he is just gone. And he had completed a deal for the sale of all his theaters, and that day had deposited a check for $1,000,000. It was like the favored of the gods disappearing down a 10,000-foot crevasse.

A curious thing, this blind following of a suggested chance, alias a certainty. If my thumb nails had been narrower, undoubtedly I should have profited very substantially once. At a race meet in Canada I had an arrangement with an intimate friend of one of the leading jockeys to give me information. This is a very general thing, but also generally not quite acid-proof, for the friend is apt to fabricate—take a chance. My part was to bet fifty dollars for the friend.

One day he said, "Peter will win the sixth race at 10 to 1; and Paul will win the seventh at long odds. Bet $500 on Peter and parlay it all on Paul, for they will both win."

I stared, for on form he had picked possibly the worst horse in each race. I gave this as my opinion, but he answered, "That's got nothing to do with it—they will win."

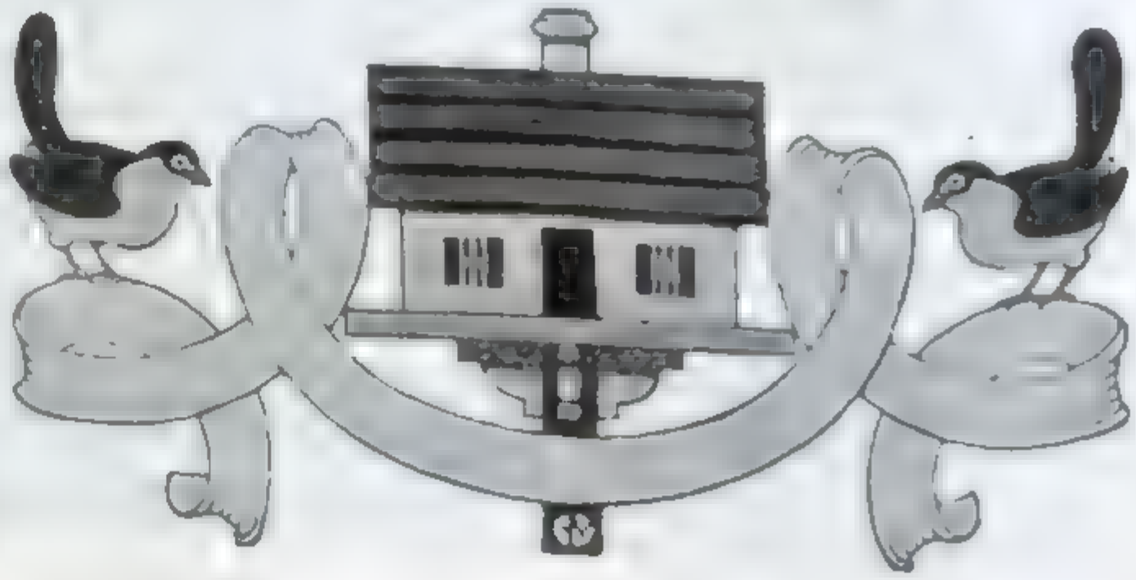
Now his jockey was not riding either horse; also I flared up at his telling me to bet $500, for that was generally left to me. Some hot words passed, for I had a half suspicion that he, perhaps offended over some settlement, was double-crossing me for a loss.

However, I bet $100 on Peter; and, delicately nursed down the home stretch by the other boys, his jockey got him home a winner, and he paid 9½ to 1.

I bet the proceeds on Paul and hurried out to the train to get a seat before the crowd broke, for if I won I'd cash my ticket the next day. From the train I could see the horses scuttling around the track, and presently burly men came on the run for the train. One stout red-faced ruffian bellowed, as he flung himself into a seat, "Paul won, and I had twenty bones on his nose. He's 4½ to 1—ninety bucks to the good!"

I sighed. More than $4000 to the good, but a little more blind faith and it would have been $23,000 and odd.

Also there was an afterthought—the race is not always to the swift; neither is it always a matter of luck.



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CASH FOR IDEAS

(Continued from Page 44)

A man who has had no experience with such a system would expect, I think, to find fully 90 per cent of the suggestions trivial, but nowhere is that the case. The system not only pays for itself but returns a profit. The amount of intelligent observation and useful thought that finds expression through the operation of this system is astonishing. For instance, there is the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company, of Rochester, New York, which installed this system in October of 1924. At the end of the first three months the committee reported that 18 per cent of the suggestions received had been found valuable and paid for.

Rejected Suggestions

It will readily be seen that a plan of this sort involves considerable labor. Either it must accomplish excellent results or it cannot survive. Moreover, one does not have to be a very shrewd or experienced executive to see the danger in any system which necessarily turns down more suggestions than it pays for. But on the face of the evidence the American workingman is not only capable of making valuable observations; he is also a good sport.

"What about the suggestions that are turned down?" I asked an executive. "Don't they cause quite a bit of friction?"

"Not if the committee functions properly," he replied. "We have never had any trouble on that score, and I don't recall any company that does."

"What do you do with those cases?" I inquired.

"We handle them in such a way that the workman knows he got a square deal, and that fact bears upon his general impression of the company. To be specific about the details, the first things the committee does, when a suggestion comes in, is to acknowledge receipt of it. This is a very full and accurate receipt, properly dated. All question of priority with regard to suggestions can be settled at once by these receipts. The next step is to refer the suggestion to the men most competent to pass upon it. If they turn it down they must give clear and full reasons that will be understandable to men who are not experts on that particular problem. With such a statement before them, the members of the committee are ready to reply to the author of the suggestion.

"In their letters they always state that the person who made the suggestion is welcome to a personal hearing. Quite a number of those whose suggestions are turned down come in for a talk. It may happen that such a man has another idea on the same subject and wishes information. Very few of them are angry, because the whole record shows a square deal and courtesy right from the start.

"You must understand, of course, that the men who pass upon suggestions are worthy of respect. The very ablest men available are the only ones suitable for such work. This is even more important to the company than it is to the authors of suggestions, because there must be real prestige behind those accepted if they are ever to be used. Suppose, for instance, that we received a suggestion with regard to varnish and referred it to just any one of fifteen or twenty men who knew something about varnish. It might happen to be a very valuable idea, one deserving of immediate communication to every plant where varnish is used.

"You will see at once that it would be very poor policy to have such a suggestion go out on the recommendation of a man who possibly stood last among all the varnish men in the company's employ. We have to put behind the accepted suggestions the full force of recognized experts, and this, of course, operates to satisfy the men whose ideas are not approved.

"It is also highly important to have men of outstanding ability on the suggestions work in order that no half-baked but really valuable ideas may be lost. Sometimes it happens that a man is on the right track, but didn't follow through accurately; the result will be a suggestion that can be developed by the technical staff, but is not available in the form presented. One has to be clever and attentive to catch these.

"As a rule, the men on suggestions work are enthusiastic about it. In every plant where I know anything about the working of the system a man with a half-developed idea may call upon a draftsman to prepare his sketch or he can take some phase of his problem to a member of the technical staff for assistance. I know that is true here, and it is true also in the Eastman plants. I believe this is the general custom."

The Spirit of Fair Dealing

"On the whole, I should say that we have almost no trouble at all in the matter of rejections. The natural disposition of men is to be fair, I think. In the plant over which I have jurisdiction we have a council that confers with me on fixing prices for piecework jobs. There are hundreds of these and they change constantly. Sometimes we fix dozens of prices a day for weeks at a time. Now if the men were inclined to be unreasonable, or to waste time needlessly in haggling, this system wouldn't work at all. But we try to be fair on both sides and the result is that a great mass of detail is handled with ease and promptness."

In discussing this subject with another executive I told him about my young friend who had the card index and didn't know what to do with it.

"Well," he said, "that isn't unusual. He was stumbling along a trail that nearly all of us have followed. He probably didn't know it, but he was trying to direct the pride of his men into a personal affair—that is, personal loyalty. There used to be

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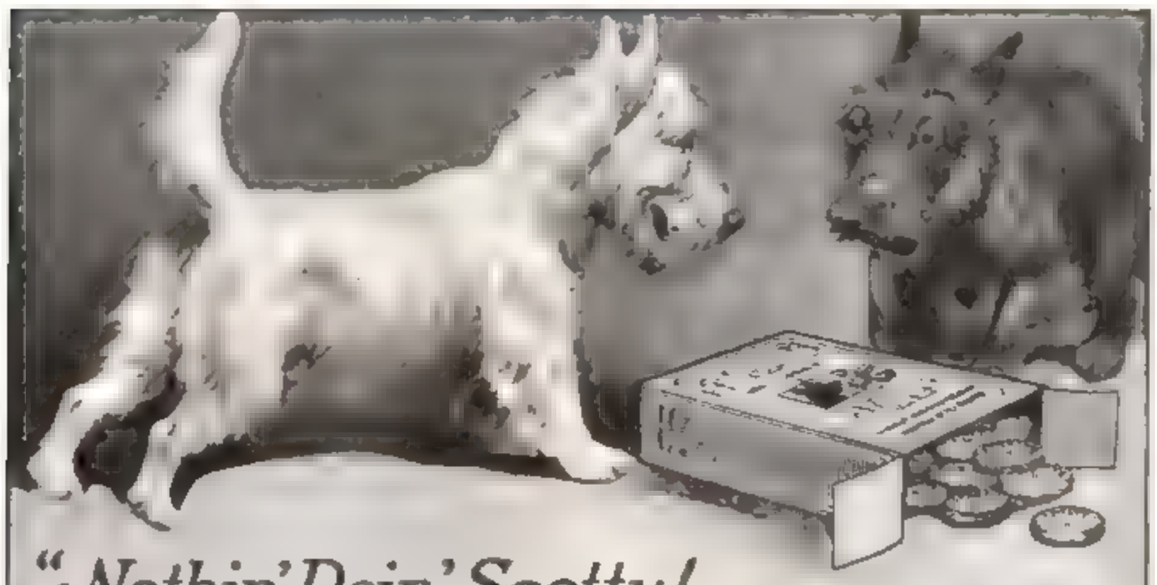

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quite a lot of that, and in the cases of individual foremen you still find it; but after the number of employes goes into the thousands you can't work with it any more, except through foremen. There was a time when the very loyal employe wanted everyone to know that his boss was John Doe, or whoever he happened to be, and that he would pull up his sleeves and fight for John Doe.

"That sounded good, but there wasn't much to it in practical results. Some of those men were very efficient, but the fact that they were also loud-mouthed in their loyalty didn't add to their effectiveness in their work.

"Today we deal with a different kind of spirit. The individual workman is proud of his own ability and wants to sell it to a live and hustling outfit. We no longer try to tell him what a whale of a good fellow the president of the company is, but we do want him to know that the whole outfit is on its toes and facing forward. That makes a lot of difference to him. He wants to be connected with a company that is going somewhere and doing its work well.

"Of course, there are always a lot of people who just plug along and don't care a great deal, but I am talking about the live ones. They will either go up or they will go out—and if they go out, your company is eventually going under. The psychology of the suggestions system has always seemed to me its most valuable feature. It carries to the man in the shop a very definite message about the company. An outfit that wasn't eager for better products and better work wouldn't be offering cash for ideas or keeping a record of the men who produce such ideas. And that is the message that must go over. Once you get it over, the influence of it works constantly both for efficiency and good will. A man who is proud of himself just naturally wants to work for a company that is proud of itself. I feel that way myself. I came from a machine shop and I know how the men think about these things. It used to annoy me to have to work all day on something that I didn't know what the company was going to do with. That certainly was not my business; still, I wanted to know.

"If you'll come down to the shop with me I'll show you about twenty-five big jobs under way and every one of them is labeled so that the men will know what we are going to do with his work after he finishes it. Skilled workmen are proud creatures, I'm here to tell you. It pleases them to sell an idea to the company, and never overlook the fact that they want the company to make a profit on it. I don't know of an insult that would be worse than to tell a thoughtful, wide-awake, skilled workman that the company paid him for an idea just by way of patting him on the head and calling him a nice fellow. He doesn't want any of that. The present-day workingman has a fine sense of democracy that I like. Some people think he is grouchy, but I don't find him so; he is strictly business, and so am I. That's the reason we get on well together."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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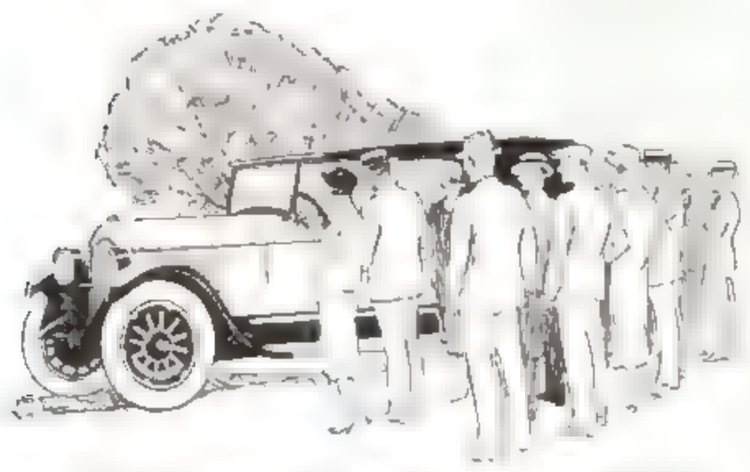


A new car well under a thousand dollars has made its bow —equipped with Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes

compromise with safety has grown rapidly, both with the public and in the motor car industry.

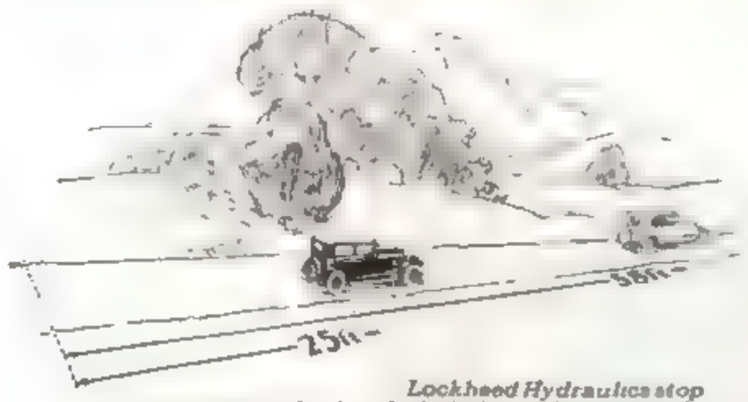
Since the first adoption of Lockheeds some 20 months ago, the trend toward their greater efficiency and security has continuously broadened, until now it is making itself powerfully felt in the lower-priced fields.

A great leader in the industry has recently responded to this demand with the announcement of Lockheed Brakes as optional equipment, at nominal extra cost, on a new four-cylinder car having a base price well under one thousand dollars.

Already, the experience of this manufacturer indicates that within three or four months practically 100 per cent of his production will, in answer to demand, be Lockheed-equipped.

The lighter car needs Lockheeds quite as much as the heavier car. It is important to the light car owner to know, for instance, that driving at 25 miles an hour, he can stop in 25 feet (with Lockheeds) instead of 58 feet (as with two-wheel brakes).

To the credit of those manufacturers who have adopted or are about to

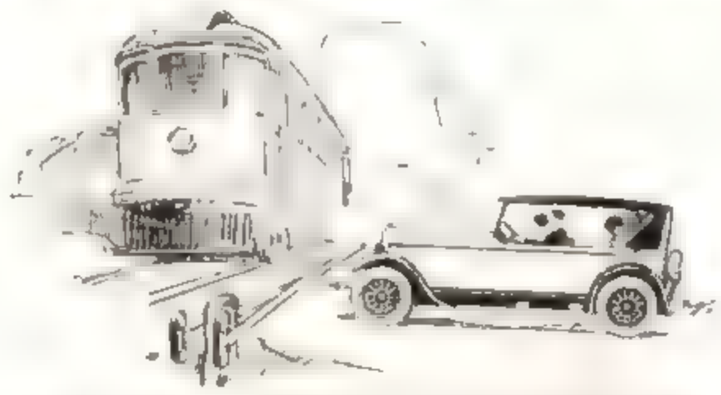


Lockheed Hydraulics stop a car—no matter whether it is light or heavy—in 33 feet less than two-wheel brakes.

adopt Lockheeds, it should be pointed out that they could answer the popular demand for four-wheel brakes by the adoption of brakes costing less. *But not without compromise.*

Frankly, the main reason they refused to compromise was because their own repeated tests demonstrated that Lockheeds are far superior.

Not only that, but Lockheeds are better for the manufacturer because they save labor-time in chassis assembly at the factory. They are better for the car dealer and the car owner because of their peculiar freedom from the need of adjustment and other service atten-



Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes lend to car driver and passengers, assurance of safety that prevents mental strain

tion. They are also better for the pedestrian, and for all vehicular traffic.

That is why there have been 40 adoptions of Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes by manufacturers—and why today they are carrying into the popular-priced field, the conquest they have already made in the higher-priced fields.

HYDRAULIC BRAKE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Answer

Four Wheel Brakes
HYDRAULIC

It's a Small World

24 times around it on one set of Timken Bearings would not have been impossible for F. W. Cousins of Detroit. Enough mileage for 20 round trips of the world is what A. F. Molynaux of Kingston, N. Y., recorded for the Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in his car.

Clearly, even a few *billion* revolutions hardly impair the fine bearing steel evolved by Timken, and made in Timken furnaces alone.

Better than *half a million* miles do not tax the greater capacity of Timken Bearings for carrying all bearing loads, whether up-and-down stresses, or from the side.

Timken Bearings *must* be defeating wear when all the owners listed here attest mileages in six figures, on their original Timken Bearings. There must be many others, too. For 125,000,000 Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have been built within 25 years, and 83% of all motor vehicle makers use Timkens.

The Timken Bearings in your car are on their way toward doing it.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

600,000 MILES

F. W. COUSINS, DETROIT, CADILLAC, 600,000

500,000 MILES

A. F. MOLYNAUX, KINGSTON, N.Y., CADILLAC, 500,000

400,000 MILES

GROVER BURNETT, INDIANAPOLIS, PACKARD, 400,000
JAMES COOLEY, BALTIMORE, PACKARD, 400,000
H. K. PUCKETT, BIRMINGHAM, ALA., STUDEBAKER, 400,000

300,000 MILES

COASTSIDE TRANS. CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CADILLAC, 300,000
K. E. MITCHELL, DUNKIRK, OHIO, STUDEBAKER, 300,000
THOMAS ROULSTON, INC., BROOKLYN, CADILLAC, 300,000
SHASTA TRANSIT CO., OAKLAND, CAL., FAGEOL, 300,000

200,000 MILES

JOHN S. VINCENT, SAN FRANCISCO, CADILLAC, 275,000
J. A. CRAMER, INC., BUFFALO, DODGE, 265,000
H. M. DARLING, WHITE BEAR, MINN., OLDSMOBILE, 250,000
J. A. JAMESON, TERRELL, TEXAS, CADILLAC, 250,000
SNEED HENNEPIN GARAGE, MINNEAPOLIS, COLBY, 250,000
ARTHUR MADDOCKS, DENVER, COLO., FRANKLIN, 250,000
CARL SCHAFER, MADISON, WIS., DODGE, 229,000
HORMAN ROCK, LAKE CHARLES, LA., CADILLAC, 225,000
J. AUSTERMILLER—R. BAUR, TERRE HAUTE, DODGE, 214,000

100,000 MILES

C. T. MOORE, SOUTH RICHMOND, VA., OVERLAND, 190,000
E. C. GOSS, WICHITA, KANSAS, REO, 185,000
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT, DODGE, 175,000
BUCKNAM & WALMSLEY, WINNIPEG, HUDSON, 160,000
FISHER BROS. CO., CLEVELAND, PIERCE-ARROW, 160,000
O'BRIEN-DAVIS AUTO CO., OMAHA, CADILLAC, 157,000
BINGHAM STAGE LINE CO., SALT LAKE, CADILLAC, 150,000
RELIANCE-MT. HOOD STAGES, PIERCE-ARROW, 150,000
WASH'N PARK AUTO CO., MULTNOMAH, CADILLAC, 150,000
H. C. DAVIES, OMAHA, NEB., CADILLAC, 140,000
H. O. EICHLEAY, PITTSBURGH, CHALMERS, 125,000
HAL SIDLES, WICHITA, KANSAS, REO, 125,000
SIMPSON & LARSON, BROOKLYN, POPE-HARTFORD, 103,000
C. E. WILDOMER, HUNTINGTON, W. VA., DODGE, 101,000
H. B. BARBER, NORWICH, N. Y., STUDEBAKER, 100,000
BINGHAM STAGE LINE CO., SALT LAKE, CADILLAC, 100,000
R. C. LEMON, MULTNOMAH, ORE., PIERCE-ARROW, 100,000

Sturdy bodies do not grow by chance

Thoughtful care must provide the clean, wholesome food that builds health and happiness in childhood and babyhood, and through the long years.

For Babies, Pet Milk, germ-free, more easily digested than ordinary milk, carries, in every bottle, a guarantee of health.

For Children, Pet Milk with orange juice is a combination which blends perfectly and contains all the elements that promote growth and health. It is so delightful to the taste that children like to drink it.

For Everybody. Food prepared with Pet Milk is safe, wholesome food. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it can be diluted to suit every use. Undiluted, Pet Milk takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with condensed milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

Send for free booklets, "Baby's Milk," "Milk and Fruit Juices," Recipe Books and Leaflets.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building
SAINT LOUIS

Shave *every* day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

for better shaving

YESTERDAY~

When Confucius Pitkin was President of the Common Council there were more whiskers in the State of Maine alone than it would be possible to find within the borders of the Union today.

Judge Pitkin, who won his title by serving for two years as a justice of the peace, had no more use for a necktie at that time than a fruit peddler has for a blue sash. But for an untoward incident early in his career as a parent he might still be looked upon with disfavor by the haberdashers.

One sunny afternoon, while he dozed in an easy chair, his first-born son, whose fists were full of taffy, climbed upon his knees and engaged in certain playful exercises that caused the judge to become a changed man.

His whiskers had to go; there was no alternative; but, as will be seen, it was all for the best.

Judge Pitkin, finding comfort in the regular use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, looks younger now than he looked in that remote age when it was necessary to enter an automobile by a back door.

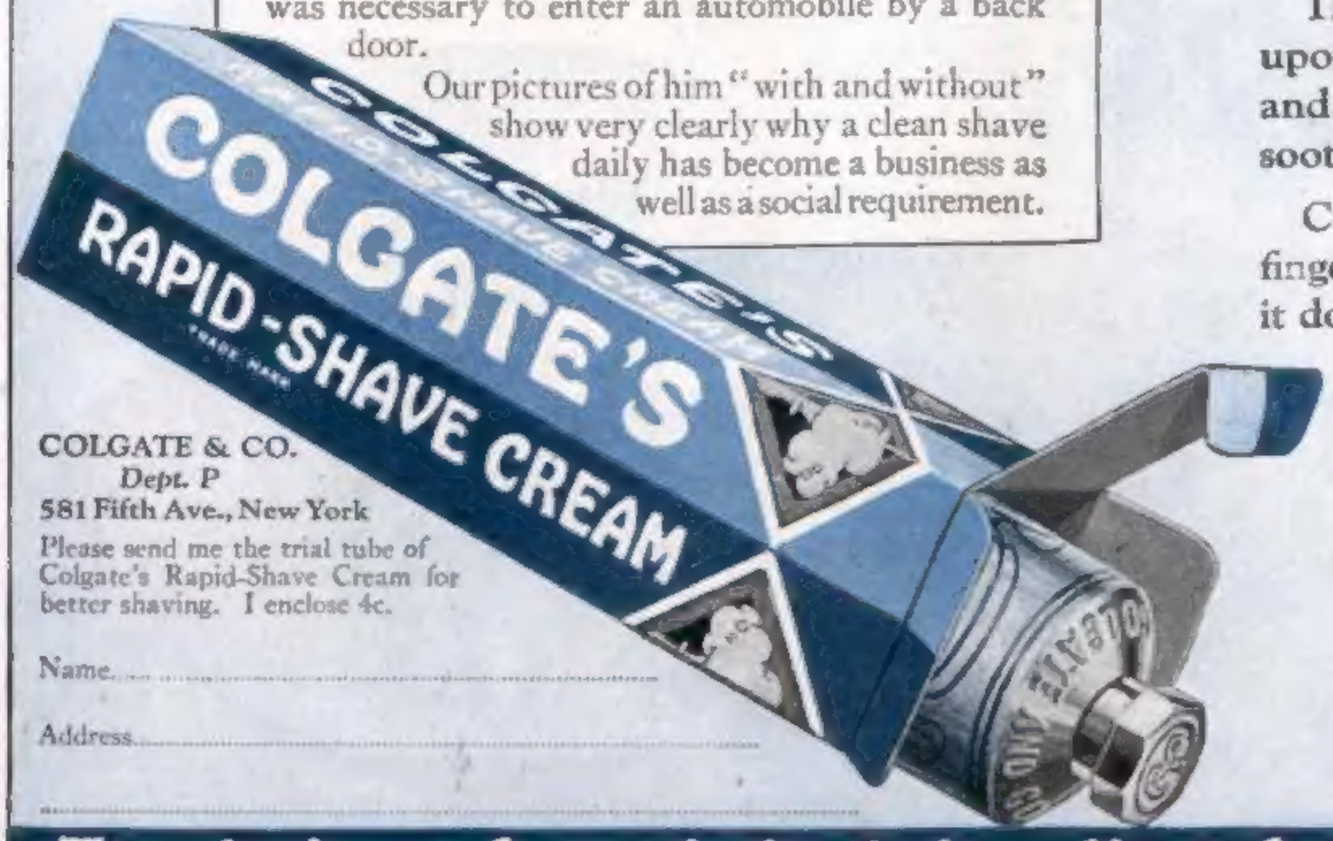
Our pictures of him "with and without" show very clearly why a clean shave daily has become a business as well as a social requirement.

TODAY~

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream enables the man with the toughest kind of beard to shave *easily* and *comfortably*.

The close, wet lather emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it almost instantly. It leaves the face soothed and velvety after shaving.

Colgate's needs no messy application with the fingers, no mussy rubbing in. Being always creamy, it does not roll off the brush.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful Cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4c.

Colgate & Co

Established 1806 NEW YORK

In Canada
COLGATE & CO. Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

This diagram shows how Rapid-Shave Cream lather goes to the base of each hair, and softens it where the razor's work is done.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

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